Sept. 28, 1963

THE NEW YORKER

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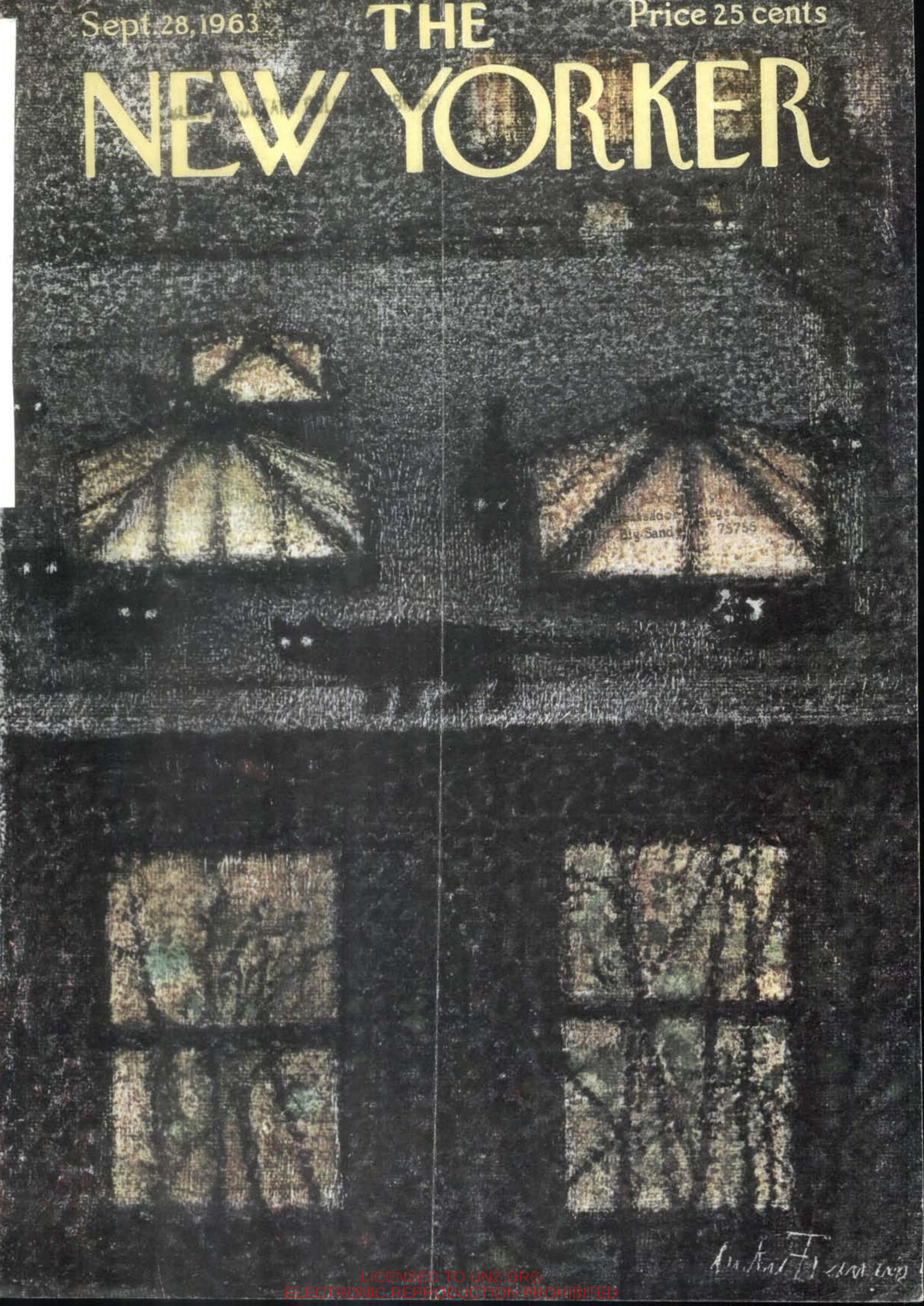
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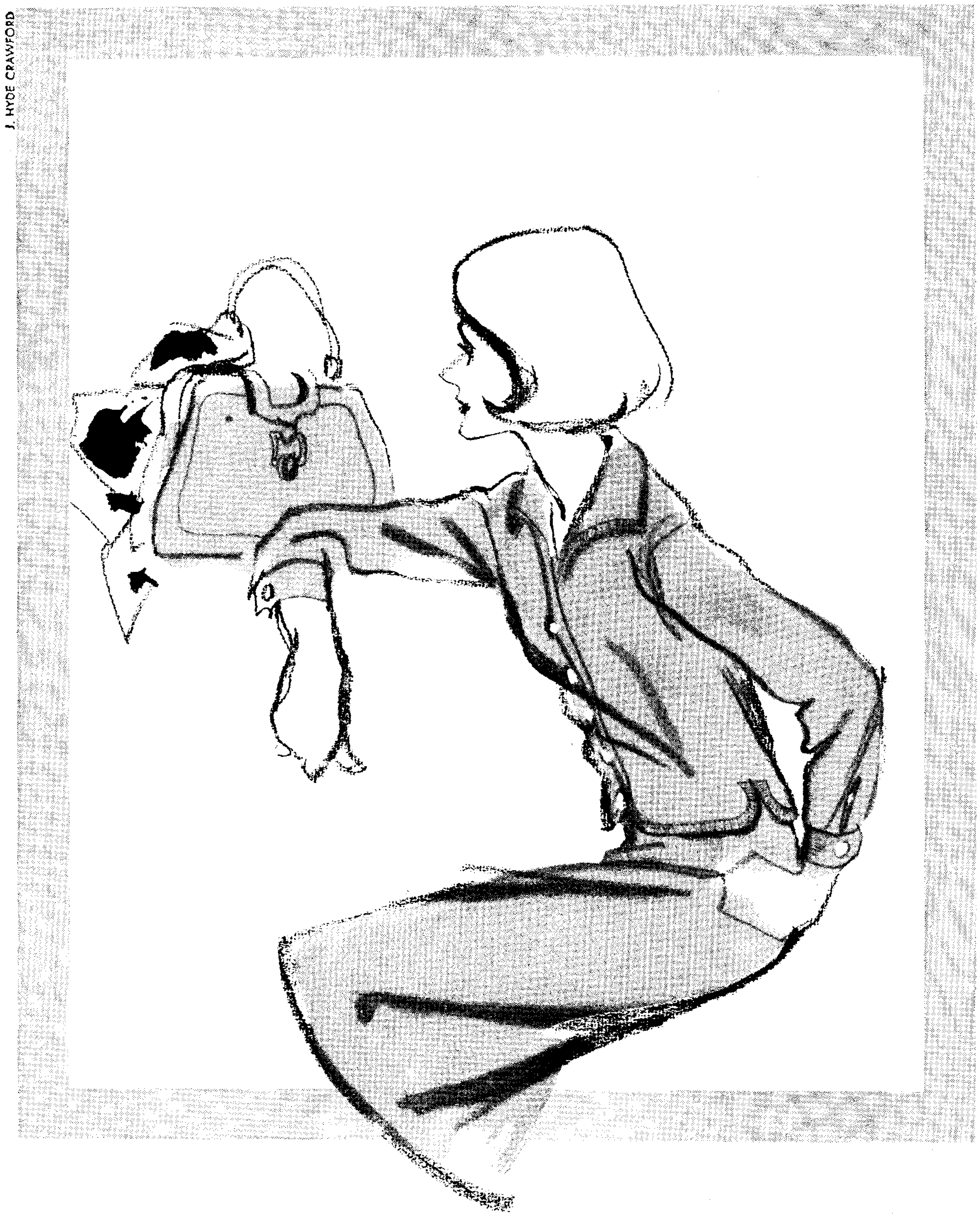

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				26	27	28
29	30	1	2	3	4	5

THE THEATRE

(At the time of going to press, there is the possibility of a musicians' strike, which, needless to say, will alter theatrical schedules drastically if it comes to pass.... ¶ E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Enter Laughing—A funny show by Joseph Stein, who adapted his play from a novel by Carl Reiner. It concerns itself mostly with the adventures of a Jewish boy who wants to escape a machine shop and become an actor, despite his parents' determination to make a druggist out of him. Alan Arkin is very comical as the youth in question, and Alan Mowbray, Vivian Blaine, Irving Jacobson, Sylvia Sidney, and Meg Myles contribute further gaiety to the affair. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Irregular Verb to Love—An assortment of eccentrics gathered together in an amorphous comedy in which Cyril Ritchard and Claudette Colbert figure prominently. Mr. Ritchard directed the piece. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Oh Dad, Poor Dad, Mamma's Hung You in the Closet and I'm Feelin' So Sad—A six-week return engagement of the Arthur Kopit play, with Hermione Gingold at the head of a cast directed by Jerome Robbins. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:55. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:45. Closes Saturday, Oct. 5.)

Long Runs—beyond the fringe: Various aspects of modern life surveyed by a quartet of Englishmen—Dr. Jonathan Miller, Alan Bennett, Dudley Moore, and Peter Cook. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 3.)... **mary, mary:** An estranged couple making their way back to the old nest. Patricia Smith, Murray Hamilton, and Michael Evans are now in Jean Kerr's comedy. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **never too late:** A comedy having to do with a man in his sixties who learns to his dismay that he is about to become a father again. With Paul Ford, Orson Bean, Maureen O'Sullivan, and Fran Sharon. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **who's afraid of virginia woolf?:** Edward Albee's representation of some denizens of a New England college. The cast at the evening performances consists of Uta Hagen, Arthur Hill, Ben Piazza, and Rochelle Oliver; for the matinées it is Haila Stoddard, Donald Davis, Bill Berger, and Eileen Fulton. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. WI 7-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Bicycle Ride to Nevada—Franchot Tone, Lois Smith, Richard Jordan, and Paul McGrath in a play by Robert Thom, taken from a novel by Barnaby Conrad. Produced by Roger L. Stevens and Herman Shumlin, who is also the director. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Luther—An English play (based on the life of Martin Luther) by John Osborne, in which Albert Finney has the title role. A David Merrick production, directed by Tony Richardson. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Rehearsal—Jean Anouilh's comedy, imported from London, with Keith Michell, Coral Browne, and Alan Badel. Directed by Peter Coe and presented by David Merrick, in association with Tennent Productions, Ltd. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

Oliver!—A loose-jointed adaptation of Dickens' "Oliver Twist" that eliminates most of the misery the novel is built on and settles instead on an assortment of production numbers, some of which are quite effective. Lionel Bart is responsible for the book, music, and lyrics, and the cast is headed by Clive Revill, who plays Fagin; Georgia Brown, who plays Bill Sikes's doxy; Paul O'Keefe, who plays Oliver; and David Jones, who plays the Artful Dodger. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

She Loves Me—An old-fashioned romantic comedy about a small shop in Hungary, back in the thirties. The songs are by Jerry Bock and Sheldon Harnick, the dances by Carol Haney, and the book, an adaptation of a play by Miklos Laszlo, is by Joe Masteroff. *All these contributors have done well enough*, but it is the performance, under the direction of Harold Prince, that really sets the mood—light and gently mocking—of the show. With Barbara Cook, Jack Cassidy, Barbara Baxley, and Daniel Massey. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Tovarich—No memorable songs, no original dances, and no particularly witty patter distinguish this musical version of the Jacques Deval-Robert E. Sherwood comedy, but Vivien Leigh gives a fine performance as a grand duchess to the palace born. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. After Saturday, Sept. 28, no performances until Monday, Oct. 7, when the show will reopen at the Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St., CI 5-4878.)

Long Runs—a funny thing happened on the way to the forum: Zero Mostel and a number of others, clowning about ancient Rome. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **how to succeed in business without really trying:** The saga of a young egomaniac who skips to the top of the mercantile world by duplicity, chicanery, and just plain gall. Robert Morse plays the youth on the upswing, and Rudy Vallée plays his employer. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **stop the world—i want to get off:** Pantomime and other such diversions supplied by Anthony Newley in a revue that takes a man through his seven ages. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. CO 5-1855. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

Spoon River Anthology—An adaptation, by Charles Aidman, of Edgar Lee Masters' book, with Betty Garrett, Robert Elston, Joyce Van Patten, and Mr. Aidman himself (who directed as well). The producer is Joseph Cates. Previews Friday and Saturday, Sept. 27-28, at 8:30. Opens officially on Sunday, Sept. 29. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Tuesday, Oct. 1, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées the first week on Thursday at 2 and Saturday at 2:30.)

The Student Gypsy; or, The Prince of Liederkranz—Eileen Brennan in a musical written and directed by Rick Besoyan and presented by Sandy Farber. Previews Thursday and Friday, Sept. 26-27, at 8:30, and Saturday, Sept. 28, at 2:30 and 8:30. Opens officially on Monday, Sept. 30. (54th Street Theatre, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:15. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Chips with Everything—Arnold Wesker's play, imported from London, with Alan Dobie at the head of an all-male cast of twenty-three. Produced by Morton Gottlieb and Helen Bonfils, and directed by John Dexter. Previews Thursday through Monday, Sept. 26-30. Opens officially on Tuesday, Oct. 1. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40 for both previews and regular performances; opening-night curtain at 7:20. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Here's Love—Meredith Willson's musical version of the film "Miracle on 34th Street," with a cast that includes Janis Paige, Craig Stevens, and Laurence Naismith. Produced and directed by Stuart Ostrow. Opens Thursday, Oct. 3. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

The American Dream and **The Zoo Story**—A pair of Edward Albee revivals. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Thursday and Friday at 8:40, and Saturday at 7:30 and 10:30. Closes Saturday, Sept. 28.)

The Bald Soprano and **The Lesson**—A revival of two one-acters by Eugène Ionesco, each of them a mixture of original nonsense and rather trying whimsey. Except for Ronald Weyand's comic portrayal of a mad professor in the second play, the performances could be better, but a lot of the jokes pay off just the same. (Gate Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-8796. Tuesdays through

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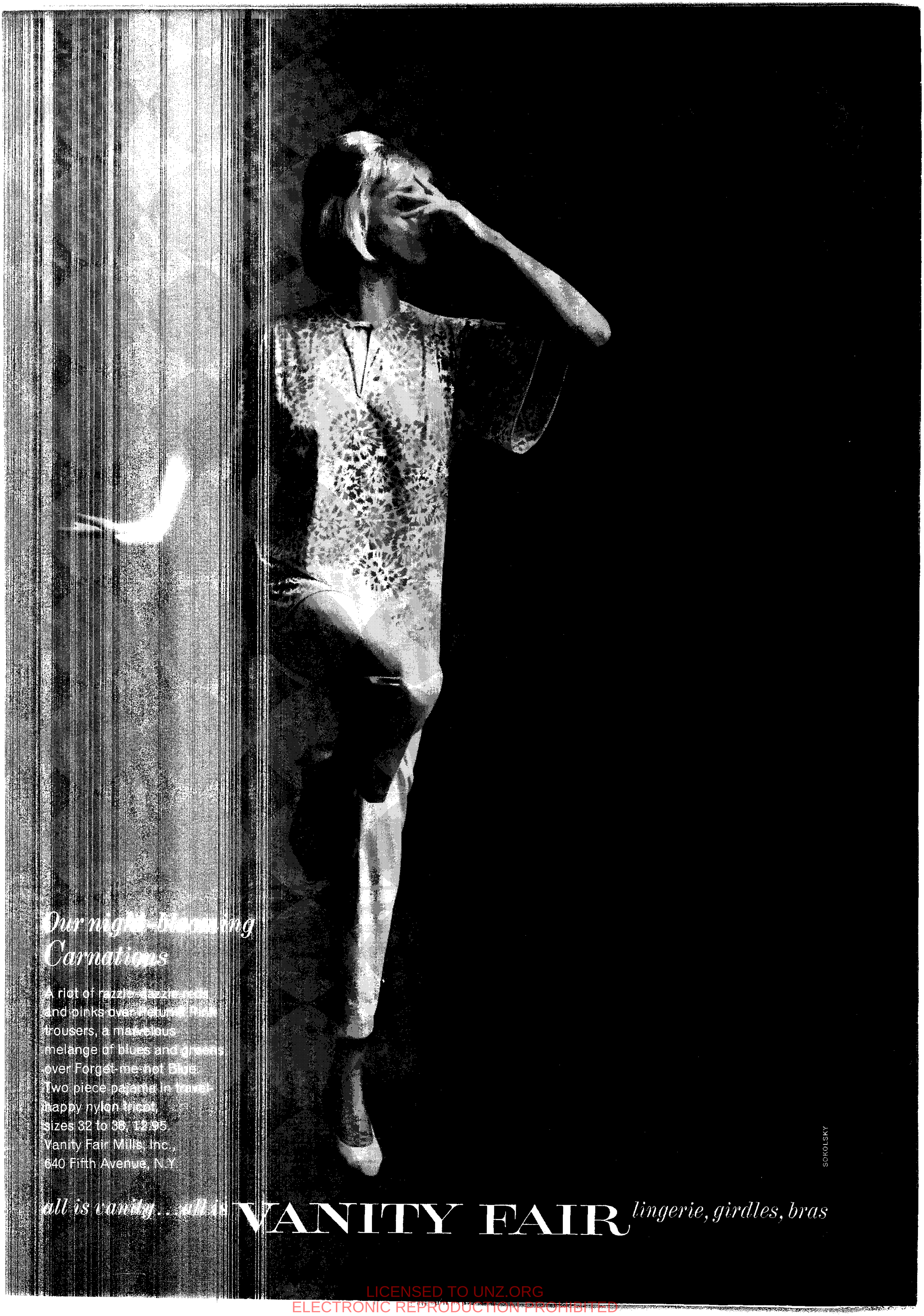

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SOKOLSKY

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Best Foot Forward—A revival of the 1941 musical about a movie actress (Veronica Lake) who comes to a prep-school dance. The songs still sound fine, and the attractive young cast makes up in breeziness what it lacks in professional finesse. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 5.)

The Blacks—Jean Genet's sometimes stunning, sometimes windy sleight-of-hand attempt to depict, in many-layered symbols, the agonies that lie between the Negroes and the whites of the world. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Boys from Syracuse—A thoroughly satisfying revival of the Rodgers and Hart musical. The songs are, of course, wonderful, and they are well sung by the high-spirited company. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. LT 1-7877. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Brig—A strong and merciless record, as convincing as a documentary, of a single day in a U.S. Marine Corps prison. The acting of almost everyone concerned, and the direction, by Judith Malina, couldn't be better. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Cages—Two rubbishy one-acters with Mercedes McCambridge and Michael Lombard. (York Playhouse, First Ave. at 64th St. TR 9-4130. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Desire Under the Elms—Carl Low plays the old New England farmer who takes a youngish wife, and Betty Miller plays the two-timing bride in this high-pitched but undeniably animated revival of the O'Neill melodrama. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Fantasticks—A pretty little musical comedy, by Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt, in which the whimsey is as thick as *that.* (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Pinter Plays—A pair of dark comedies, one low and the other high, by the extraordinary English playwright Harold Pinter. Alan Schneider directed. (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougal St. GR 7-1515. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

A Political Party—A revue with sketches by various writers (eight) and music by various composers (five). Opens Thursday, Sept. 26. (41st Street Theatre, 125 W. 41st St. OX 5-6860. Opening-night curtain at 7:30; thereafter Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2:30.)

Riverwind—An appealing and tuneful musical comedy, with a score and lyrics by a new composer named John Jennings. The setting is a rustic motel in Indiana, and the dramatis personae are the garrulous proprietress and three couples in various stages of attachment. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Six Characters in Search of an Author—A brisk and buoyant production of Pirandello's tantalizing comedy about a group of stray characters who break in on a theatrical rehearsal. The translation, which sounds fine, is by Paul Avila Mayer. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

This Was Burlesque—A revival of the locally obsolete art form starring Ann Corio as mistress of ceremonies and, in the next-to-closing spot, as nostalgic stripper. Sometimes comic and sometimes merely dirty. (Casino East Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. YU 2-6611. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at midnight. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule of final performances—Thursday evening, Sept. 26: "Swan Lake," "Episodes," "Movements for Piano and Orchestra," and "La Valse." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Sept. 27: "Con Amore," "Bugaku," "Concerto Barocco," and "Western Symphony." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Sept. 28: "Serenade," "The Chase," "Fantasy," and "Stars and Stripes." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Sept. 28: "Scotch Symphony," "Agon," "Square Dance," and "Bourrée Fantasque." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Sept. 29: "Gounod Symphony," "Bugaku," "Movements for Piano and Orchestra," and "Firebird." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Sept. 29: "Scotch Symphony," "Apollo," "Fantasy," and "Bourrée Fantasque." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées at 2:30.)

Shanta Rao—With her company of dancers and musicians of South India, in two different programs. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Sunday, Sept. 29, at 3 and 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

Moscow Circus—Russia's celebrated big top, in its first appearance here, with Popov the clown, a juggler on horseback, soccer-playing dogs, Cossack riders, stilt jumpers and acrobats, and motorcycle-riding bears. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Mondays, except Sept. 30, through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 6. Matinées Fridays and Sundays at 2, and Saturdays at 11 and 3. Closes Tuesday, Oct. 8.)

Obratsov Russian Puppet Theatre—Performances in English by another company appearing here for the first time. Presented by S. Hurok for an eight-week engagement. Preview Tuesday, Oct. 1, at 9. Opens officially on Wednesday, Oct. 2, and will run through Saturday, Nov. 23. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Mondays, at 9; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—A great big metronome—the reconstituted band of the departed Tommy Dorsey—is in the Royal Box, beating out dance tunes (to which no one, such is the perversity of our times, may dance any more) in his precision-instrument but dulcet fashion. A good deal of the tunes are sung, though, by Mr. D.'s Helen Forrest and Pied Pipers, to say nothing of a satisfactory simulacrum (Frank Sinatra, Jr.) of Mr. D.'s own Sinatra. They are all decanted at dinner and supper; dance music issues during the evening from another band. Closed Sundays.

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—A rock garden better known for its hardy perennials than for its modest violets. Freddy Alonso's Latin band and Freddie Jagels' orchestra perform for anyone who'd rather dance. In the adjoining Champagne Room, Freddie Fassler, a New Yorker from way, way back, takes a bow and fiddle in hand for people who just have things to talk about. On Sundays, only the peninsula known as Perona's is active, and there's no dancing.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Infra dig has no place in the Café Pierre, where Stanley Worth's small band does sedate dance music. Mondays, another band takes over.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Abbe Lane, a fine figure of a serpentine soprano, is blond, bland, blithe, and blockbuster as she intones the ditties played by Xavier Cugat's high-pressure band during the dinner and supper sessions in the Persian Room. Mark Monte's little fireflies and Emil Coleman's tireless Trojans do dance music all along. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's piano, supported by a violin, starts the day in the Palm Court from four-fifteen to six-thirty, and brings it to an end in the Edwardian Room from seven to nine. Mondays are silent.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200): Dorothy Shay, whose course in Ozark mountain music was probably taken at a girls' school in Vevey, removes herself and her songs from the Grill on Saturday, Sept. 28, to be succeeded, on Monday, Sept. 30, by a troupe of real torpedo Argentine tangoists, led by Juan Carlos Copes. Between the dinner and supper exhibits, there is dance music by Milt Shaw's band, which starts the evening's operations at seven. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Peter Duchin and his billowing band are swarming again in the Maisonette, thereby making it the winter palace of Southampton. Quintero's Continentals are on hand, too, for anyone who needs coaching in Latin. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ La Boite, a dinner-and-supper-with-music alcove, offers Walter Kay at the piano and Jani Sarkozi at the fiddle. These familiar characters-about-town operate from eight to two every night but Sunday.

Savoy Hilton, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Red as true love's rose is this year's edition of the Columns, wherein Arturo Arturos's tiny dance band disports itself with vigor and great change of pace on a schedule like this: Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty, and Sundays from six (tea dancing is back on Fifth Avenue at last) to eleven. Closed Mondays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Gordon and Sheila MacRae, who are doing their partying at dinner and supper in the Empire Room, prove again that it's not what you do (some of their skits are too old to be out this late at night) but how you do it—a department in which they excel. Viva-voce dance music is contributed by a Meyer Davis orchestra and the band of Horace Diaz. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): A free-associational setup (everyone knows everyone) for all ages. The *padrone* is Goldie Hawkins himself, who alternates at the piano with Wayne Sanders during the evening, and joins him at double piano along about midnight. Sam Hamilton patrols a piano from five-thirty to eight, before popping off to Downstairs at the Upstairs. Closed Sundays. . . . **IN BOBOLI,** 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): Boy (Rodolpho) meets girl (Mimi), and now and then some other Puccini character meets doom, during the course of dinner and supper. Aldo Bruschi, *régisseur* of this minuscule opera company, is also soloist, pianist, and—from Thursday through Sunday—dance master, in charge of a dreaming junior-size dance band. Closed Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ AMBASSADOR,** in the Sheraton-East, Park Ave. at

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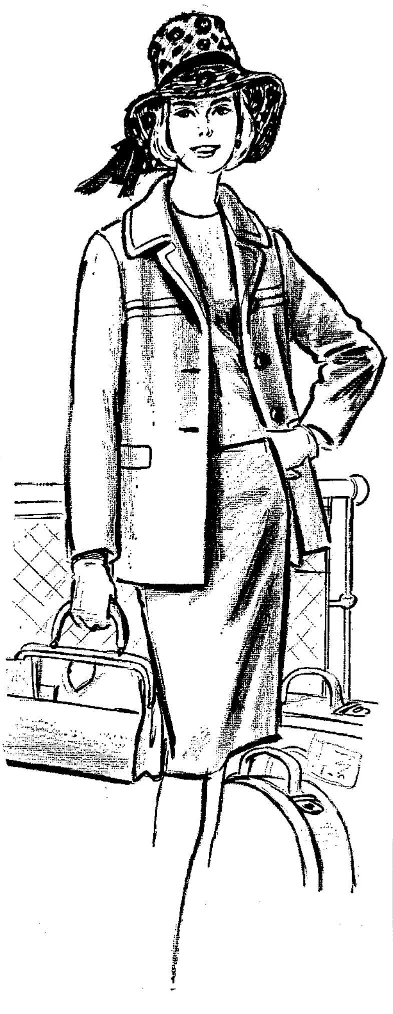

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COLORADO SPRINGS SHORT HILLS

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

51st St. (PL 5-1000): Bobby Short, spokesman and tenor for the up-all-night bloc, will begin dinner-through-supper recitals, assisted by his trio, on Thursday, Oct. 3. He'll be at liberty Mondays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): An illusion fit for a king who would rather play ace, queen, and joker than play house. Norbert Faconi would rather play Stradivarius, and does, in serenade fashion. No music Sundays. . . . **KING HENRI IV,** 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): A further exposition of King Henri's ideas about domestic architecture, which were, basically, that one good laugh deserves another. George Cardini, whose violin is incurably romantic, is the patrolman on this beat. He stays home Sundays. . . . **RITZ BAR,** Madison Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-3000): It keeps longer hours than any other bank, but then there's a bar, to say nothing of mannerly piano at the cocktail hour and again from nine to one every night but Sunday. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): A Latin Olympics in miniature takes place twice a night to keep the diners in touch with the world of flamenco. Dancing for the diners as well. Closed Sundays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, the bubbly Londoner, is at the piano in the bar of the Hotel Earle, displaying his transatlantic portfolio, principally British and New York. He gets rolling at nine. No music on Mondays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): A subdued Eternal City is on the horizon, and the hillbillies, singing and playing, who thread the refectory tables between six and two are from the Seven Hills, not the Kentucky ones. Closed Sundays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Grand-manner is the attitude of the café over which Cy Walter presides. His pianoforte, which is lightning ever so loosely chained, operates from cocktails until one in the morning. Sundays, Forrest Perrin gets to use the keyboard. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): This thoroughfare, a sort of Via Veneto West, is a refectory gently but firmly dominated by the perambulating corps of fiddlers led by Herman Honigsberg, a sound (in every sense) man. Closed Sundays. . . . **MÉDITERRANÉE,** 575 Park Ave., at 63rd St. (TE 8-6130): Mare Nostrum in a mood so calm that you can easily pick out the fish you want for dinner. On one shore sits the piano of Ralph Strain, who is prepared—at nearly any moment between six and one—to be poetic or philosophical or puckish. Sundays are his vacations. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): This reëstablishment of the Age of Ornamentation is the locale of the flamenco guitar wielded by a Spanish import named José Luis Franco, who's around from eight to one. No music Mondays. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): The undergraduate segment of the amusement world sends delegates here every evening to look at or sing along with the jazz threesome at one end of the pavilion, or just to table-hop. No music Sundays. . . . **REGENCY,** Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): The Regency Room cocktail lounge, the most recent of the halls of Montezuma, affords—from five-thirty to twelve-thirty, every evening but Monday—Rack Godwin, whose drawing-room piano exhibits a vivid imagination. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): Henry James would have slept, dined, and wined here; he might, too, have been amused by the soulful organ music (five-thirty to seven, and again after the theatre) played in the bar of this ancestral pile by one of its faithful retainers. No music Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Handsome is as handsome does, and all that sort of thing. Karl Inwald's piano flows through the social whirl even more placidly than the Blue Danube. On Thursday, Oct. 3, Mr. Inwald will be replaced by George Feyer, whose piano is feather-duster. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): The natives are restless tonight and every night, what with their constant barrage of zimbalon, piano, violin, and voice, all of which are devoted to the last time they saw Budapest. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): You can't tell the waiters from the opera singers even with a program, for the two professions are plainly interchangeable here. Their seemly uproar begins at dinner and runs (and how) through supper. Closed Mondays. . . . **LITTLE CLUB,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-1800): A citizens' rally made up wholly of urbanites, and local ones at that, who are escorted from dinner through supper by Budd Gregg's piano. Mondays are again Twist nights (the Commanders make the requisite noise) for charity, which is just about the only excuse for this rerun of ancient history. . . . **BARBERRY,** 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): Short is the shrift this season for Conrad Monjoy, who strolls along his piano only from six to nine-thirty, and spends Saturdays and Sundays in seclusion. . . . **BILTMORE,** Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000): Joan Bishop has resumed her piano recitations (five to eight-thirty, except Sundays), under the Clock of the Palm Court, that old Ivy League trysting place.

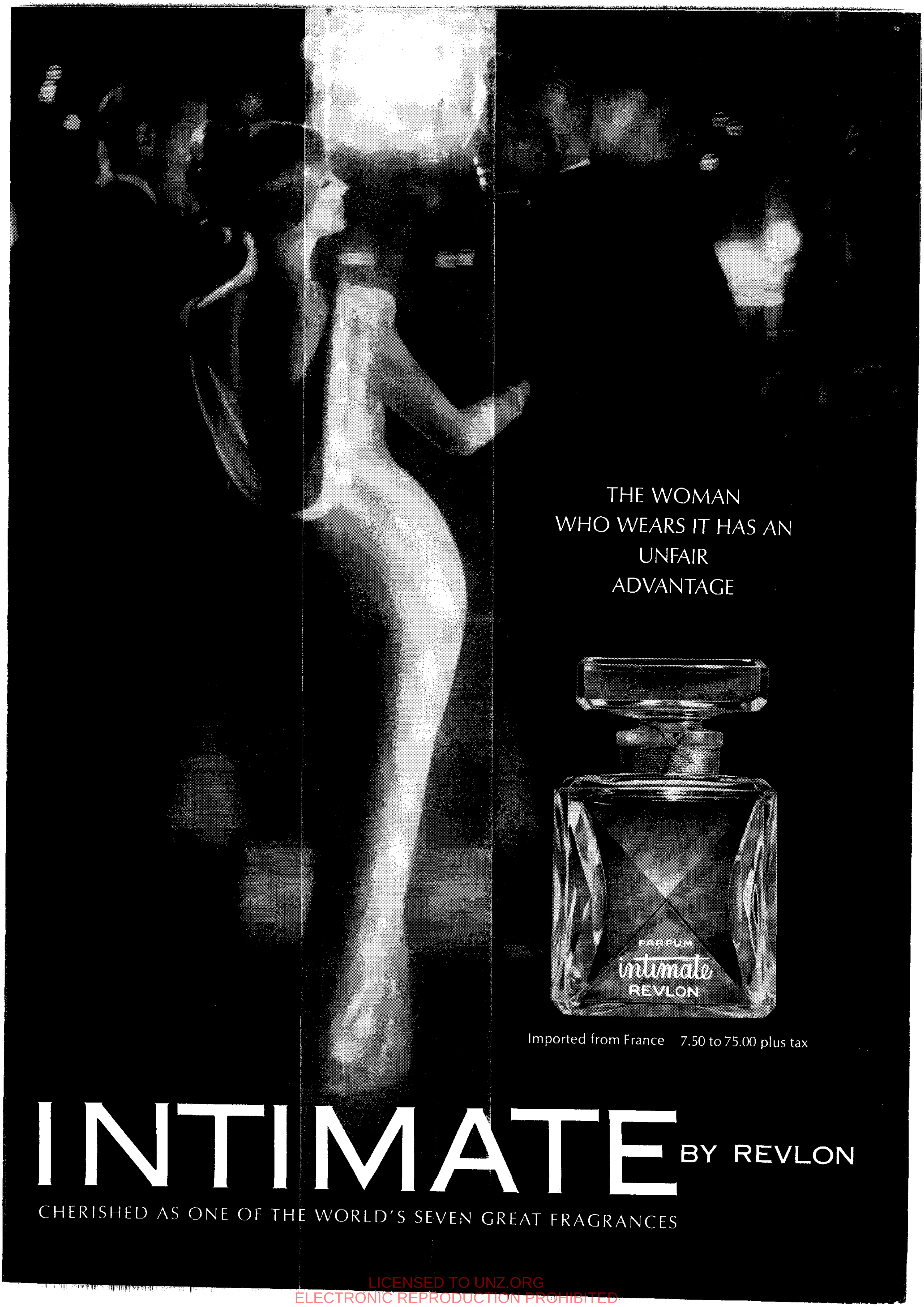
BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): Around the world with eighty dames, some of them Amazonian and some of them little dolls, and every last one of them in the best of spirits and the least of costuming. Dominique, a pickpocket who can frisk any volunteer guest faster than a police strong-arm squad, is the principal non-girl. He will give way, on Wednesday, Oct. 2, to François Szony and Nancy Claire, a nearly nonpareil brace of balletomanes, who do a trapeze act without any trapeze; by Bert Wheeler, a conversationalist who's been away from Broadway as long as Harry Richman was; and by a couple of European variety acts. Dancing. . . . **COPACABANA,** 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Joe E. Lewis, who has run through nine lives and lived to tell the tale, is just beginning his tenth one, which—like the rest—is the life of Riley. Dancing.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9–, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): "Dime a Dozen," a revue that can (and often does) serve as copybook for other entrepreneurs, spares no rods, spoils no points, plays no favorites—even to show. The troupers—Jane Connell, Gerry Matthews, Gordon Connell, Rex Robbins, Carol Morley, and Susan Browning—are all first-rate. The music is lyric, the choreography is action precisely suiting the words. The pit band is the concert grands of Carl Norman and Robert Colston; the hours are eight-forty-five and eleven-thirty. Mr. Robbins will be succeeded, on Monday, Sept. 30, by Jamie Ross, who'll add a Scotch burr to this small Babel. Closed Sundays. . . . **BLUE ANGEL,** 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Woody Allen, who can sound like ten going on nine, is seeing the world through the eyes of an insensitive child, possibly an *enfant terrible.* He departs on Monday, Sept. 30, to be replaced next evening by Milt Kamen, a flamboyant champion of famous lost causes, such as Industrial Age life, liberty, and pursuit of happiness. Danny Meehan, whose ballads are all perky character studies, is staying on. There is background music by a trio, and four-course nourishment is part of the scheme, too. . . . **SECOND CITY AT SQUARE EAST,** 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (AL 4-0480): Rebels with a whole new set of causes are pleading their case artfully and merrily. The rebels are Barbara Harris, Andrew Duncan, Anthony Holland, Paul Dooley, MacIntyre Dixon, and Bob Dishy; the revue they've constructed operates Tuesdays through Fridays at eight-thirty and eleven; Saturdays at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and twelve-thirty; and Sundays at eight-thirty. . . . **THE PREMISE,** 154 Bleecker St. (LF 3-5020): Many a true word is being said—and not always in jest, either—by the five-strong cast of a revue that's sometimes informal to the point of formlessness but is always intent upon its theme—live-and-let-live has got to be the American way of life. The schedule: Tuesdays through Thursdays at nine; Fridays at eight and ten-thirty; Saturdays at seven-thirty and ten-thirty; and Sundays at three and eight-thirty. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Soft and fragrant winds on the Spanish Main, all because Los Chavales de España are again crooning, mooning, and burbling their way through life, accompanied by a set of flamenco dancers. Mondays through Fridays at nine and twelve-thirty; Saturdays at nine, twelve, and two;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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and Sundays at nine-thirty. Sundays, there's also a rampant tea dance. The Chavales' own dance music and Emilio Reyes' band are the perfect stimulants for the whole thing.... ¶ Juan de la Mata, whose flamenco guitar is top-of-the-evening, has just returned to the little den next door to the bar.... **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): "Money" is a two-by-four play with music in which jokesmiths laugh at American-style young love. The pleasurable object of adoration is Barbara Quaney; the lovelorn lads are David Rounds, Jon Stone, and George Coe. The jokesmiths of the wry whimsey are Tom Whedon and David Axlerod; the composer is Sam Pottle; the director is the mordant Ronny Graham. The hours are nine-thirty and midnight; closed Sundays.... ¶ In the **DOWNSTAIRS,** Mabel Mercer's advice to everyone (wear your heart on your sleeve) is being distributed after ten-thirty in the best of all possible lyrics and in her celebrated bittersweet fashion. Sam Hamilton is her pianist. Closed Sundays.... **ONE SHERIDAN SQUARE,** W. 4th St. and Washington Pl. (YU 9-1334): "The World of Kurt Weill in Song," a revival of the deserving musicologist's important American phase, as well as of his Bertolt Brecht phase, is done disarmingly (a solitary piano is the entire background) and to perfection by Will Holt and Martha Schlamme. This laudable project occurs Tuesdays through Thursdays at eight-thirty, Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and ten-thirty, and Sundays at three and eight-thirty. Closed Mondays and Friday, Sept. 27.... **STROLLERS THEATRE CLUB,** 154 E. 54th St. (PL 2-4711): Five lineal descendants of Guy Fawkes—John Bird, Eleanor Bron, Jeremy Geidt, John Fortune, and Carole Simpson—are hatching (at dinner and supper) their several plots to blow up not only Parliament but all other British institutions. Their current revue, which has been updated in topicality from the previous one, is further punctuated by the wholly American jazz of the revered Teddy Wilson and his trio. Peter Cook, of "Beyond the Fringe," is apt to bob up in the late show, which sets to at eleven-thirty. The other begins at nine, and the house is dark Sundays.... **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): It's stampede time when Felicia Sanders puts her spurs to a song and makes for the high hurdles. Jorie Remus turns the pages of an introvert's diary as she speaks; Tiger Haynes and his Three Flames rage unchecked through their ballads. The jests of Morty Storm would be better were they left unsaid. Closed Mondays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Among those present is Bill Evans, whose piano calls for the collaboration of the listener's imagination. His trio and the quartet of Sonny Stitt, another wing of the new school, take turns on the stand. Sunday, Sept. 29, ends the Stitt tour of duty. There are Sunday matinées from four-thirty to seven. Closed Mondays.... **BASIN STREET EAST,** 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): Blithe spirit is the phrase for Teri Thornton and her songs; bang is the word for Woody Herman's latest Herd; play it safe is the motto for Oscar Peterson's unadventurous trio. Closed Sundays.... **VILLAGE GATE,** 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): Odetta, almost unique among our folk musicians in that she means every word she sings, is the cynosure of all ears here. Surrounding her are Herbie Mann's determined little band and a guitarist, Jorge Morel, who keeps to beaten paths. On Tuesday, Oct. 1, a wholesale replacement: Dakota Staton's rampageous voice and Mongo Santamaria's Latin septet. Mondays are visitors' nights.... **BITTER END,** 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): A worthy coffeehouse specializing in folklore, which is at present narrated, full voice, by the Tarriers. There's a jug band, too, but what of it? Tuesdays are given over to visiting undergraduates.... **THE MOST,** 875 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-5738): This rumpus room has restored (after a decade's absence) Joe Mooney to Manhattan. He's now an organ soloist, not the owner of a band, but his touch and his voice make one unaware of the lacuna. Nine to two is his run, and he's not around Sundays.... **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): Pulling of punches is against the rules here. Rant-and-roll sound prevails from three in the afternoon until eight-thirty; then Lionel Hampton's gymnasts take over. Sundays, other players have the use of the hall.... **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): Wednesday, Oct. 2, is closing night for Joe Williams, whose treatment of the blues suggests that he's glad to be unhappy. With him depart Junior Mance's three-man hot-rodders and Cannonball Adderley's thunderers. Next evening, John Coltrane's foursome will be the principal arrival. Visitors' days are Mondays, when the regulars are at rest.... **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): Ben Webster, that solid Golden Age of jazz blower, brings his upholding-the-tradition quartet to an untimely close on Sunday, Sept. 29. On Tuesday, Oct. 1, Clark Terry and Bobby Brookmeyer check in, along with their quintet. Closed Mondays.... **FIVE SPOT,** 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): In this academy for the study of modern influences on music is Thelonious Monk, whose seemingly spur-of-the-second chords keep his piano continually off balance. He runs a quartet. Mondays, he gives way to the Upper Bohemia Six, organized and participated in by Larry Rivers, a modern-age painter whenever he lays down his saxophone.... **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Convention Hall, and the callooh-callay that goes with it. Dorothy Donegan, who considers the hammer throw to be an important part of piano technique, runs a trio in which Jo Jones is involved. On Sundays, their days off, Louis Metcalf's traditionalists take the stand.... **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): The trio belonging to Howard Reynolds is contemporaneous, without a single over-the-shoulder glance at *les temps perdus*. Monday is its night of rest.... **CENTRAL PLAZA,** 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): Saturday's children will find the customary roughhewn course in Early Americana. For Saturday, Sept. 28, they are promised Jimmy and Marian McPartland, Edmond Hall, Tyree Glenn, and Louis Metcalf's quartet.... **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): The celebrated 52nd Street hot potato, transplanted here, has piano during the week by Cliff Jackson, who is joined every Thursday, Friday, and Saturday by Zutty Singleton and Tony Parenti. No music on Sundays.... **EDDIE CONDON'S,** 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Mr. Condon is now to be marked permanently absent; in his stead there is the threesome of Herman Chittison, dreaming of yesteryear. Closed Sundays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

JAMES ENSOR—Etchings by this Belgian artist, who died in 1949; through Oct. 19. (Associated American Artists, 605 Fifth Ave., at 49th St.)

JOHN FISCHER—Sculptures and constructions; through Oct. 12. (Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St. Closed Mondays.)

MADELEINE GEKIERE—Drawings; through Saturday, Oct. 5. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

AARON J. GOODELMAN—Figure sculptures in metal, plaster, and wood; through Oct. 12. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.)

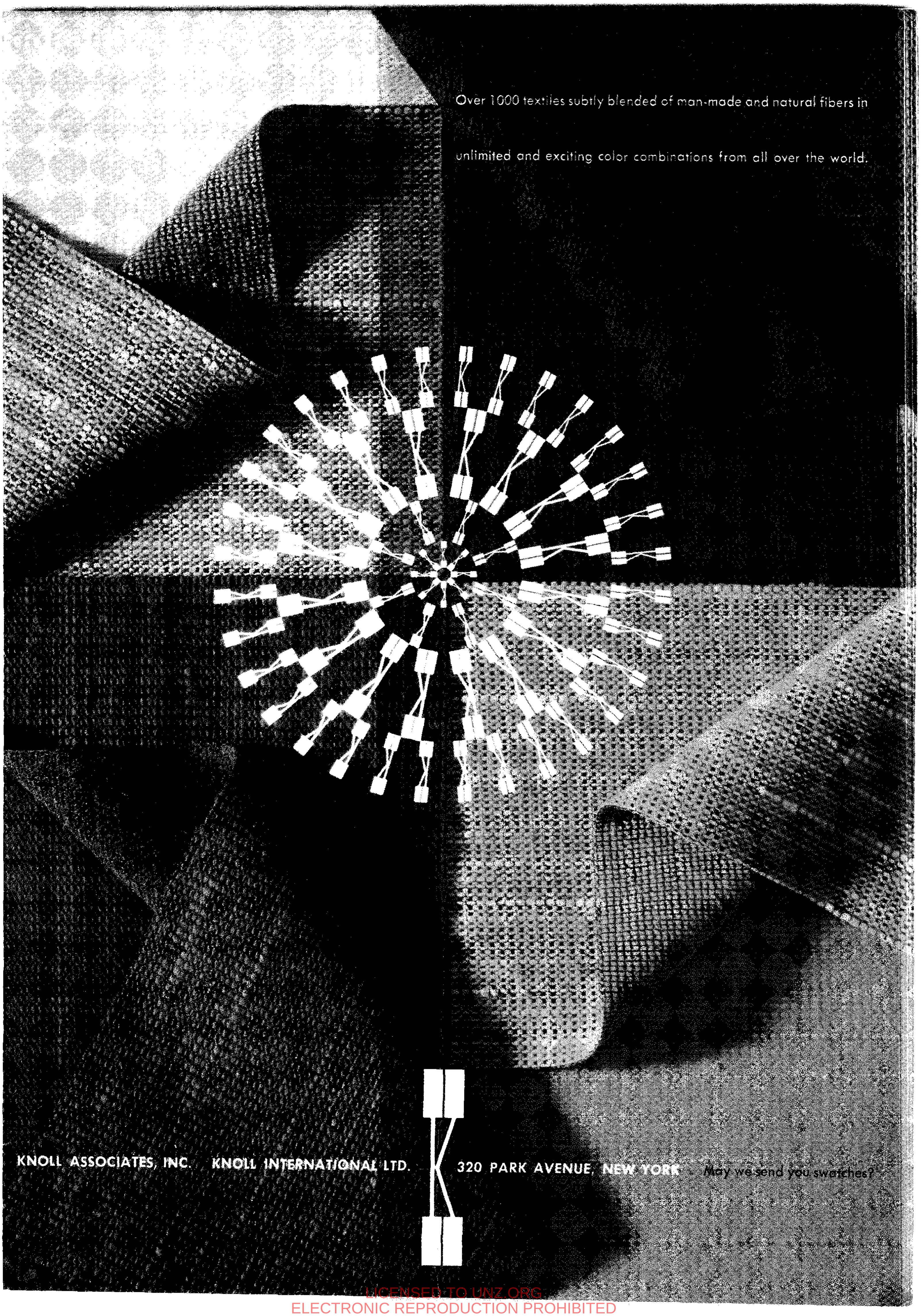
GEORGE GROSZ—Two showings of paintings and drawings by the German satirist, who died in 1959: the Berlin period, to 1930, at the Forum (1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.) and the work done after Grosz came to the United States in 1932, at E. V. Thaw (50 E. 78th St.); both through Oct. 12. (Thaw is closed Mondays.)

IVAN MOSCA—Paintings by an Italian artist; through Saturday, Oct. 5. (Gallery 63, 721 Madison Ave., at 63rd St. Closed Mondays.)

PICASSO AND KLEE—Paintings and drawings; through Nov. 2. (Saidenberg, 1035 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

MEL SILVERMAN—Collages; through Saturday, Oct. 5. (Salpeter, 42 E. 57th St.)

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF WOMEN ARTISTS—Se-



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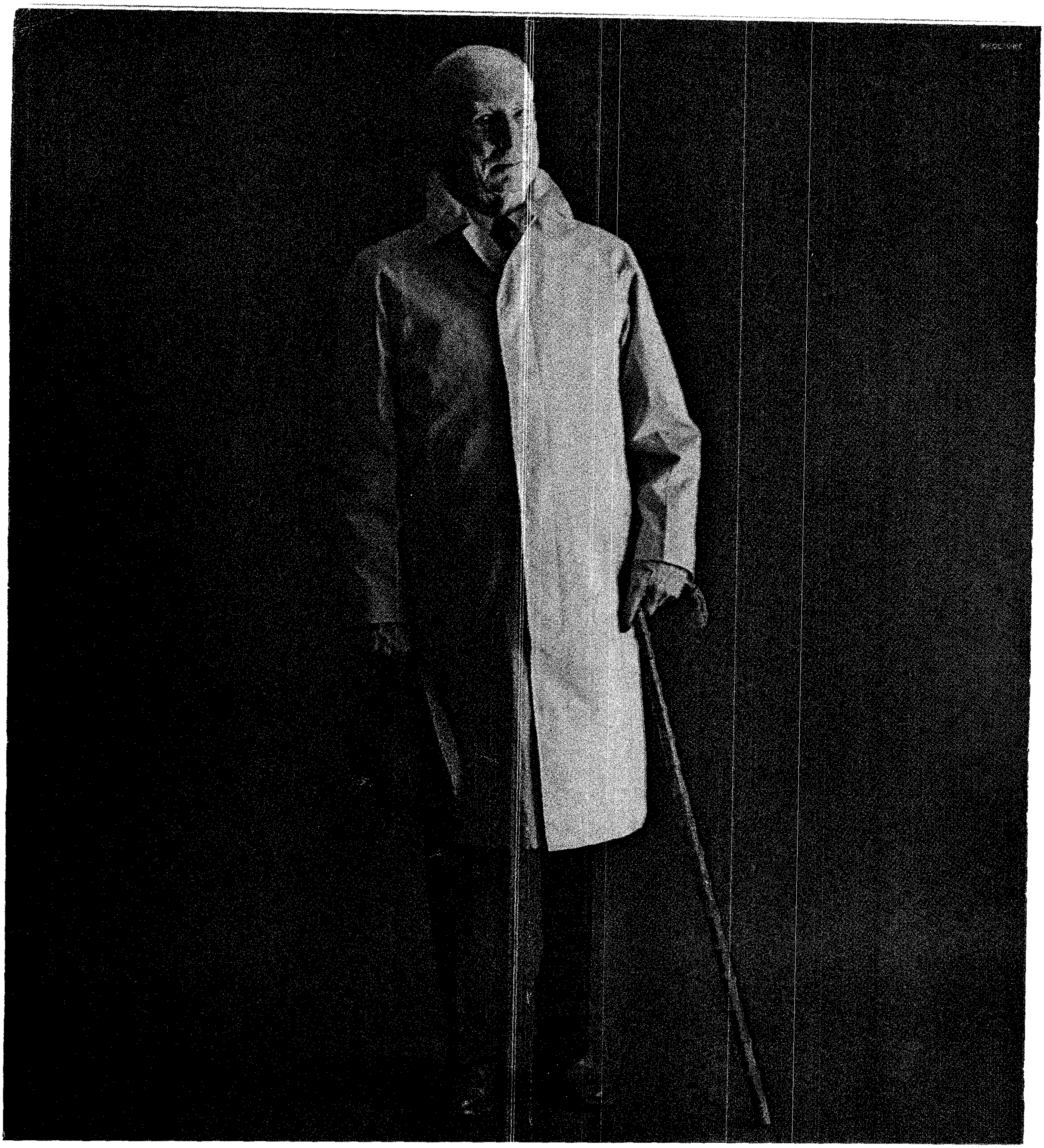

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Then off to the Possessions and the wars. My Burberry and I made a bit of history at Somaliland. Kenya. Ypres. Gallipoli. We knocked about in almost every corner of the Empire. Then...home again.

I sometimes think the Burberry took it all better than I. My friends at the club began calling me a sentimental old duff. Rightly so, I expect. Because I just couldn't bear to part with my old friend, the Burberry.

After so many years, so many adventures, a part of my life had become woven in that cloth. But, heaven knows, we were both showing our age. Finally I decided it was high time to retire myself and my good old Burberry and get another.

Burberrys' tradition, sir, hasn't changed a whit. Thank heavens...there'll always be a Burberry."

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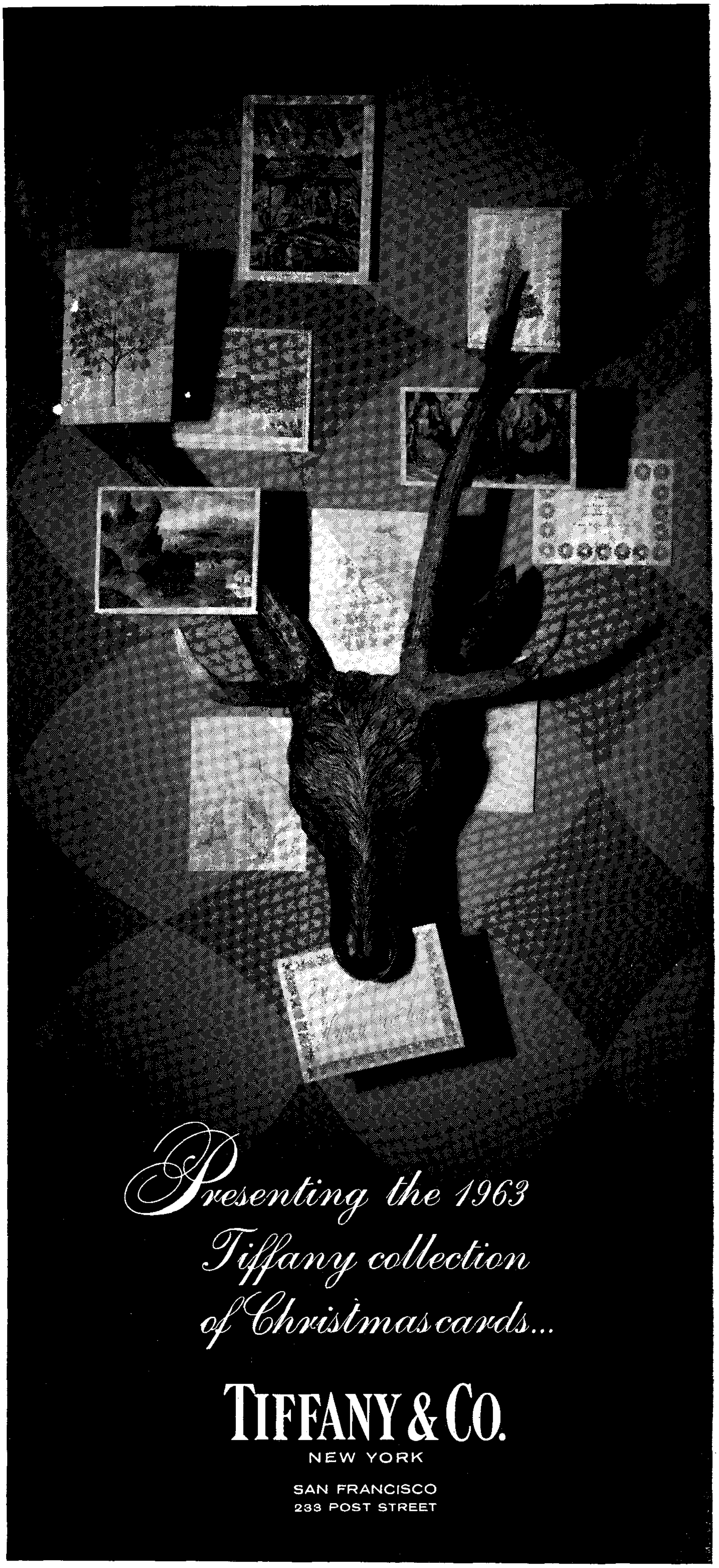
lected oils, water colors, caseins, and sculptures by the members of this organization, who are professional artists and number about seven hundred in all; through Oct. 9. (Lever House, 390 Park Ave., at 54th St. Closed Saturday mornings; open Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Sculptures—At the PARSONS, 24 W. 57th St.: Ceremonial vessels, pots, idols, and animals, two-thousand years old, from Amlash, in Iran; through Oct. 19. . . . SEGY, 708 Lexington Ave., at 57th St.: Wood, ivory, and bronze masks, statues, stools, and containers, from Ghana, Nigeria, and eight other new African states; through Oct. 31. (Saturday hours: 2 to 5:30.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the ART STUDENTS LEAGUE, 215 W. 57th St.: Works in a variety of mediums by forty-two League instructors, including Theodoros Stamos, Seong Moy, and José de Creeft; through Oct. 11. (Mondays through Fridays, 9 A.M. to 9:30 P.M.; Saturdays, 9 to 4.) . . . BURR, 108 W. 56th St.: The fall show of the Gotham painters, with works by Patricia Allen, Roda Ginsberg, Harry C. Waterston, and others; through Saturday, Oct. 5. (Closed mornings.) . . . DINTENFASS, 18 E. 67th St.: Antonio Frasconi, Robert Gwathmey, William King, and others on the regular roster in an exhibit of paintings, sculptures, and drawings; through Saturday, Sept. 28. . . . GRAND CENTRAL, 40 Vanderbilt Ave., at 44th St.: The annual Founders Exhibition, made up of paintings and sculptures by over a hundred artists, among them Chen Chi, Robert Brackman, and Mario Korbel; through Oct. 24. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . KNOEDLER, 14 E. 57th St.: Paintings by Leland Bell, Nell Blaine, Robert De Niro, Louisa Matthiasdottir, and Hyde Solomon; through Monday, Sept. 30. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . MIDTOWN, 11 E. 57th St.: Waldo Peirce, William Thon, and Nathan Hale are among the participants in a show of paintings and sculptures; through Saturday, Oct. 5. . . . NEW SCHOOL, 66 W. 12th St.: The annual Art Faculty exhibition of paintings, sculptures, and graphics by, among others, Julian Levi, Gregorio Prestopino, and Chaim Gross; through Monday, Sept. 30. (Mondays through Fridays, noon to 8; Saturdays, 10 to 5.) . . . PERIDOT, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.: Fannie Hillsmith, Stanley Twardowicz, Morris Brose, and other painters and sculptors; through Oct. 12. (Closed Monday mornings.) . . . SCHWEITZER, 958 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Childe Hassam, Albert P. Ryder, and John Singer Sargent are three of the artists represented in a display of turn-of-the-century paintings; through Oct. 12.

Americans and Europeans; Group Shows—At the ALAN, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.: Paintings, sculptures, and drawings by such artists as Marcia Marcus, Oliver Andrews, and Antoine-Louis Barye; through Saturday, Sept. 28. . . . BORGENICHT, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: "Prospectus '63-'64" offers a painting or sculpture apiece by each of the gallery members, including José de Rivera, Sidney Gordin, and Giuseppe Santomaso; through Saturday, Sept. 28. . . . CORDIER & EKSTROM, 978 Madison Ave., at 76th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Jean Dubuffet, Gianfranco Baruchello, and Isamu Noguchi (to name a few); through Oct. 12. (Closed Mondays.) . . . ELKON, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Twentieth-century paintings, drawings, collages, and sculptures by (for instance) Franz Kline, Balthus, and Joseph Cornell; through Oct. 19. . . . FRUMKIN, 32 E. 57th St.: Paintings, drawings, sculptures, and lithographs by Leon Golub, Jules Pascin, Lovis Corinth, and others; through Saturday, Oct. 5. . . . KOOTZ, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.: Painters and sculptors on exhibit include Hans Hofmann, Pierre Soulages, and Ibram Lassaw; through Saturday, Sept. 28. . . . LEWISON, 50 E. 76th St.: Oils and water colors by Alberto Pisa, Preston Dickinson, Louis Eilshemius, and other nineteenth- and twentieth-century artists; through Saturday, Oct. 5. (Closed Mondays.) . . . PERLS, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Paintings and sculptures by, among others, Rouault, Braque, and Calder; through Oct. 26. (Closed Mondays.)

Europeans; Group Shows—At the AMERICAN FED-



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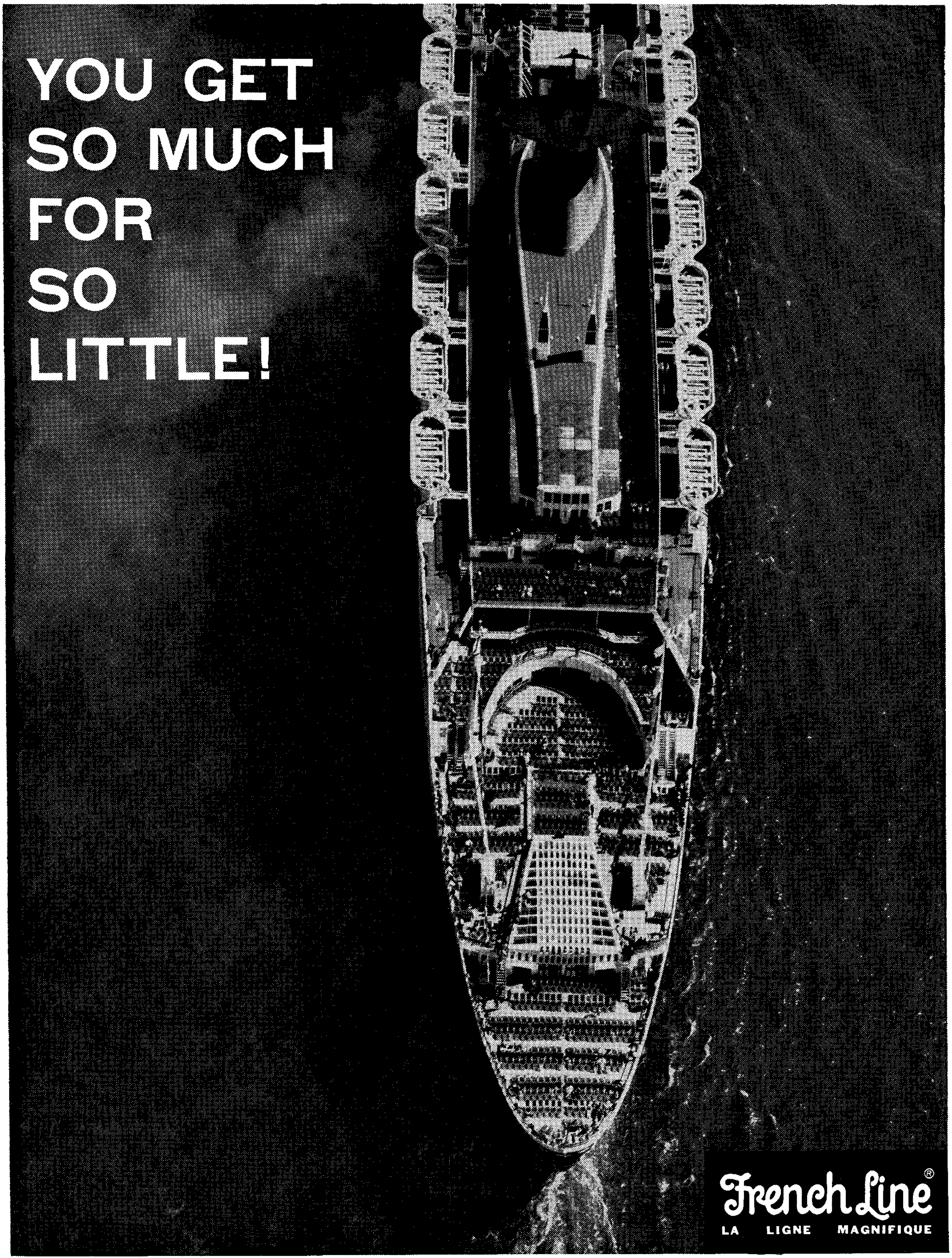
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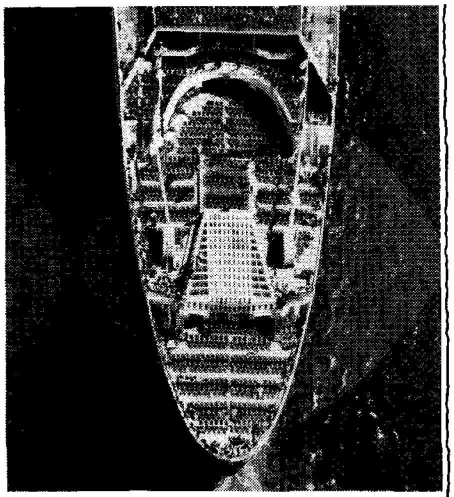

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ERATION OF ARTS, 41 E. 65th St.: Paintings by the school of late-nineteenth-century Tuscan artists known as I Macchiaioli, including examples by Giuseppe Abbati, Giovanni Fattori, and Telemaco Signorini; through Saturday, Sept. 28. (Closed Saturday mornings.) . . . **LEFEBRE**, 47 E. 77th St.: Among the contributors to an exhibition of paintings are Pierre Alechinsky, Julius Bissier, and Kurt Sonderborg; through Saturday, Oct. 5. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **LOEB**, 12 E. 57th St.: Such painters and sculptors as André Lanskoy, Paolo Vallorz, and Jean Ipousteguy; through Oct. 12.

TENTH STREET—Seven downtown galleries are participating in an opening exhibition (ending Oct. 10) of paintings, constructions, collages, and sculptures by gallery members and invited guests—At the **AEGIS**, 89 E. 10th St.; **AREA**, 90 E. 10th St.; **ASPECTS**, 100 E. 10th St.; **BRATA**, 56 Third Ave., at 10th St.; **GALLERY 84**, 84 E. 10th St.; **STRYKE**, 86 E. 10th St.; and **10/4 GROUP**, 178 Second Ave., at 11th St. (All the galleries are open daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"The Art of Fabergé," a loan collection of precious objects (Easter eggs, miniature articles of furniture, carved figures, and the like) designed by the last jeweller to the Imperial Russian Court. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—Paintings dating from 1940 by Hans Hofmann, the dean of the Abstract Expressionists; through Nov. 28. . . . ¶ Recently acquired drawings by forty-six American and European artists, including Henry Moore, Jules Pascin, and Henri Matisse; through Sunday, Sept. 29. . . . ¶ Paintings, drawings, and prints by André Derain (1880-1954); through Tuesday, Oct. 1. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Paintings by eleven Spanish Old Masters—El Greco, Goya, and Murillo, for example—from the collection of the late Oscar B. Cintas; through Nov. 3. . . . ¶ Prints by Willi Baumeister, Fritz Winter, Gerhard Marcks, and other artists working in Germany since 1950; through Oct. 6. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—"Cézanne and Structure in Modern Painting," comprising Cézannes borrowed from six private collections, supplemented by works (from the Museum's collection) of artists influenced by him—Braque, Gleizes, Mondrian, and Picasso, to mention a few; through Oct. 13. . . . ¶ A memorial exhibition of paintings by Morris Louis (1912-1962); through Oct. 27. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY CRAFTS, 29 W. 53rd St.—"Creative Casting," an exhibition of new work in metal by American artists and craftsmen; through Nov. 10. (Weekdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

MUSEUM OF EARLY AMERICAN FOLK ARTS, 49 W. 53rd St.—This new museum will open on Friday, Sept. 27, with a display of paintings, sculptures, and related objects, dating from the early eighteenth century to the late nineteenth, on loan from private collections. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6.)

MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART, 15 W. 54th St.—"Sculpture of Primitive Peoples: Recent Acquisitions 1963" (from Africa, the islands of the Pacific, and the Americas); through Nov. 10. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

RIVERSIDE MUSEUM, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—Paintings and sculptures turned out by a group of thirteen artists of various international backgrounds attending a seminar at Fairleigh Dickinson University, in Madison, New Jersey. Among the artists are José Bartoli, Sarah Grilo, and Jannis Spyropoulos. Through Sunday, Sept. 29. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 22 W. 54th St.—"Sixty Years of American Art," a selection of paintings and sculptures (by John Sloan, Philip Guston, Franz Kline, and others) from the Mu-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

seum's permanent collection; through Oct. 20. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424 and for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7460. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

New York City Opera Company—Opening performances of the season, which will continue through Sunday, Nov. 10—Thursday, Oct. 3, at 7:45: The company's première of Igor Stravinsky's "The Nightingale;" and the New York première of Arthur Honegger's "Jeanne d'Arc au Bucher," in English. (A benefit performance.) . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 4, at 8:15: "La Bohème." . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 5, at 8:15: "Rigoletto." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989.)

Brooklyn Opera Company—"Carmen." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Oct. 5, at 8:15.)

ORCHESTRAS

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center, Leonard Bernstein conducting—Performances of Mahler's Second Symphony on Thursday, Sept. 26, at 8:30; Friday, Sept. 27, at 2:15; Saturday, Sept. 28, at 8:30; and Sunday, Sept. 29, at 3 (all with Lee Venora, soprano; Jennie Tourel, mezzo-soprano; and the Collegiate Chorale). . . . ¶ A varied program on Thursday, Oct. 3, at 8:30; Friday, Oct. 4, at 2:15; Saturday, Oct. 5, at 8:30; and Sunday, Oct. 6, at 3 (all with Ruggiero Ricci, violin).

Philadelphia Orchestra—Eugene Ormandy conducting, with E. Power Biggs, organ. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Tuesday, Oct. 1, at 8:30.)

Symphony of Musical Arts—Vincent La Selva conducting. (Haaren High School, Tenth Ave. at 59th St. Thursday, Sept. 26, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

Orchestra of America—Richard Korn conducting, with pianists Marjorie Mitchell, Kenneth Amada, and Hector Tosar. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 2, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Peter, Paul & Mary—Folk singers, or maybe parodists. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Sept. 28, at 8:40.)

Hartt Woodwind Quintet—Chamber music. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Sunday, Sept. 29, at 2:30.)

Van Cliburn—Piano, in a benefit concert. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Friday, Oct. 4, at 8:30.)

Michael Rabin—Violin. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Oct. 5, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

MISCELLANY

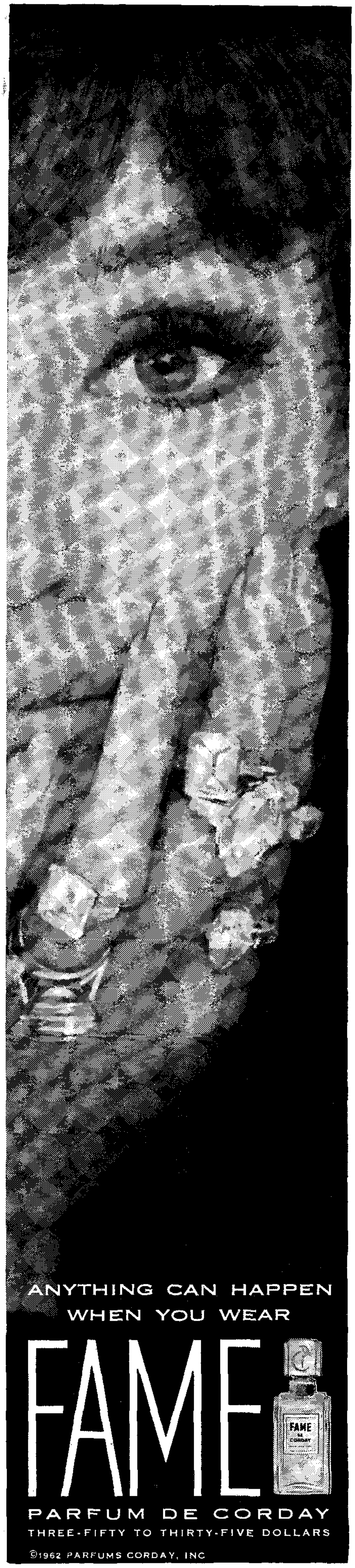
Benefit Concerts—Frank Sinatra and Lena Horne. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday and Sunday, Oct. 5-6, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At **yankee stadium:** Yankees vs. Minnesota, Friday, Sept. 27, at 8; Saturday, Sept. 28, at 1:30; and Sunday, Sept. 29, at 2. . . . **world series:** Starts Wednesday, Oct. 2, at Yankee Stadium. The first two games will be played there, the next three in the park of the National League contender, and the final two, if required, at Yankee Stadium. Local games will start at 1. The New York Telephone Company will furnish running scores along with its time reports; call ME 7-1212.

Dog Shows—Westbury Kennel Association. (Old Westbury. Sunday, Sept. 29.) . . . ¶ Devon Dog Show Association. (Devon, Pa. Saturday, Oct. 5.)

College Football—Saturday, Sept. 28: Army vs. Cincinnati, at West Point, at 2. . . . ¶ Brown vs. Columbia, at Providence, at 2. . . . ¶ Cornell vs. Colgate, at Ithaca, at 2. . . . ¶ Navy vs. William and Mary, at Annapolis, at 2. . . .



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¶ Pennsylvania vs. Lafayette, at Philadelphia, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Rutgers, at Princeton, at 2. . . . ¶ Williams vs. Trinity, at Williamstown, at 2. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Connecticut, at New Haven, at 2. . . . **SATURDAY, OCT. 5:** Columbia vs. Princeton, at Baker Field, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Rutgers, at Cambridge, at 2. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Dartmouth, at Philadelphia, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Brown, at New Haven, at 2.

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL—At the Polo Grounds—Saturday, Sept. 28: Jets vs. Oakland Raiders. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 5: Jets vs. Boston Patriots. (Games begin at 8.)

GOLF—Metropolitan Golf Association Open Championship. (Plainfield Country Club, Plainfield, N.J. Through Friday, Sept. 27.)

HUNT RACING—Rolling Rock Hunt Racing Association. (Ligonier, Pa. Wednesday, Oct. 2, and Saturday, Oct. 5.)

POLO—Sundays at 3:30—At **BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB**, Purchase. . . . **BETHPAGE POLO FIELDS:** Farmingdale, L.I.

RACING—At **AQUEDUCT:** Daily at 1:30; through Saturday, Sept. 28. The Woodward, Saturday, Sept. 28. . . . **BELMONT-AT-AQUEDUCT:** Weekdays at 1:30, from Monday, Sept. 30, through Saturday, Oct. 26. The Cowdin, Monday, Sept. 30; the Lawrence Realization, Wednesday, Oct. 2; and the Frizette, Saturday, Oct. 5. . . . **ATLANTIC CITY**, Mays Landing, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Tuesday, Oct. 1. (A train leaves Penn Station at 9:30 and connects with a train for the track at North Philadelphia.) . . . **GARDEN STATE PARK**, Camden, N.J.: Tuesdays through Saturdays at 1:30, from Saturday, Oct. 5, through Saturday, Nov. 9.

SPORTS-CAR RACING—At Lime Rock Park, Lime Rock, Conn.: Saturday, Sept. 28, at 12:30.

TROTTING—At **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY**, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:30; through Saturday, Dec. 7. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track at 6:43 and, except Saturdays, at 7:06.) . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY**, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Oct. 26.

FOR CHILDREN

STAGE SHOWS—By the **HILLTOP PRODUCTIONS:** "Jack and the Beanstalk," Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 28-29. . . . ¶ "Aladdin and His Magic Lamp," Saturday, Oct. 5. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0177. Afternoons at 2 and 3:30.) . . . **PICKWICK PUPPETS:** "Cinderella." (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310. Saturdays at 1:30 and 3, and Sundays at 2.) . . . **STAGE 73:** "The Absent-minded Dragon." (321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 3.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show is called "The Realm of the Galaxies." Starting Tuesday, Oct. 1, there will be a new show, "Exploring the Moon." (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2:30, 4, and 8:30.)

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to meetings of the Security Council and sessions of various other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday, Sept. 26, at 1:45: French and other furniture, decorative objects, paintings and drawings, tapestries, and rugs; from the estate of Edithe A. Stralem and from other sources. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 1, at 1:45: First editions and manuscripts of American and British authors; from several collectors, among them the late George Matthew Adams. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 3, at 1:45: Chinese and other Oriental art; the property of Siegfried Hearst and others. Exhibition starts Saturday, Sept. 28.

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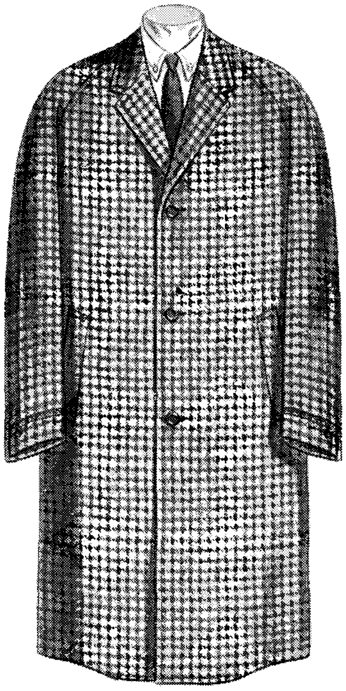

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

The Balcony—Jean Genet's dark comedy has been brought to the screen by Joseph Strick and Ben Maddow, who have had the good sense to take many liberties with it. A dazzling picture, with Shelley Winters, Peter Falk, Lee Grant, and Kent Smith. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590; Sept. 26.)

Cleopatra—Forty million dollars' worth of Mediterranean splendor, and cheap at the price. The leading roles are played by actors who are probably better known than the originals ever were. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Daily at 2 and 8. Reserved seats only.)

The Conjugal Bed—An account, at once anguished and hilarious, of what happens to a forty-two-year-old Don Juan when a chaste virgin consents to marry him. (Forum, B'way at 47th, PL 7-8320; and Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

8½—An autobiographical movie by Federico Fellini. Marcello Mastroianni plays the part of a famous director who is suddenly unable to go on working; Anouk Aimée is his intellectual wife; and Sandra Milo is his tawdry mistress. (New Embassy, B'way at 46th, PL 7-2408; and Festival, 6 W. 57th, LT 1-2323.)

The Four Days of Naples—In which we see how, shortly after the Italian surrender in the Second World War, a handful of Neapolitans rose up and overthrew their Nazi oppressors. A brilliant essay in the documentary form by the Italian director Nanni Loy. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Oct. 1.)

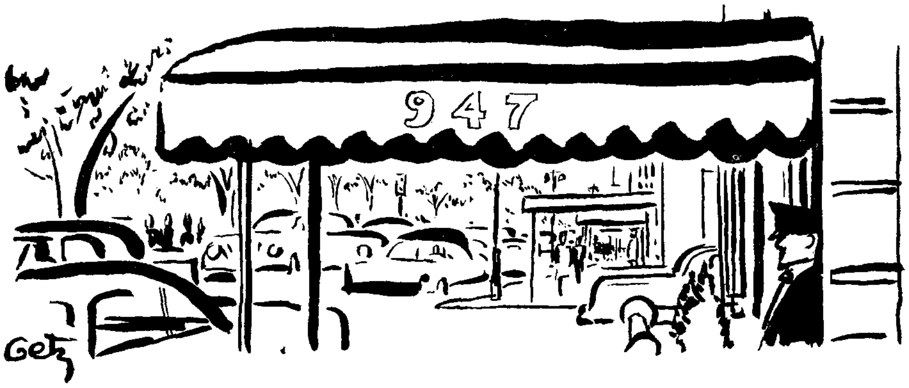
Heavens Above!—The next-to-latest Peter Sellers, in which he plays a parson too Christian for his own, or anyone else's, good. With delightful supporting performances by Cecil Parker, Isabel Jeans, and Ian Carmichael, and directed and produced by the jolly Boulting brothers. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through Oct. 1.)

Lawrence of Arabia—As beautiful a picture as you could hope to see, with much stirring desert combat and an honorable attempt to fathom a little man who was as odd as Dick's hatband. With Peter O'Toole, Alec Guinness, Anthony Quinn, Anthony Quayle, and a dozen others, all superlatively directed by David Lean. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Weekdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Reserved seats only.)

The List of Adrian Messenger—John Huston in top directing form in a nice, complicated thriller, with a cast that includes George C. Scott, Kirk Douglas, Clive Brook, Dana Wynter, and a number of passing stars in heavy disguise. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Oct. 1.)

Lord of the Flies—Peter Brook's fine, attacking version of William Golding's overblown allegory. The boys are all "absolutely smashing" and uncannily true to type—upper-class public-school hooligans, the backbone of an Empire. The atmosphere of school brutality is accurately caught and nicely photographed. (Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313.)

Marilyn—Apposite clips from fifteen Marilyn Monroe movies (Twentieth Century-Fox only, alas) that are notable chiefly for an enchanting sequence from the unfinished "Something's Got to Give," where all that she might have been suddenly is. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Oct. 1.)



Mutiny on the Bounty—Marlon Brando as Fletcher Christian and Trevor Howard as Captain Bligh in a high-flown rendering of a tale that used to be about good men and bad but that now concerns the class struggle, sex, and other Hollywood commonplaces. The sea scenes are stupendous. (Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; and Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190.)

The Suitor—A clever young comedian named Pierre Etaix stars in an extremely funny picture that might well have come out of the Keaton studios, circa 1926, but is yet French and 1963. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

This Sporting Life—Professional Rugby is the sport under consideration in this savage English movie about a player who is unlucky in love. Richard Harris is splendid as the tragic hero, and so is Rachel Roberts, opposite him. Lindsay Anderson is responsible for the pretentious direction. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-3454.)

The Ugly American—Marlon Brando is simply wonderful in a melodrama about revolution and counter-revolution in a mythical republic in Southeast Asia. With estimable direction by George Englund and lively camerawork by Clifford Stine. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting Oct. 2.)

The V.I.P.s—Terence Rattigan has written a charming, implausible comedy about a group of vexed souls grounded by fog at the London Airport. The huge, well-dressed cast includes Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton, Maggie Smith, Orson Welles, Margaret Rutherford, Louis Jourdan, and even Linda Christian. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, PL 7-3100.)

Winter Light—If God exists, Ingmar Bergman is put out with Him. If He doesn't exist, Mr. Bergman is put out with himself. Either way, we who can watch on film a great director's examination of man's fate are very fortunate. A sad movie, marvellously acted. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014.)

REVIVALS

An American in Paris (1951)—Gershwin's tunes and plenty of dancing. With Gene Kelly and Leslie Caron. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302.)

L'Avventura (1961)—An Italian film that records a joyless affair between a young man and woman searching for a girl who has disappeared from a volcanic island. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Sept. 27-30.)

Billy Budd (1962)—A rousing sea story, starring Peter Ustinov, Robert Ryan, and Terence Stamp. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting Oct. 2.)

Breakfast at Tiffany's (1961)—A comedy derived from the Capote novella, with Audrey Hepburn and George Peppard. (New Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through Oct. 1, evening performances only, except on Saturday and Sunday.)

Breathless (1961)—Jean-Luc Godard wrote and directed this New Wave French film, in which Jean-Paul Belmondo and Jean Seberg play a hoodlum and his American girl friend. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Sept. 27-30.)

Electra (1962)—Irene Papas is Electra in Michael Cacoyannis's version of the Euripides tragedy. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; Sept. 26.)

The 400 Blows (1959)—A French film, directed by François Truffaut, that reviews the short, unhappy career of a twelve-year-old boy. With Jean-Pierre Léaud. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; Sept. 27-28.)

Grand Illusion (1938)—A German military prison during the First World War. In French, with Erich von Stroheim and Jean Gabin. (New Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through Oct. 1, evening performances only, except on Saturday and Sunday.)

I Am a Camera (1955)—Julie Harris as a madcap English girl on the loose in Berlin in 1931. A British film. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; Sept. 27-28.)

M (1933)—Peter Lorre as the Düsseldorf murderer. In German. (New Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting Oct. 2, evening performances only.)

The Maltese Falcon (1941)—Humphrey Bogart, Mary Astor, and Sydney Greenstreet in the Dashiell Hammett yarn. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Oct. 1.)

The Mark (1961)—An account of the return to society of a man who has spent three years in prison for committing a crime against a child. Stuart Whitman, Rod Steiger, and Maria Schell. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 30.)

The Miracle Worker (1962)—Opening chapters in the inspiring life of Helen Keller, acted by Anne Bancroft and Patty Duke. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Oct. 2.)

The Night (1962)—A study of a married couple in Milan. Directed by Michelangelo Antonioni, with Jeanne Moreau and Marcello Mastroianni. (New Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting Oct. 2, evening performances only.)

Sapphire (1959)—A British mystery film in which a pair of detectives solves the murder of a girl half white and half Negro. Nigel Patrick, Yvonne Mitchell, and Michael Craig. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting Oct. 2.)

Saturday Night and Sunday Morning (1961)—Alan Sillitoe's own adaptation of his novel about a defiant young factory worker in a British provincial city. With Albert Finney. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590; Sept. 26.)

The Thin Man (1934)—William Powell and Myrna Loy in the Dashiell Hammett mystery. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Oct. 1.)

This Strange Passion (1955)—A Mexican variation on the old theme of jealousy, written and directed by Luis Buñuel. Arturo de Cordova is the new-day Othello. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 27.)

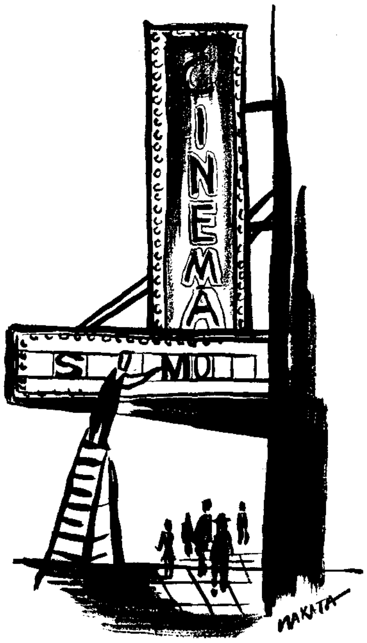
Viridiana (1962)—Luis Buñuel's account of the havoc wreaked by a virtuous girl who seeks to do God's bidding among His beloved poor. A Spanish picture. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting Oct. 1.)

The Woman in the Window (1945)—Edward G. Robinson as a murderer with the best of intentions. Joan Bennett and Dan Duryea are also in it. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through Sept. 30.)

Wuthering Heights (1939)—Merle Oberon and Laurence Olivier on the Brontë moors. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, PL 1-1535; starting Oct. 2.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Two programs in a series called "The Cinema of Alfred Hitchcock"—Through Sept. 28: "Rear Window" (1954), with James Stewart and Grace Kelly. . . . ¶ Starting Sept. 29: "To Catch a Thief" (1955), with Cary Grant and Grace Kelly; and "Breakdown" (1955), Hitchcock's first television film, with Joseph Cotten. (Showings at 3 and 5:30 and Thursday evenings at 8. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.)

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

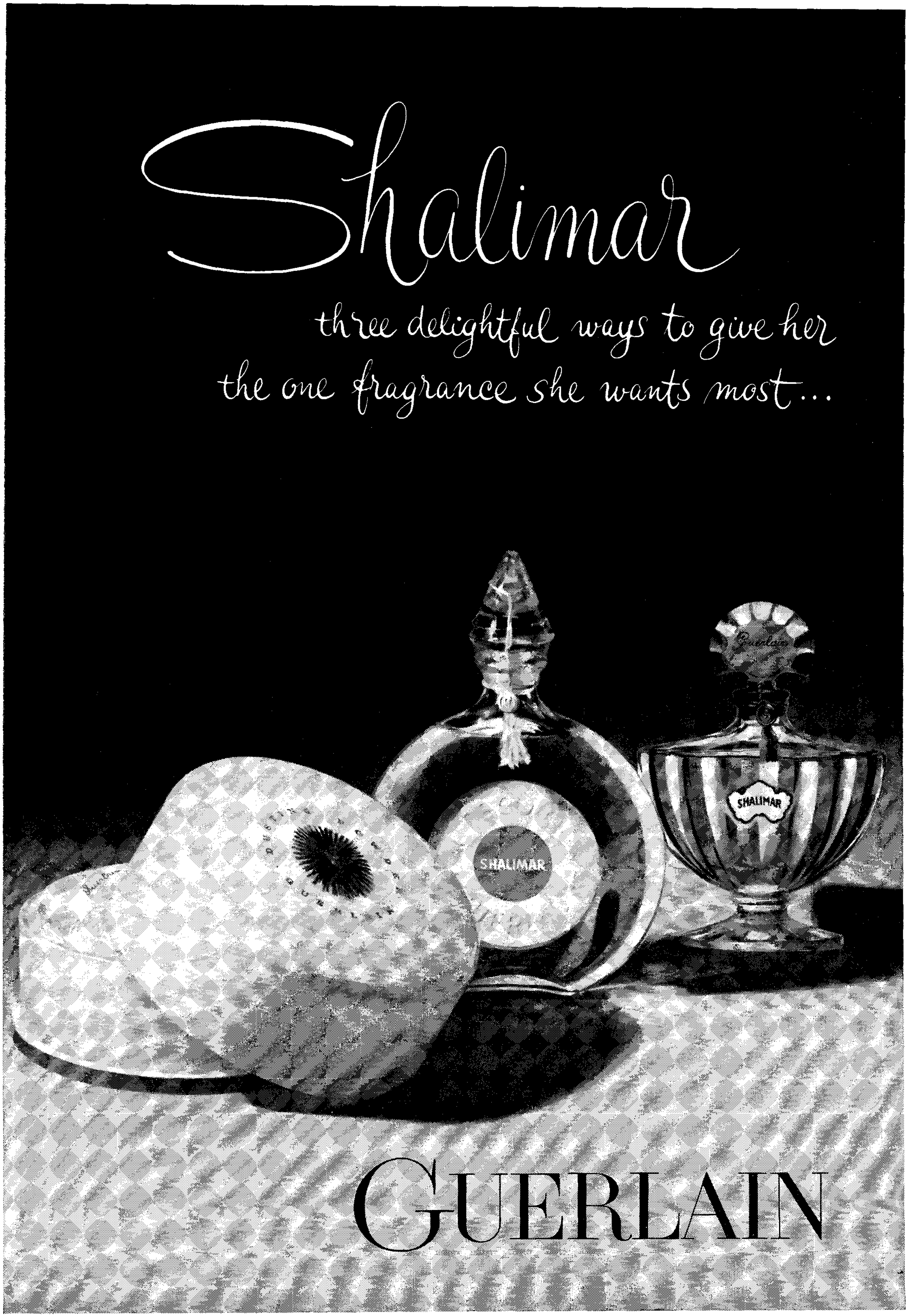
- **ASTOR,** B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
  - Through Oct. 1: "My Son, the Hero," Pedro Armendariz.
  - From Oct. 2: "Johnny Cool," Henry Silva, Elizabeth Montgomery.
- **CINERAMA,** B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
  - "How the West Was Won." (Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 2 and 5:15. Reserved seats only.)
- **CRITERION,** B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
  - **LAWRENCE OF ARABIA.**
- **DEMILLE,** 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
  - "The Great Escape," Steve McQueen, James Garner.
- **FORUM,** B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320.)
  - **THE CONJUGAL BED** (in Italian).
- **MUSIC HALL,** 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
  - **THE V.I.P.S.**
- **NEW EMBASSY,** B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
  - **8½** (in Italian).
- **PALACE,** B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
  - "Beach Party," Robert Cummings, Dorothy Malone.
- **PARAMOUNT,** B'way at 43rd. (WI 7-9400)
  - "The Haunting," Julie Harris, Claire Bloom.
- **RIVOLI,** B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
  - **CLEOPATRA.**
- **STATE,** B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
  - Through Oct. 1: "Wives and Lovers," Janet Leigh, Van Johnson.
  - From Oct. 2: "The Running Man," Laurence Harvey, Lee Remick.
- **TOHO CINEMA,** 209 W. 45th. (LT 1-1788)
  - Through Oct. 2: "Walleyed Nippon" (in Japanese).
- **VICTORIA,** B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
  - "In the French Style," Jean Seberg, Stanley Baker.

EAST SIDE

- **ART,** 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
  - **WINTER LIGHT** (in Swedish).
- **NEW CHARLES,** Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210; evening performances only, except on Saturdays and Sundays.)
  - Through Oct. 1: **GRAND ILLUSION** (in French), revival; and **BREAKFAST AT TIFFANY'S,** revival.
  - From Oct. 2: **M** (in German), revival; and **THE NIGHT** (in Italian), revival.
- **ACADEMY OF MUSIC,** 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
  - Through Oct. 1: "Shock Corridor," Constance Towers; and "Hercules and the Captive Women," Fay Spain.
  - From Oct. 2: "The Great Escape," Steve McQueen, James Garner.
- **GRAMERCY,** Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
  - Through Oct. 1: **HEAVENS ABOVE!**
  - From Oct. 2: "Irma la Douce," Jack Lemmon, Shirley MacLaine.
- **KIPS BAY,** 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
  - Through Oct. 1 (tentative): "Mondo Cane," an Italian documentary film, with an English narration.
  - From Oct. 2: To be announced.
- **MURRAY HILL,** 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
  - Through Oct. 2: "Murder at the Gallop," Margaret Rutherford, Flora Robson.
- **34TH ST. EAST,** 241 E. 34th. (LE 2-6533)
  - Through Oct. 1: "My Son, the Hero," Pedro Armendariz.
  - From Oct. 2: "Johnny Cool," Henry Silva, Elizabeth Montgomery.
- **TRANS-LUX 52ND ST.,** Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
  - Through Oct. 1: "Shock Corridor," Constance Towers.
  - From Oct. 2: "The Running Man," Laurence Harvey, Lee Remick.
- **SUTTON,** 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
  - "The Small World of Sammy Lee," Anthony Newley.
- **TRANS-LUX EAST,** 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
  - "Gone Are the Days!," Ruby Dee, Ossie Davis.
- **R.K.O. 58TH ST.,** 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
  - Through Oct. 1: "Shock Corridor," Constance Towers; and "Hercules and the Captive Women," Fay Spain.
  - From Oct. 2: "The Castilian," Cesar Romero; and "Erik the Conqueror," Cameron Mitchell.
- **FINE ARTS,** 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
  - **THE CONJUGAL BED** (in Italian).
- **PLAZA,** 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
  - "The Leopard," Burt Lancaster, Alain Delon.
- **BARONET,** 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
  - "In the French Style," Jean Seberg, Stanley Baker.
- **CORONET,** 3rd Ave. at 59th. (PL 1-1535)
  - Through Oct. 1: "The Great Escape," Steve McQueen, James Garner.
  - From Oct. 2: **WUTHERING HEIGHTS,** revival.
- **CINEMA I,** 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
  - "The Haunting," Julie Harris, Claire Bloom.
- **CINEMA II,** 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
  - "The Mouse on the Moon," Margaret Rutherford, Bernard Cribbins.
- **BEEKMAN,** 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
  - **THE SUITOR** (in French).
- **68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE,** 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
  - **AN AMERICAN IN PARIS,** revival.
- **TOWER EAST,** 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
  - **LORD OF THE FLIES.**
- **72ND ST. PLAYHOUSE,** 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
  - Through Oct. 1 (tentative): "Mondo Cane," an Italian documentary film, with an English narration.
  - From Oct. 2: To be announced.
- **TRANS-LUX 85TH ST.,** Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
  - "Irma la Douce," Jack Lemmon, Shirley MacLaine.
- **R.K.O. 86TH ST.,** Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
  - Through Oct. 1: "Shock Corridor," Constance Towers; and "Hercules and the Captive Women," Fay Spain.
  - From Oct. 2: "The Castilian," Cesar Romero; and "Erik the Conqueror," Cameron Mitchell.
- **ORPHEUM,** 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
  - **MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY.**

WEST SIDE

- **BLEECKER ST. CINEMA,** 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
  - Sept. 26: "On the Bowery" and "Come Back, Africa" (both revivals and both semidocumentary films).
  - Sept. 27-30: **BREATHLESS** (in French), revival; and **L'AVVENTURA** (in Italian), revival.
  - From Oct. 1: **VIRIDIANA** (in Spanish), revival; and "No Sun in Venice" (in French), revival, Françoise Arnoul, Christian Marquand.
- **WAVERLY,** 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
  - Sept. 26: **ELECTRA** (in Greek), revival; and "Black Orpheus" (in Portuguese), revival, Marpessa Dawn.
  - Sept. 27-28: **I AM A CAMERA,** revival; and **THE 400 BLOWS** (in French), revival.
  - Sept. 29-Oct. 1: "The Caretakers," Robert Stack, Polly Bergen; and "Bird Man of Alcatraz," revival, Burt Lancaster, Karl Malden.
  - From Oct. 2: "Irma la Douce," Jack Lemmon, Shirley MacLaine.
- **8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE,** 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
  - Through Oct. 1: **THE LIST OF ADRIAN MESSENGER;** and **THE FOUR DAYS OF NAPLES** (in Italian).
  - From Oct. 2: **SAPPHIRE,** revival; and "Mondo Cane," an Italian documentary film, with an English narration.
- **5TH AVE. CINEMA,** 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
  - Through Sept. 29: "The French Game" (in French), Françoise Brion.
  - From Sept. 30: "The Steppe" (in Italian), Marina Vlady.
- **SHERIDAN,** 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
  - **MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY.**
- **GREENWICH,** Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
  - **HEAVENS ABOVE!**
- **R.K.O. 23RD ST.,** 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
  - Through Oct. 1: "Shock Corridor," Constance Towers; and "Hercules and the Captive Women," Fay Spain.
  - From Oct. 2: "The Castilian," Cesar Romero; and "Erik the Conqueror," Cameron Mitchell.
- **GUILD,** 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
  - "La Poupée" (in French).
- **55TH ST. PLAYHOUSE,** 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
  - Sept. 26: **THE BALCONY;** and **SATURDAY NIGHT AND SUNDAY MORNING,** revival.
  - From Sept. 27: To be announced.
- **FESTIVAL,** 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
  - **8½** (in Italian).
- **LITTLE CARNEGIE,** 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
  - **THIS SPORTING LIFE.**
- **CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA,** 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
  - "The Good Soldier Schweik" (in German), Heinz Ruhmann.
- **PARIS,** 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
  - "My Life to Live" (in French), Anna Karina.
- **LOEW'S 83RD ST.,** B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
  - **MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY.**
- **NEW YORKER,** B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
  - Through Sept. 30: **THE WOMAN IN THE WINDOW,** revival; and "Fires on the Plain" (in Japanese), Eiji Funakoshi.
  - Oct. 1: **THE MALTESE FALCON,** revival; and **THE THIN MAN,** revival.
  - Oct. 2: "All Quiet on the Western Front," revival, Lew Ayres, Louis Wolheim; and "Armored Attack" (formerly called "The North Star"), revival, Anne Baxter, Walter Huston.
- **SYMPHONY,** B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
  - Through Oct. 1: **MARILYN;** and "Of Love and Desire," Merle Oberon, Steve Cochran.
  - From Oct. 2: **THE UGLY AMERICAN;** and **BILLY BUDD,** revival.
- **THALIA,** B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
  - Sept. 26: "The Lady with the Dog" (in Russian), revival; and "The Grasshopper" (in Russian), revival, Ludmilla Tselikovskaya.
  - Sept. 27: **THIS STRANGE PASSION** (in Spanish), revival; and "The Blood of a Poet" (in French), revival, a Jean Cocteau film.
  - Sept. 28: "The Best of Enemies," revival, David Niven, Alberto Sordi; and "Our Man in Havana," revival, Alec Guinness, Burl Ives.
  - Sept. 29: "Il Trovatore" (in Italian), revival, Enzo Mascherini; and "Rigoletto" (in Italian), revival, Tito Gobbi.
  - Sept. 30: **THE MARK,** revival; and "The Lovers" (in French), revival, Jeanne Moreau.
  - Oct. 1: "Passionate Summer" (in French), revival, Madeleine Robinson, Raf Vallone; and "Bitter Rice" (in Italian), revival, Silvana Mangano.
  - Oct. 2: **THE MIRACLE WORKER,** revival; and "The Sky Above—The Mud Below," revival, a French documentary film on New Guinea, with an English narration.
- **RIVERSIDE,** B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
  - Through Oct. 1: "Shock Corridor," Constance Towers; and "Hercules and the Captive Women," Fay Spain.
  - From Oct. 2: "The Castilian," Cesar Romero; and "Erik the Conqueror," Cameron Mitchell.
- **MIDTOWN,** B'way at 100th. (AC 2-1200)
  - **HEAVENS ABOVE!**


Shalimar
three delightful ways to give her
the one fragrance she wants most...
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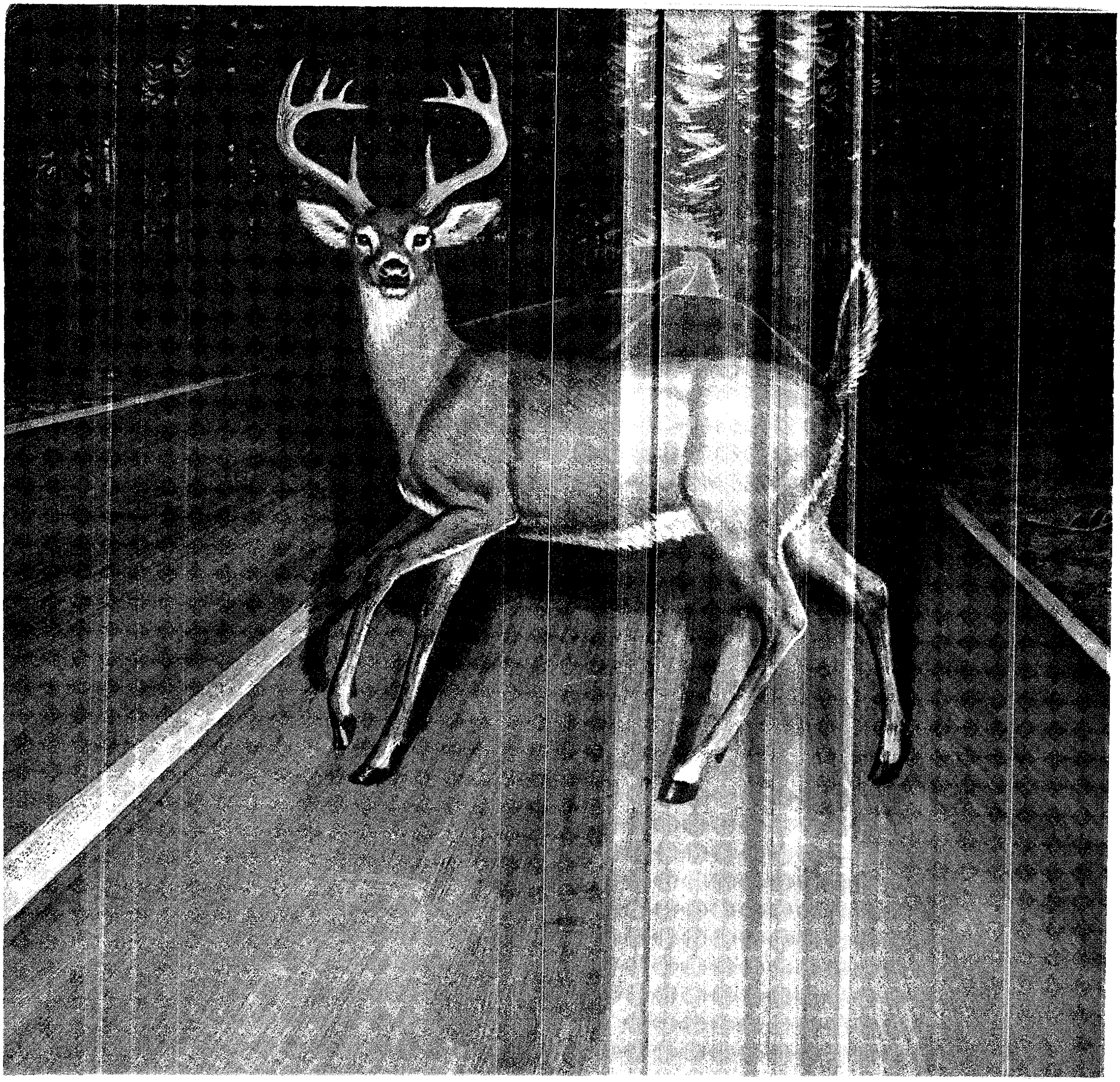
Shalimar Perfume—$7, $10, $15, $25. Shalimar Cologne—$5, $8.50; with atomizer, $6. Shalimar Dusting Powder at a new low price, $5. All prices plus tax.

[illegible] wearing the furry dress this year.

Sills takes the worry out of winter. Solves the fall fashion problem at the same time, with this two-piece dress, designed by Bonnie Cashin, that you begin to wear when the first leaves scurry around. Couldn't have done it, though, without the help of Borg. That fascinating furry fabric you see, is a new Borg deep pile of Acrilan† acrylic. Wonderful team—Sills and Borg. Wonderful dress, too. In brandy fleck. Sizes 8 to 16. $110.00 in stores you're proud to shop at. **a Borg fabric**

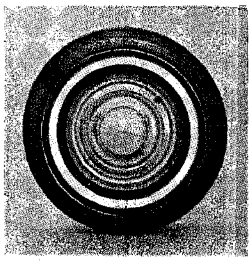
BORG FABRICS, BLENDS OF MAN-MADE FIBERS, ARE MFD. UNDER U.S. PATS.: 2,630,619; 2,680,360; 2,705,880; 2,710,525; 2,737,702; 2,815,558; 2,934,809. BORG FABRIC DIV. AMPHENOL-BORG ELECTRONICS CORP., DELAVAN, WIS. †CHEMSTRAND REG. T. M.



The Ultimate Tire...Engineered to Meet the Unexpected

(...worth its price in stopping power alone)

The new U. S. Royal Master has 28 percent more tread rubber than ordinary tires. More tread rubber for the stopping power you need to meet the unexpected—like a deer appearing suddenly ahead of you. And the body of the Royal Master is 48 percent stronger than ordinary tires. Tread is 20 percent deeper. Plies are 18 percent thicker. The new U. S. Royal Master is marked with the distinctive "red circle of security." No other tire offers you and your family a greater margin of driving protection for a longer period of time.



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PRODUCT OF UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY

MARTIN OF CALIFORNIA **The Varsity** (right) poplin jacket with quilt lining. In eggshell, natural, seamist, clay, black, pewter, smoke blue. Sizes 36 to 46. About $20. **The Matterhorn** (left) poplin greatcoat with detachable hood and quilt lining. In seamist, black, clay, pewter, natural. Sizes 36 to 46. About $30. At Broadstreet's, New York and branches; Woolf Brothers, Kansas City; The Broadway, Los Angeles; Harris & Frank, Los Angeles; Joseph Horne Co., Pittsburgh; The Emporium, San Francisco, and other fine stores.

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Better Things for Better Living
. . . through Chemistry

The active life calls for MARTIN OF CALIFORNIA

. . . sportswear fluoridized with ZE PEL. Stay comfortable and look smarter in sportswear by Martin of California. And don't worry about stains. These fine garments are protected with Du Pont ZE PEL® fabric fluoridizer. ZE PEL chases rain and offers unsurpassed resistance to oily, greasy stains that can spoil the good looks of modern light-colored jackets and coats. With ZE PEL, most spills can be blotted off with a cloth. When stains are stubborn or dried in, a touch of water or spot cleaner generally does the job. Spots go . . . but ZE PEL stays. With proper care, ZE PEL lasts the useful life of the garment.

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“ANYTHING TO DECLARE?”

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PRIDE
MADE IN ENGLAND
MG

Only our genius. Who but MG could pack so many family features into a gutsy, hold-onto-your-hat sports car!

Who but MG could put so much sheer spunk into a family sedan!

Consider: renowned MG power plant turns-up Turnpike speeds without a whimper. Front wheel drive places the power over the steering wheels, guarantees fantastic control on slick surfaces. Racing-type caliper disc brakes don't fade, even when sopping wet. 4-speed stick shift. All this and twin carburetors, too!

Consider: you can carry five . . . plus tons of dunnage. You park as though you were carrying your own doorman. And you're comfortable as a nanny's lap, thanks to a totally new idea—fluid suspension. (No springs, no shocks, just fluid that is permanently sealed-in. It literally damps out the bumps.)

That's the MG Sports Sedan. Quite a surprise package. (And you don't have to come to Britain to take the wraps off.)

MG SPORTS SEDAN

$1898^{00}*

*Suggested retail price New York P. O. E. includes: turn signal; windscreen washer; spare wheel; tool kit; ash tray light (heater, whitewalls and wheel discs optional).

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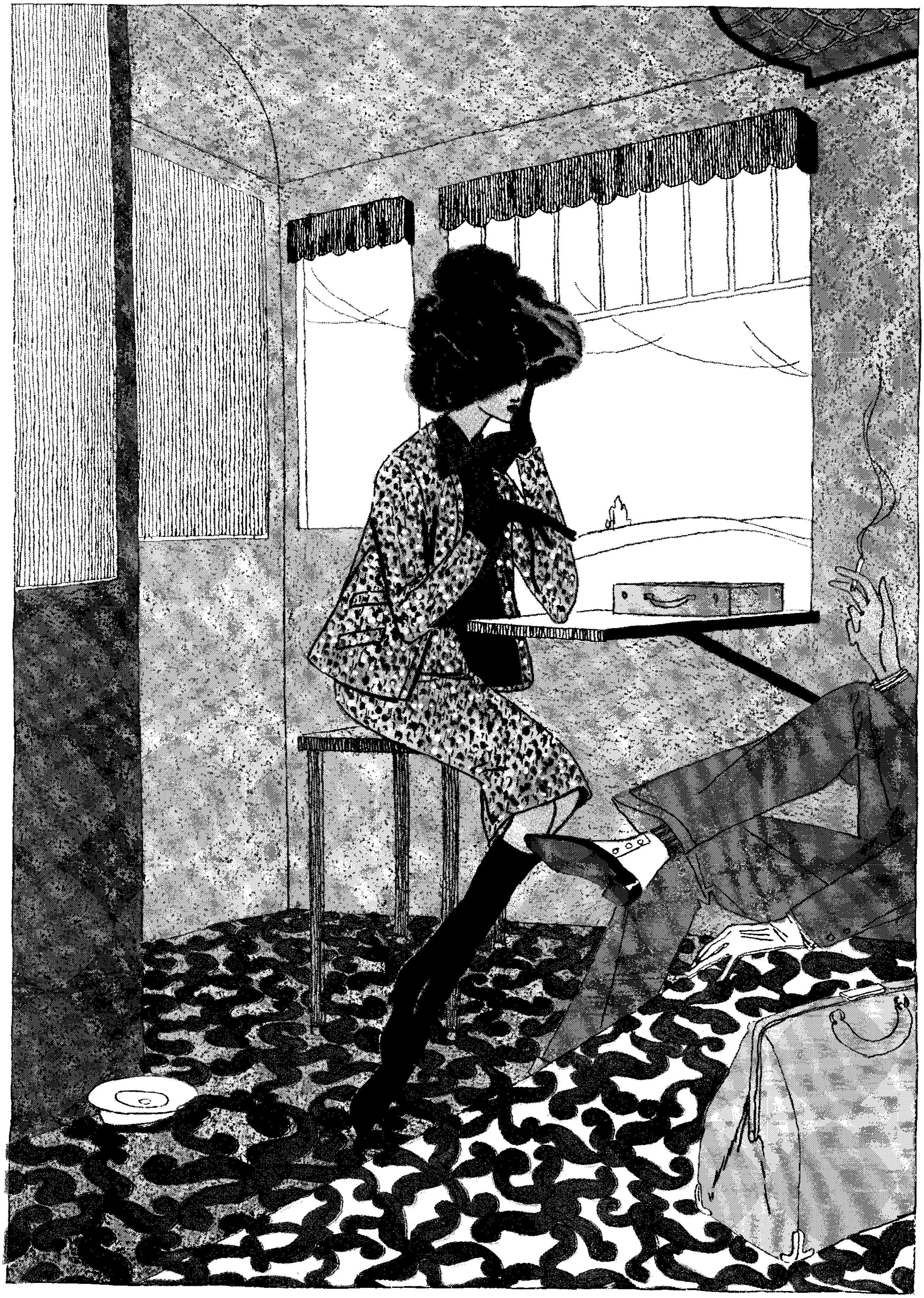


Kyoto Express. Blue Train from Paris. From New York to the Coast. What could be easier and smarter when you travel the leisurely route, than the cardigan tweed suit by **Adele Simpson.**

A WEAVERS GUILD FABRIC
Rhodhiss Mills

Rhodhiss Mills, a Division of Burlington Industries, weaves this outstanding new fabric . . . a blend of Creslan.

One hour from now Phil Reilly will wear these slacks to a cocktail party!

Sometimes Reilly forgets. But that's OK. His slacks remember to stay neat. These are no ordinary slacks, you see. They're tailored in a wonderful new fabric called Pamilon. Rhodhiss Mills weaves it of **55% Creslan® acrylic fiber, 38% rayon, 7% acetate.**

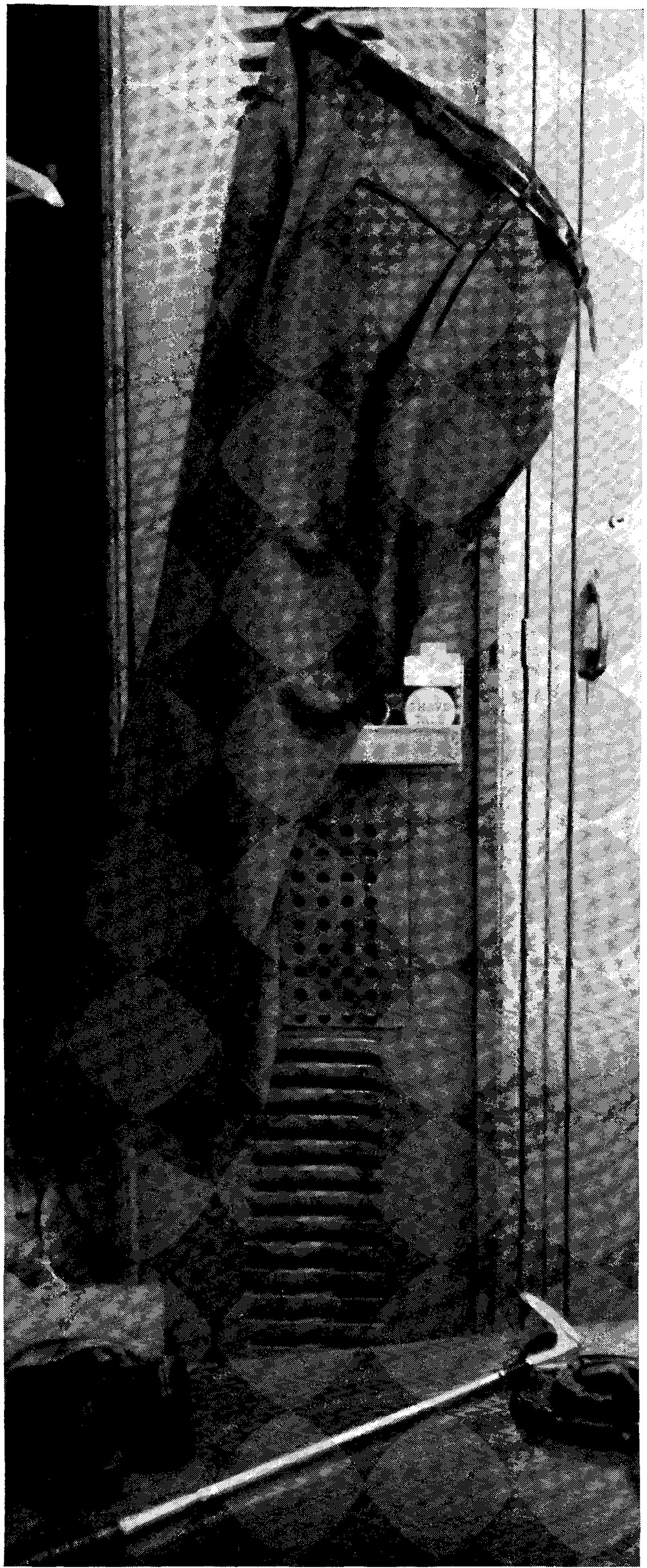
Phil wears his Pamilon slacks every chance he gets. Because they feel good. And, they always look good . . . even though Phil forgets to hang them up, sometimes. (It's Creslan that gives this fabric such an impressive memory for a crease, and for wrinkles . . . amnesia.) Yet his slacks don't show the wear they get. And they won't. When other slacks begin to sag, Phil and his Pamilon slacks are still going strong.

Phil Reilly doesn't know much about fibers, fabrics, and such. But he knows those Pamilon slacks stay fresh looking. In fact, when the party's over, they may look even better than he does.

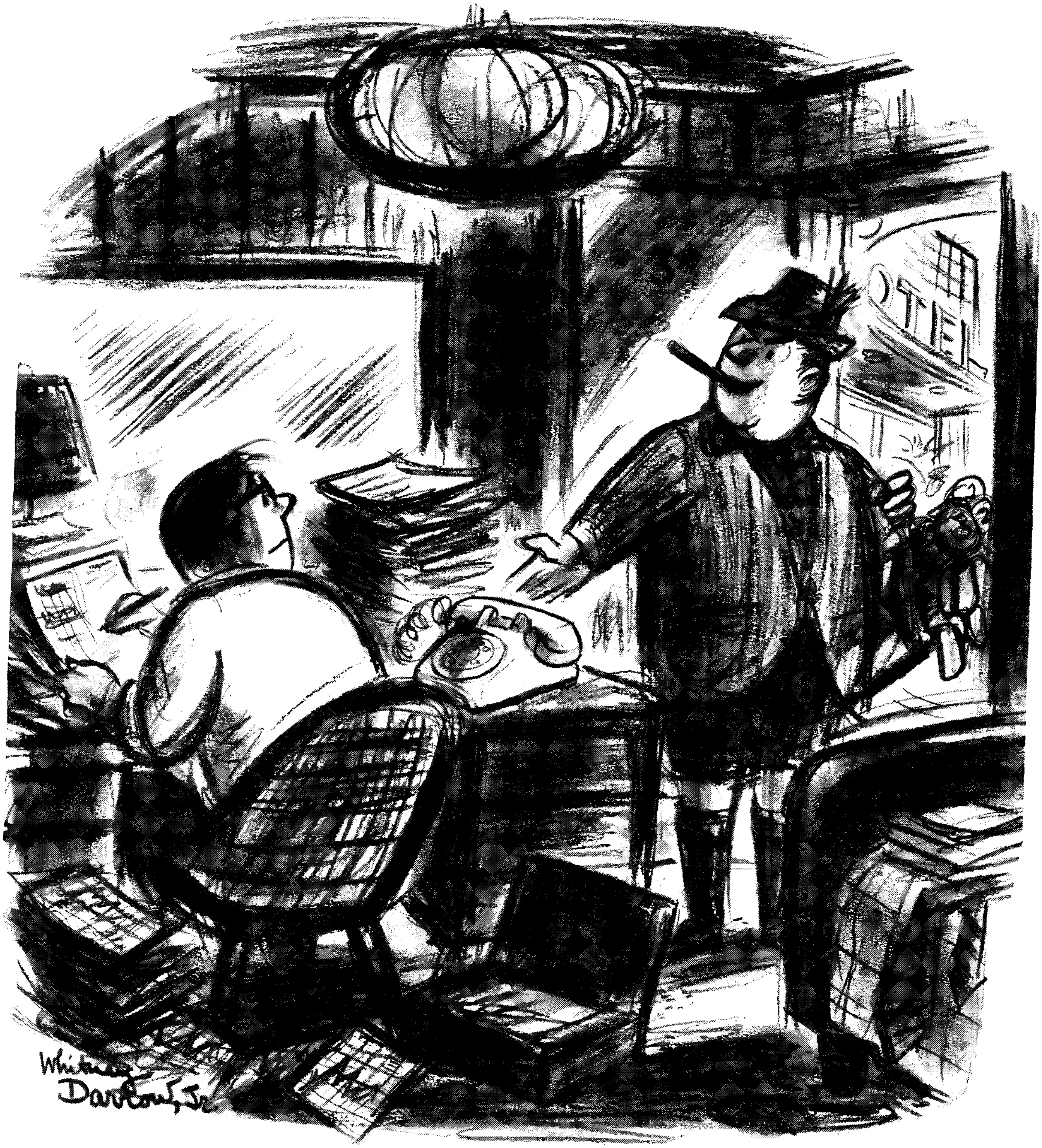
Phil Reilly is really a man in a million (in fact, several million, by latest count.) So join the club. Lead the life of Reilly in Pamilon slacks. Just be sure you remember to look for the slacks with the black and gold tag. Cyanamid makes the Creslan; Rhodhiss Mills, a Division of Burlington Industries, makes the fabric; most of the best names in the business make the slacks. CYANAMID

AMERICAN CYANAMID COMPANY, NEW YORK

Creslan®
LUXURY ACRYLIC FIBER



HOSE BY BURLINGTON-BALFOUR MILLS, A BLEND OF 80% CRESLAN ACRYLIC FIBER, 20% WOOL.



"And remember, Jenks, you can dial my room direct whenever you need some help"

When there are things to do and the key word is speed, **Guest Dialing** lets business travelers dial room to room and local calls direct, reach the Long Distance operator with one spin of the dial. Other timesaving conveniences of **Guest-Dial Phone Service** are: **Message Waiting Service** with a special light on room phones to alert travelers that a message came in while they were out . . . **Portable Phones** that are within easy reach for placing and taking calls . . . and **Guest Reservation Service** that makes and confirms reservations by Long Distance or teletypewriter. Look for **Guest-Dial Phone Service** next time you travel, plan meetings, or conventions.

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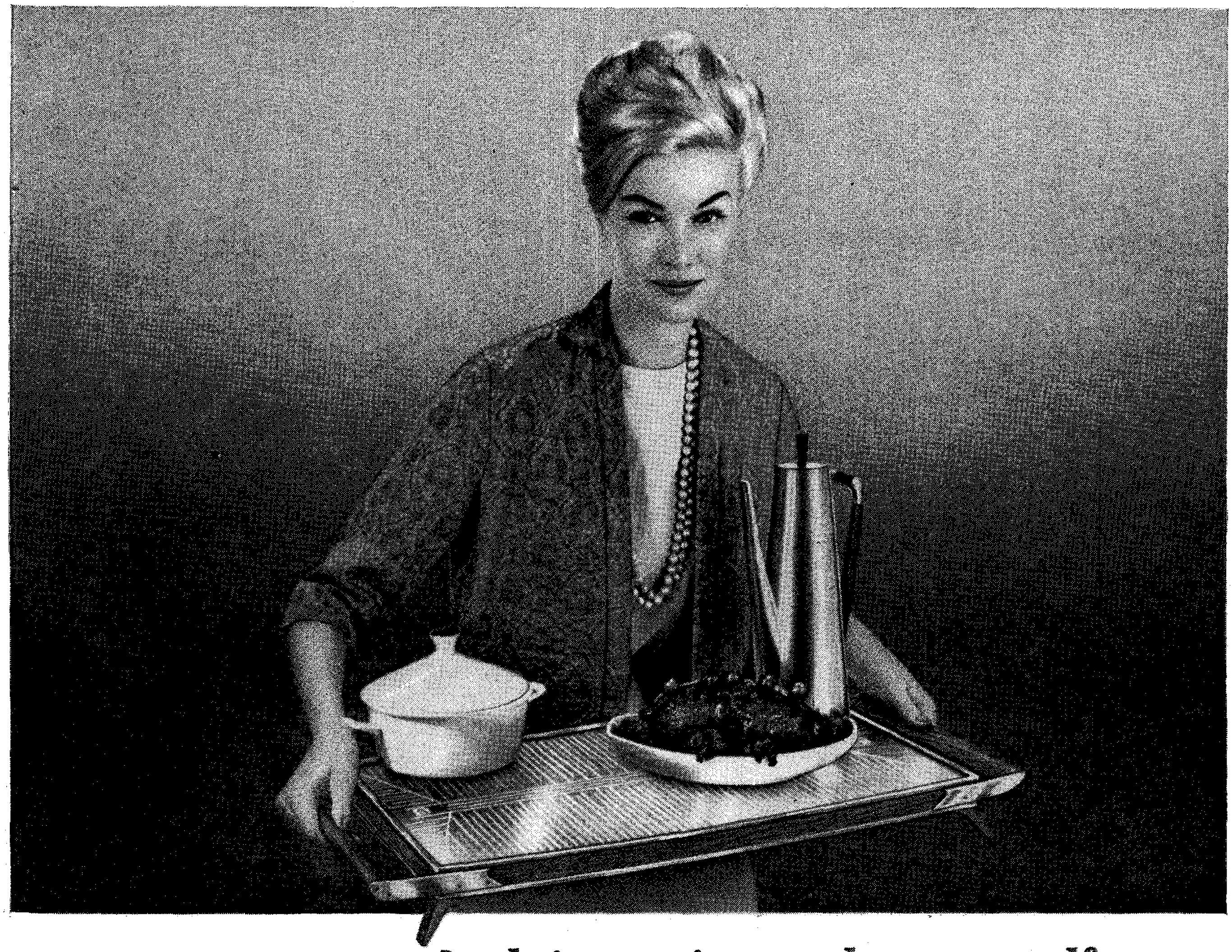
This is a Salton Hotray®



...it gives you the leisure time to be yourself

It is your faithful servant...

when you entertain

- Relax, enjoy leisurely cocktails and hors d'oeuvres with your guests

when you are cooking

- Keep ready dishes hot while slow ones are still cooking

when you are serving

- Keep second helpings hot and handy at the table

when husband is late

- Dishwashing will be finished before his arrival. His meals will taste just-cooked later, too

when time is short

- Cook early...keep entire meals hot...serve when convenient

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Your Salton Hotray keeps food at its proper serving heat...electrically...automatically...without overcooking, without changing flavors or textures. Its patented radiant glass surface provides uniform controlled heat transfer...the built in "Flavour Guard" thermostatic controls guarantee it. Beautifully styled, shatter-, dent-and alcohol-proof heating surface. Write today for new, free recipe booklet and catalog. Salton, Inc., 511A East 72nd St., New York 21, N.Y.

UL, CSA approved. Unconditionally guaranteed. Many electric Hotray models to choose for yourself, for gift giving. From $5.95 to $59.50. Hotable serving carts with electric Hotray tops, from $69.50 to $200. Shown above: *Patio Master $27.50.*

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LIFETIME CIRCUIT BOARD GUARANTEE
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CONTRAST
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New 11" personal portable weighs 12 pounds...

costs $\$99^{\underline{95}}$*

Here's television so portable you can tote it on your little finger. So personal, you'll take the show wherever you go. You'll never again miss any program. And so thrifty . . . only $99.95.

Weighs only 12 pounds. But the big screen measures a full eleven inches diagonally. It brings in the clearest, brightest picture—inch for inch—of *any* set G.E. has ever made.

How rugged? How reliable? Now G.E. backs it with a *lifetime guarantee*** on its etched-circuit board! The all-new Personal Portable is at your G-E dealer's now. How right can the price get? How right is $99.95?

*Optional with dealer. **The General Electric Company guarantees the Etched-Circuit board to be free of manufacturing defects for the life of the television receiver. The General Electric Company will, at its option, repair any defects or accept claims for such repairs provided repairs are made by one of the following: a. General Electric Distributor, b. Franchised General Electric Dealer, c. Authorized Independent Service Agency. The picture tube is warranted for one full year in all receivers. All other parts are warranted for 90 days in monochrome receivers and one year in color receivers.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

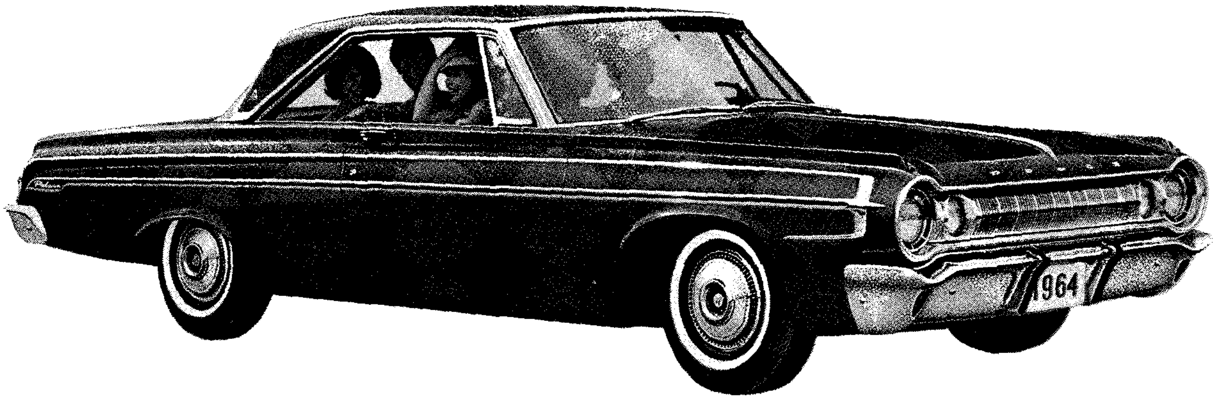
Who wears the pants?

Well, that's a loaded question. If it asks who heads the family, using pants to symbolize dominance is as outdated as twenty-three skidoo. *Everyone* wears pants—both men *and* women, and when an article of clothing becomes universal costume, it ceases to imply any particular psychological point about the wearer. In the Victorian era, Amelia Bloomer in her new-fangled pantaloons was a major scandal; today Audrey Hepburn in slacks is just high fashion. There's nothing inherently masculine about pants, per se. Frequently, in fact, they are quite feminine. What could be more passively seductive, for instance, than the trousered women of the harem? Yet many women who might look marvelous in trousers are too timid to try them. They're still caught, subconsciously, in the last, lingering cobwebs of prudery—and of possible male disapproval. But we all know the kind of ambivalence that lets a man *say* one minute he dislikes women in pants and yet be bowled over by a dream in palazzo pajamas the next. It's only natural to think in generalizations—and then react to specifics. In the long run, men scarcely care what a woman wears so long as she looks pretty. Looking pretty in pants is no more difficult than looking pretty in a dress. In either case, it takes a good fit, and a good choice. One woman may find the tailored effect of matching shirt and pants the most flattering. Another may prefer the luxury of silk pajamas. And almost every woman will discover the advantage of wearing pants as part of a planned outfit—coordinated with the same élan she would use in selecting the other go-togethers of her wardrobe. Jack Winter proportioned-to-fit pants for women who are not neurotic. 1410 Broadway, New York City.

Jack Winter

INTRODUCING THE DEPENDABLES FOR '64

Oh boy,



it's announcement time again!

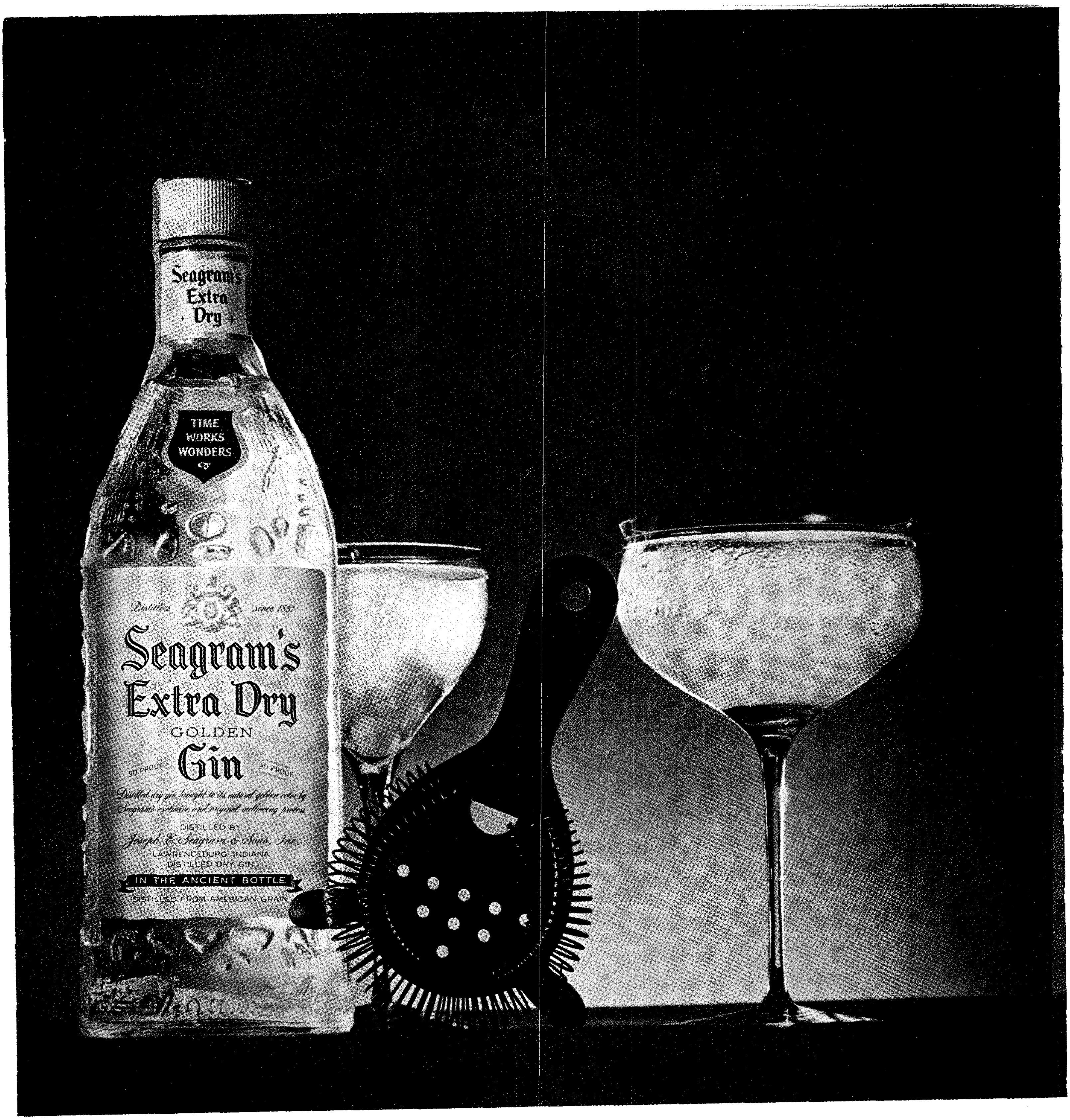
If you think new car announcements are old hat, we've got news for you. Not this year. Not with Dodge. We've got a lot to show you.

That handsome '64 Dodge hardtop, above, gives you a good hint of what's in store. There's plenty more where that came from—22 models in all—with the same youthful styling. Some with bucket seats some with standard seats, some with a flip-down center arm rest that lets you enjoy the advantages of bucket seats without paying for them. That's the way it is with the '64 Dodge; you get your money's worth and then some. Like the comfort of chair-high seats. Like all-vinyl upholstery or combinations of vinyl and cloth. Colorful and virtually indestructible. Same with the body. It's an all-steel, one-piece unit that's thoroughly protected against rust.

Want more? How about one of the gas-savin'est 6's ever built. Or some of the hottest V8's going. The price? We're glad you asked. With Ford and Chevy. Oh boy, it looks like another great year for Dodge. And for you, too. At your dependable Dodge Dealer.

'64 Dodge

DODGE DIVISION CHRYSLER MOTORS CORPORATION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Extra
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Distillers since 1857
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GOLDEN
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90 PROOF
Distilled dry gin brought to its natural golden color by Seagram's exclusive and original mellowing process
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Joseph E. Seagram & Sons, Inc.
LAWRENCEBURG INDIANA
DISTILLED DRY GIN
IN THE ANCIENT BOTTLE
DISTILLED FROM AMERICAN GRAIN

Should the world's finest gin... unexcelled in a martini... be required in a Gimlet?

YES!

To make the best-tasting Gimlet (or any other refreshing gin drink), you need the best-tasting gin. Seagram's Extra Dry Gin.

This gin is the result of a costly extra step: a mellowing process that imparts a smoothness and crackling dryness not found in other gins.

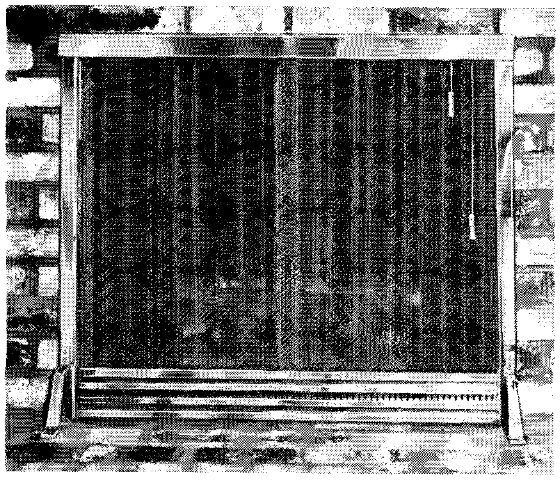
Try a Gimlet with Seagram's Gin. You'll find it spoils you for anything less. **SEAGRAM'S EXTRA DRY GIN**

Gimlet: Shake well with cracked ice: 1 tablespoon sweetened lime juice, 2 oz. Seagram's Extra Dry Gin. Strain into chilled champagne glass over ice cube.

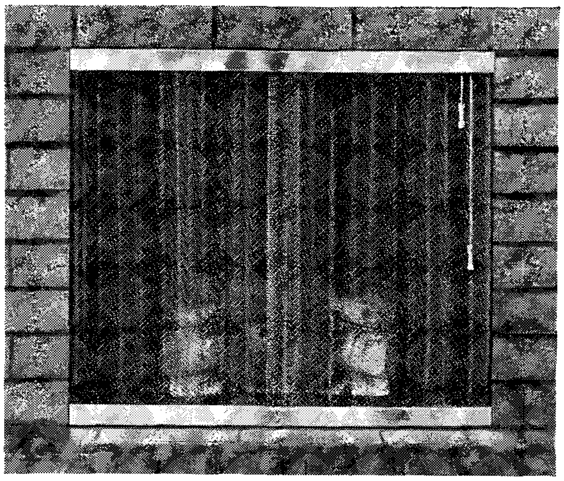
SEAGRAM DISTILLERS COMPANY, N.Y.C. 90 PROOF. DISTILLED DRY GIN. DISTILLED FROM AMERICAN GRAIN.

COLD WEATHER FRIENDS

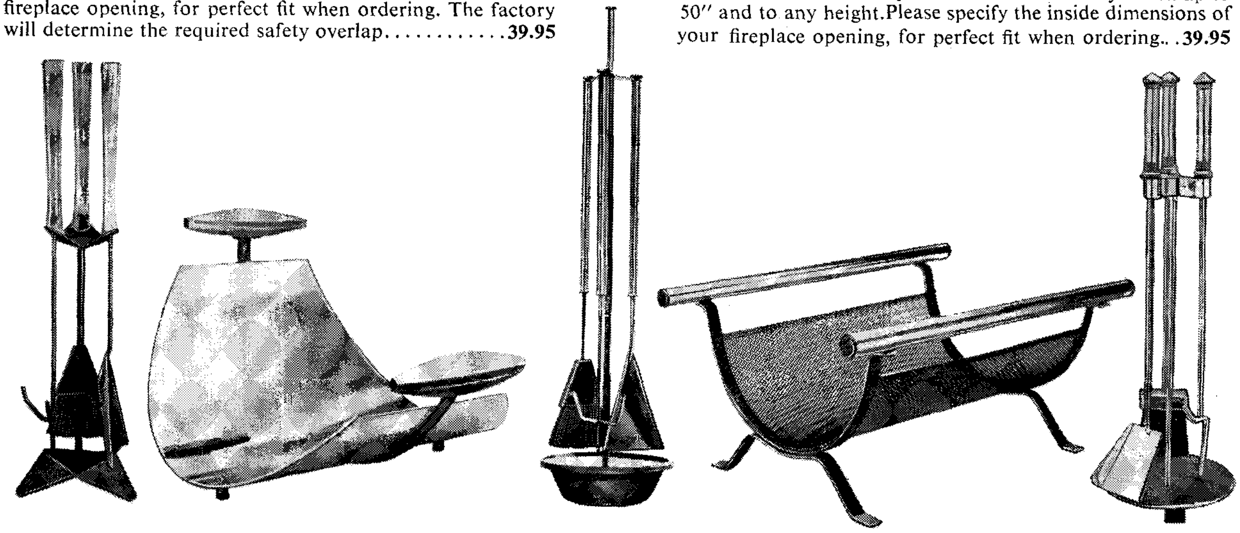
Fred Meyer of California designs fire screens, fire tools and metal log baskets—fire accessories—built to endure. It isn't only the danger of flying sparks that moves people to insist on Meyerscreens—it's also their beauty, practicality. They pull together as easily as free-running curtains. They're sturdy, yet gossamer enough to permit you to see and feel the comfort of a fire on the hearth. The fire tools are things of beauty and utility, too—and the metal wood baskets, to match, make it easy to store logs in elegance and harmony beside your fireplace.



THE FREE-STANDING FIRE SCREEN is fully bound in polished brass, has a hooded top and sculptured base. Meyerscreen is made to measure. You may have black mesh curtains, which are standard, or brass mesh, if you wish. Made to special order from 29″ to 50″ wide and in heights from 26″ to 36″. Please specify the inside dimensions of your fireplace opening, for perfect fit when ordering. The factory will determine the required safety overlap............**39.95**



THE RECESSED FIRE SCREEN. Installed in seconds, with patented pressure bracket. No tools required. Fits perfectly. You may have the top bar in black or polished, solid brass; black steel mesh curtains or brass. The protecting base, just high enough to keep your outside hearth ash-free, to match—black or brass. This Meyerscreen is made in any width up to 50″ and to any height. Please specify the inside dimensions of your fireplace opening, for perfect fit when ordering...**39.95**



FROM LEFT TO RIGHT.

FIRE SET. Sculped solid walnut handles that fit the grasp; tapered and bevelled to fit the stand snugly, too. Hanger plate and base metal parts are protected by coats of heavy black vinyl. 34″ high.............................**24.95**

WOOD BASKET. Soft and flowing curve of polished brass. No scratchy corners—even the smooth ends are folded over. Yet it's buttressed with black steel and it has solid walnut handles. 16½″ long, 11″ high and 15″ wide..........**14.95**

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FIRE SET. Shiny polished brass and just a trim of solid walnut on the handles at the top of the tools. A cast iron base below the bottom dish adds heft and sturdiness. 31″ high..**24.95**

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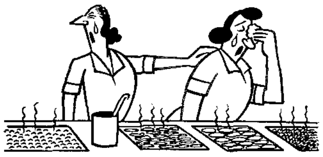
THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

AT this period of the year, our thoughts invariably turn, with sympathy and tenderness, to the dietitians who struggle so earnestly and thanklessly to feed the increasing population of American universities. These unhappy women suffer much. There is hardly one whose Salisbury steak has not been made the butt of undergraduate wit or whose macaroni and cheese has not figured in some petition of protest. More bitter even than these indignities is the knowledge that their handiwork is often the unintended cause of riots, with their inevitable damage to property and their appalling aftermath of national boredom as editors everywhere seize upon the disturbance to strike high moral poses over what they are pleased to call "the youth of today." Many helpless tears, we imagine, are annually shed upon campus steam tables. But this year we say, to melancholy dietitians everywhere, buck up. We think we can help you. We offer for your profitable consideration the story of Stephen Spielman, a Brooklyn College student who has just returned from a year at the University of Nigeria, in Nsukka. There Mr. Spielman shared the student diet, which consisted of such things as ogusi soup, pawpaw, and fufu. He appears to have been taken entirely by surprise when the other students demonstrated against this food. He hadn't noticed that it was bad, he told a reporter, because he "didn't know what it was supposed to taste like." Dietitians, the lesson is plain and your course is clear. You must set up an exchange program with dietitians from other lands. While one of these is regaling a baffled American college with the delights of fufu, one of you may introduce an equally bemused Nigerian campus to the ineffable mysteries of creamed chipped beef.



Chemists

WE spent the better part of a recent evening with 4,000 chemists, and we think we will present a short statistical abstract of the occasion before saying anything else. Our 4,000 chemists constituted a sample, amounting to 24.28 per cent (roughly a quarter), of the 16,473 chemists who were in town for the annual fall meeting of the American Chemical Society (hereafter referred to as the A.C.S. or the Society), and who had spent the day hearing about the synthesis of 1H,3H-thieno[3,4-c]-thiophene and discussing a cryoscopic investigation of 2-chloro-1,3,2-dioxaborolane, 2-amino-1,3,2-dioxaborolane, and 2-chloro-1,3,2-dioxaborinane. While we had them under our observation, our sample drank just under 10,000 bottles of Rheingold beer (approximately two and a half bottles per chemist), at a cost of $6,900 (or just about 69 cents per bottle), and consumed an undetermined number of uncurled pretzels. We drank two bottles of Rheingold beer and ate five pretzels. As a result of all this, a considerable volume of bonhomous noise was generated, from which we were able to extract the following conversations.

The first person we talked to was an ex-chemist named Roy Avery, who, as managing editor of the A.C.S. News Service, was assisting the conference. The chemists were assembling in the Albert Hall of the Americana Hotel—a subterranean ballroom, in which, during lulls in the subsequent chemical chat, our investigatory ears were able to catch the intermittent rumblings of the B.-M.T.—and while Mr. Avery was leading us there from the lobby he began to tell us about some of the difficulties involved in convening 16,473 chemists in one city. "We've got them distributed in nine hotels, including the Americana," he said cheerfully, "and we had to start making reservations for them six years in advance. Of course, the Americana wasn't even thought of six years ago, so you can see that the work presents certain problems."

We goggled at this unprecedented feat of chemical engineering, but were unable to question Mr. Avery more closely, for just then the Albert Hall gaped before us, and we were borne away on a spring tide of partying chemists. Having obtained a bottle of beer and three pretzels, we found ourself standing next to a diminutive white-haired lady in a blue suit and bonnet, who did not look anything like our idea of a chemist, and we immediately fell into conversation with her. "I'm Mrs. Read, and I *am* a chemist," said the little lady. "I used to teach chemistry to college freshmen before I got married, and I met my husband, who's also a chemist, when he directed my thesis work."

Mrs. Read's husband joined us at that point, and introduced himself as Dr. W. T. Read and a Texan. "I would have been a newspaperman instead of a chemist if the newspaper editors in Texas had been able to read my handwriting," said Dr. Read. "But they couldn't, so I taught chemistry, first at Yale for six years and later at the School of Chemistry at Rutgers, where I was dean. Now I'm a consultant for the Encyclopedia Americana, and that's almost like being in the newspaper business."

Having thanked the Reads for this

information, we undertook to head back to the bar for our second bottle of beer and our fourth and fifth pretzels, but were intercepted by Dr. Gilbert Stork and Miss Frances Hoffman, both of Columbia University. Their talk with us consisted mainly of their praising each other's accomplishments.

Miss H.: "Dr. Stork is a full professor. He builds molecular structures."

Dr. S.: "Miss Hoffman is the only woman chemical-laboratory director in the United States. She has a B.S."

Miss H.: "Well, it's a B.A., actually, from Mount Holyoke. Dr. Stork is one of the ten best organic chemists in the world. He has devised many methods of building up molecules and has synthesized steroid hormones."

Dr. S.: "And other natural substances, such as griseofulvin."

Dr. Stork's attention was then claimed by a friend, who approached with two bottles of beer in his right hand and shook hands all round with his left. We excused ourself, got our beer and pretzels, and soon struck up an acquaintance with Dr. G. H. Nancollas, a tall, reserved, and handsome Welshman, who told us that he normally teaches at the University of Glasgow but just now is working for six months at Brookhaven, investigating the kinetics of complex formation in electrolytic solutions.

What did Dr. Nancollas think of the present colloquium, we inquired.

He replied circumspectly that these things tended to be a bit too *small* in Great Britain.

And what did he think of the papers he had listened to that afternoon?

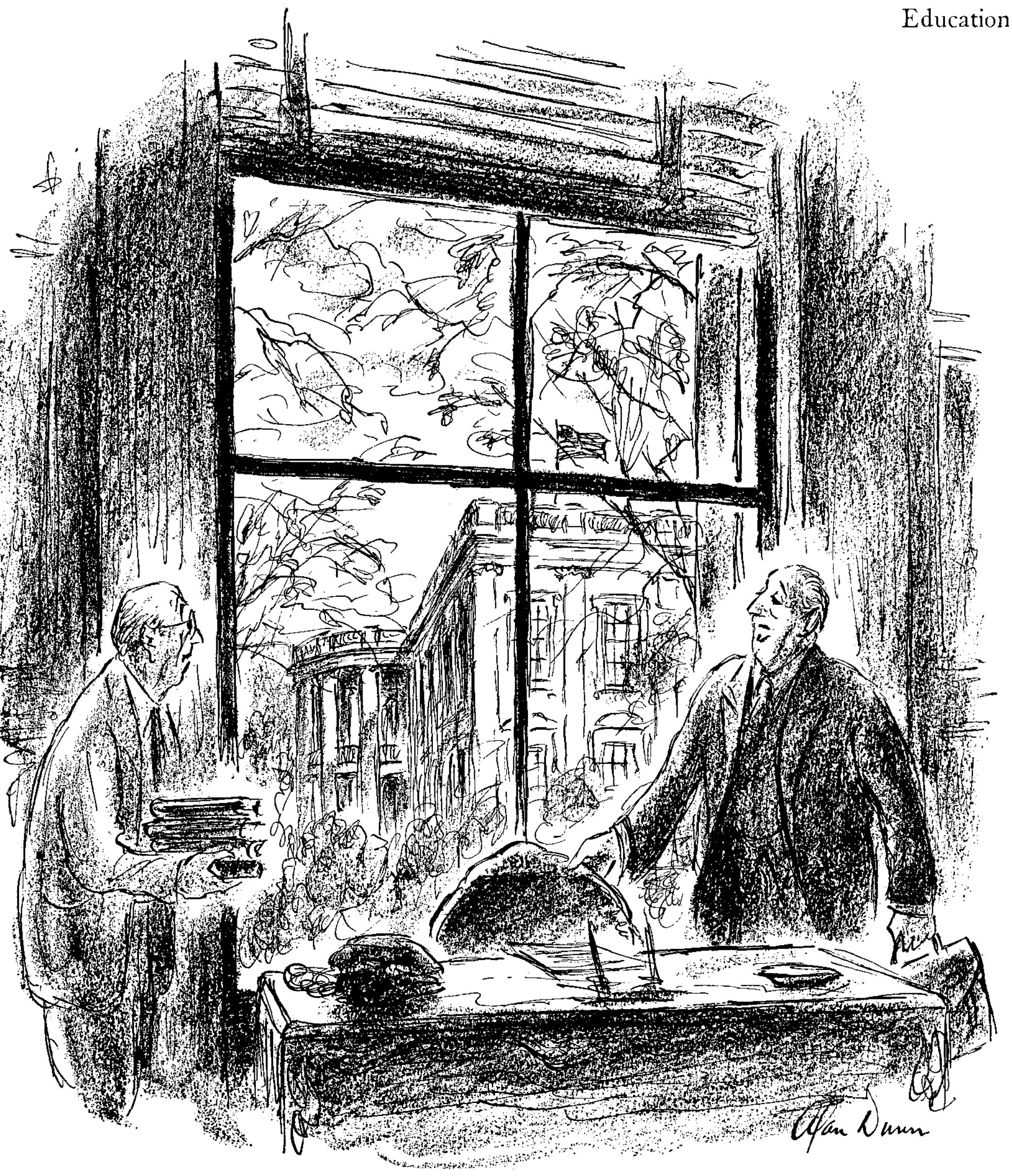
Dr. Nancollas murmured something that *sounded* like "All mimsy were the borolanes and the thiophenes outgrabe."

At that moment, who should reappear but Mr. Avery, to tell us we must meet Dr. John Bailar, who had been a professor of inorganic chemistry at the University of Illinois for more than twenty-five years and had just learned that he is to receive the Society's Priestley Award for Distinguished Services to Chemistry next year. A minute later, we were talking to a bald, bespectacled chemist with a thoroughly benign countenance. We pressed Dr. B. to tell us about his award.

"It was completely unexpected," he said. "It's the highest—the greatest—honor that the Society can bestow, and when the board of directors told me about it this afternoon, I just leaned against the wall. Two years ago, the Society gave me its Award in Chemical Education. (I'm supposed to add 'sponsored by the Scientific Apparatus Makers' Association;' they put up the money for the grant it carries.) In 1959, I was president of the whole A.C.S., and at various times I've been chairman of its Division of Chemical Education, of its Division of Physical and Inorganic Chemistry, and of its University of Illinois section. Out at Illinois, we have a student body of thirty-one thousand, and I'm in charge of inorganic chemistry. At the moment, I'm also treasurer of the International Union of Pure and Applied Chemistry, an organization of chemical societies and associations from forty countries. Terribly interesting. The president is an Englishman, the vice-president is a German, the secretary is Swiss, and on the executive board we have an Australian, a Russian, and a Dutchman."

The lights in the Albert Hall suddenly dimmed, but the chemists seemed to ignore this phenomenon, so we asked Dr. Bailar how he possibly had time to spare for chemical conferences.

"Well, I just *can't* miss them," he said happily. "The first time I came, years ago, I didn't know anybody, and I was pretty disappointed. But I met a few people, and the next time I knew them and I met a few *other* people, and now I know almost everybody." Dr. B.'s statement was substantiated by the arrival of a large number of well-wishers, who clustered

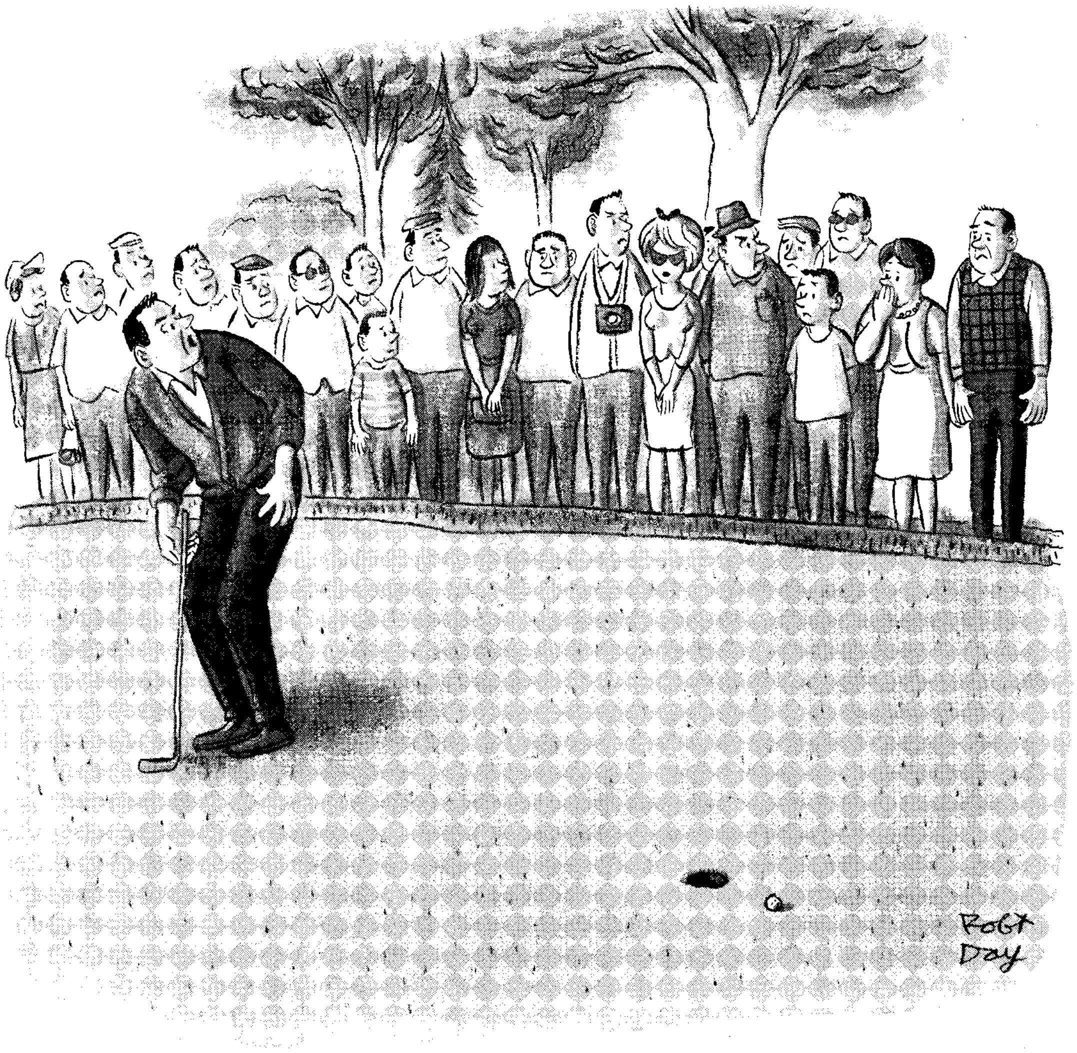

"And how is the dollar this lovely morning?"

around him, and we left him coping handily with congratulations.

The lights dimmed again, but we assumed this event to be well below the chemists' collective threshold of perception, for, as we made our way out, they were still talking and drinking with the same degree of pleasure we had observed on our arrival.

Economist

A YOUNG friend of ours has taken a job as a management trainee with a strait-laced department store, at a survival salary of a hundred dollars a week ($81.50 after withholdings). A few weeks ago, he overstayed his lunch hour by fifteen minutes, and on the following payday he was docked sixty-seven cents for his transgression. But his smaller gross salary for that week ($99.33) lowered his tax bracket, so that his pay after withholdings was actually three cents more ($81.53). Showing his executive potential, he quickly pointed out to his boss the advantages of such an arrangement to all concerned, and asked for a reduction in salary until his next promotion. The boss was sympathetic to our friend's request, but said that, according to the store's rules, salary reductions could be made only for disciplinary reasons. So, ever since, the young man has been dawdling over his lunch one day a week, figuring that he'll come out ahead of the game and at the same time serve the cause of economic justice.



"It wasn't her sneeze! It was your 'Gesundheit'!"

• •

Cowboys and Indians

VOILA and whoopee! The Old West is not dead. Four French cowboys from Bailleau-sous-Gallardon, which is near Chartres, moseyed into town the other day. These cowboys—Philippe See, Claude Bergeron, Jean Barillon, and Jacques Riboulet—are in the business of running the Hacienda, a twenty-five-acre dude ranch in Gallardon, and they had ventured off their Gallic plains for an educational look around Texas, which they had never seen before. When we met up with them, late on a Saturday evening, they were fresh from Kingsville and were swapping tales of the new French West and the old American one with the customers of a small, dark Gramercy Park *bistro*. Several fat French duffelbags, propped open against the bar, were slowly spilling out onto the floor a great cache of trail shirts, chinos, ten-gallon hats, lassos, rifles, tomahawks, saddlebags, holsters, chaps, and spurs.

"We have bought these things in Kingsville, near the King Ranch," said M. See, a formidable man with a handlebar mustache, who was wearing a purple plaid shirt and a string tie fastened at the neck with a gold lasso. M. See asked us to call him Bill. "Bill—it is my Texas ranch name," he said. "Everything at the Hacienda is *authentique de Texas*."

M. Bergeron, who goes under the Texas alias of Mr. Jones, held up a King Ranch brochure. "We found in Texas that the corrals of the King Ranch are made from the flat pieces of wood, while our corral is made from the whole trunk of the tree," he said. "That difference should not be. We go home, of course, and change our corral *immédiatement*. Gallardon, when it rains, looks *exactement* like *le Texas*."

Thereupon, M. Barillon ("*Vous pouvez m'appeler Juan*") dug into a duffelbag bulging with bright feathered Indian *coiffes* and came up with a scrapbook of Hacienda photographs. "*Ici le ranch*," he said to us, pointing to a compound of bunkhouses that combined, architecturally, certain salient features of nineteenth-century Mexico and eighteenth-century Lexington, Massachusetts. In the middle of the compound courtyard, about twenty French cowboys and cowgirls were engaged in what looked to be a *grande bataille* with an equal number of French Indians. "Those are our members at play in Cowboys and Indians," Juan explained. "The Hacienda is a private club, really, and we have more than two hundred and fifty members, who all love horses and so come for *les weekends*, and even whole weeks, to play the Old West."

"There is great *culte de l'Ouest* now

in France," said M. Riboulet, and, upon our inquiring, sadly shook his head and said he had not yet found a satisfactory Texas nickname for himself. He went on to say that the cult began when Joe Hamman, a Parisian director, made the first French cowboy film.

"Cowboys most approach the ideal of the true *chevalier*," said Mr. Jones, gulping down a whiskey and emphatically tapping his cowboy boot on the *bistro* floor. "We are cowboys because cowboys are, *en effet*, the knights of the modern world. When we play Cowboys and Indians, there is always great fight to be cowboy." Mr. Jones then informed us that the French Indians in the courtyard were Navajos and Cherokees, and when we observed that Navajos and Cherokees are reckoned pretty peaceable, as Indians go, he replied, "*Ah*, *oui*. We would like very much to be Apaches, but Apaches are something else in France. What would you suggest *pour le faire plus authentique?*"

We suggested Comanches.

"They are very fierce, *oui*? They scalp?" asked Mr. Jones, writing down "Comanche" in his address book.

"You see, each new season we have a *grande fiesta de l'Ouest*, and always at the fiesta the Indians are scalping a *visage pâle*," Bill said.

M. Riboulet sat back and loosened the clasp (a horseshoe) on his tie (a lariat). "To scalp, we take, to begin, one bald friend," he explained. "Then it is all accomplished with a wig."

"The bald friend is always the same," added Mr. Jones. "In France, bald friends are difficult to find."

For additional divertissement at fiesta time, there is whiskey-drinking in the saloon, Juan said. "We play *le poker* and *les craps* for the whiskey and for our own 'dollars,' which we call the Texas bucks. Our wives"—Juan flipped through the scrapbook, stopping at a well-worn snapshot of Mme. Barillon, dressed to the teeth as a Dodge City dance-hall girl—"dress as *entraîneuses de saloon* and take Western names, such as Daisy and Dolly."

Mr. Jones looked up apologetically from his whiskey. "My wife never will be *entraîneuse*," he said. "She wants always to be Indian squaw." He reached over to the scrapbook and turned a page. There, astride a pinto horse, sat Mme. Bergeron, in feathers, fringed leather leggings, and false black braids, and brandishing a tomahawk.

"Also at fiesta time," said Mr. Jones, closing the scrapbook after a last fond look at Mme. Bergeron, "we have much gunfighting between *les tireurs les plus rapides de l'Ouest*, such as *les frères Dalton*, *Billy le Kid*, and *Miguel le Balafré*. And we have *un rassemblement formidable—un powwow, non?*—of all fierce Indian tribes."

"*Assez!*" cried Juan, who had been absorbed in balancing his shot glass on his duffelbag. "The fiestas are not important. What is important is *real* cowboy life at the Hacienda."

We asked about real cowboy life, and Mr. Jones, tipping his *largebord* down over one eye, replied, "In our real, everyday cowboy life, we ride the horses and the chuck wagons through Gallardon and Chartres. We have the barbecues with the *long-steack*. And we bivouac. We gallop from Santa Fe to Phoenix and back, *par exemple*. On other days, perhaps we go from Toledo to Laredo or Cheyenne."

"And, *alors*, at night we shoot bullets into the lampshades," said M. Riboulet.

◆

INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: A member of a recent wedding at the Unitarian Church of Princeton, New Jersey, reports that the confetti thrown at the bride and groom consisted of punchings from an I.B.M. punch-card machine.

Letters sent from the Greenhaven Prison in Stormville, New York, bear the following postage-meter mark:

A
VACATION'S
GREAT IN
NEW YORK
STATE

Wonderworld

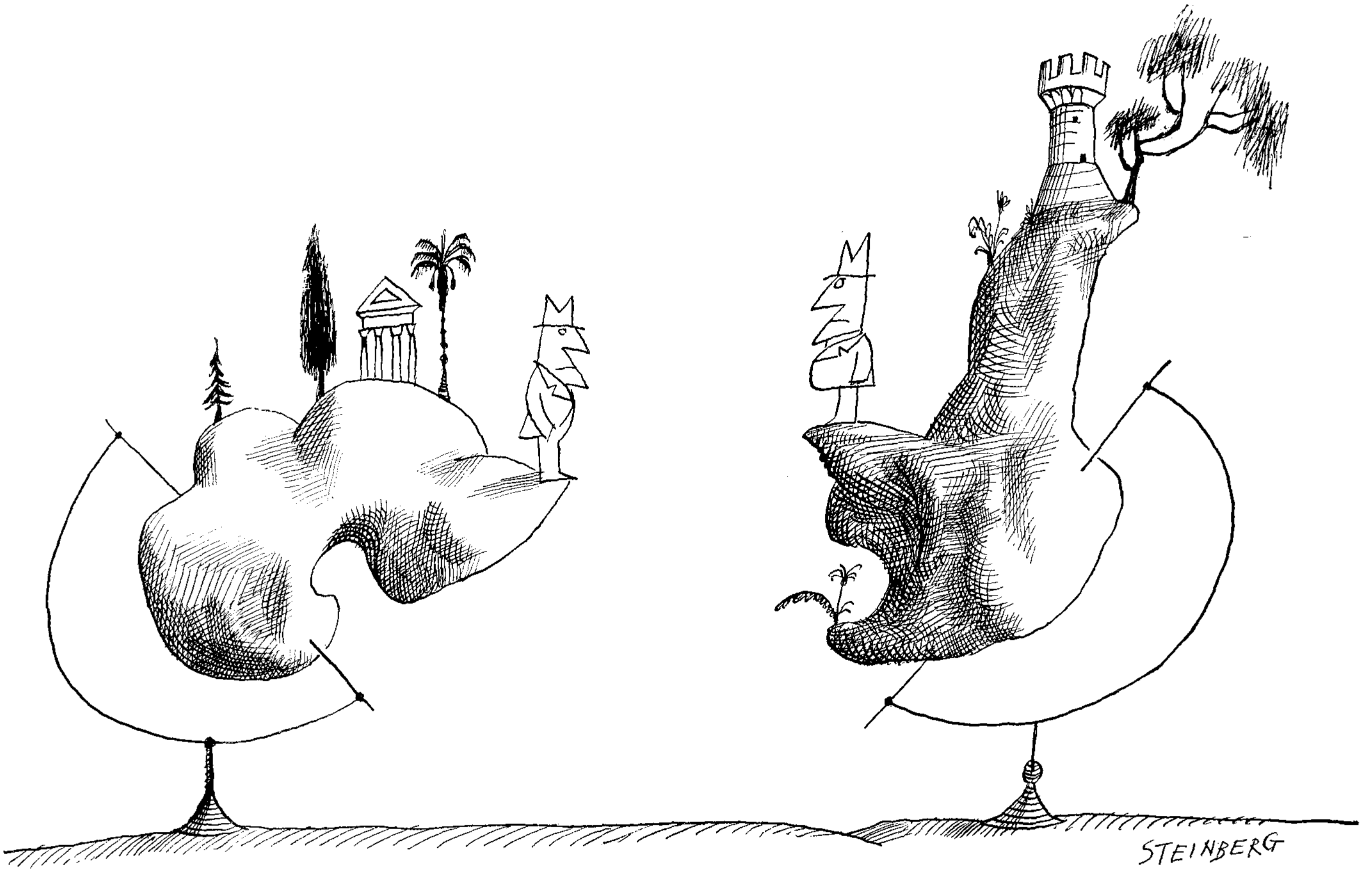
UNEASY, in spite of continual assurances by Commissioner Moses that the forthcoming New York World's Fair will have no honky-tonk, no such thing as a midway, we joined a limousine cavalcade headed for the Fairgrounds one day last week in the hope of learning just what will take place at the proposed "Lake Amusement Area." Our fears were momentarily lulled when we attended, for the fifth time, the lecture on the model of the Fair set up in the Administration Building. There we learned nothing new except that a thousand dollars' worth of fireworks would be set off every night at the Fountain of Planets. Innocent enough, we thought.

Shortly afterward, in the Press Building, Meyer Davis, the bandleader, was introduced to the press and assorted other guests as the president of Amphitheatre, Inc., the organization in charge of providing amusement in the amphitheatre on the Flushing Meadow Lake, which was where the Billy Rose Aquacade took place in 1939. Standing at a microphone to one side of a model of the amphitheatre, and surrounded by artists' easels bearing sketches of extravagantly costumed men and women, Mr. Davis revealed that about half of the eighty-two hundred permanent and fourteen hundred temporary amphitheatre seats would be priced at a dollar each, thirty-eight hundred of them at two dollars, and the rest at three dollars. There would be four performances a day Mondays through Thursdays, he said, and five a day on Saturdays and Sundays, each about an hour long. "Here is the architect, to tell you a few things about the roof," he added.

The architect, Mr. Edward Slater, described a retractable canvas roof that he had designed to protect both stage and seats against the weather. "You might call it a post-tension saddleback catenary, if you like," Mr. Slater said.

Mr. Davis, returning to the microphone, told us that the cost of the planned production would be approximately two million dollars, and then introduced Mr. Leon Leonidoff, the senior producer at Radio City Music Hall, who explained everything.

"The tentative title of the show is 'Wonderworld,'" Mr. Leonidoff said. "I hope we can find something better, but if not, that's what it's going to be called. It will be a family show, so you've got to be careful about humor. Lady trumpeters come out and trumpet as if to announce, 'Please take your seats. The show is about to begin.' Ultimately, sixteen Alfa-Romeo cars come out, and then girls on unicycles, with 'No Parking' signs. This is very



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confusing. The stage opens, and there is a mobile-home park—trailers. Ultimately, about a dozen water hydrants appear—men in water-hydrant costumes, choreographed by Michael Kidd—which will be humorous. The orchestra comes out in parade, and Miss Independence. Everything is 'Miss' these days. We also have Miss Picnic and, with her, Miss Hot Dog, Miss Hamburger, Miss Ketchup, Miss Onion." Mr. Leonidoff pointed to the costume sketches for the various Misses. "There is a flag number, with singing," he continued. "For the finale, the trailer park turns into a float. Night falls. The mobile homes turn into floats that glorify Independence Day. The scene will close on an element of fireworks. Electric. A button is pressed, and the stage blacks out completely. You hear a jungle-birds effect, a cacophony that turns into melodious song. Mr. Jule Styne thinks he's finished it, and I think it's very good. The scene opens with a waterfall in the background, just dribbling slightly. There are water lilies in a pool, which you will see are really men. Swimmers join the water lilies. The swimmers are ladies, and on their tights, on their bodies, are teeny-weeny dots, which you will see are electric lights. The pool changes color; the lights are blinking. Neptune stops it, and that finishes that. The number lasts about four minutes. Ultimately, from the bottom of the pool there comes up a complete restaurant. You see the people coming in, and some waiters preparing crêpes Suzette. We have a band, with four original instruments, made up of players we found in Nairobi and the southern part of Italy. People get up and dance, and we lead into a comedy number with the clowns—divers. They do 'Swan Lake.' Lord forbid what they do to it! There is a jungle number—a wild rhythm—and a figure, perhaps an idol of some sort, is brought in. I will try to beat the entrance of Cleopatra into Rome, I hope, and with less money. Then there is an avalanche. Twenty-two thousand gallons of water per minute go over the falls."

Mr. Leonidoff went on to say enthusiastically that the third act would take place in the air. "It is early dawn at Cape Canaveral," he said. "The dancers ride in on a jeep and do a riveting number, working on a rocket. The motorcycles, which we haven't got yet, bring in the astronaut—a girl. Men dressed as newspapers are about to interview the astronaut. She's about to explain why she's going up there, all in a song with the boys. Three Italian boys, marvellous entertainers, do a strip tease—not really a strip tease—with fans. Ultimately, we have the countdown. Nine, eight, seven, six, five, four, and the entire stage is covered with smoke. You see the globe and you see her orbiting. She calls up her mother—a lot of funny things. Ultimately, she lands. The Man in the Moon is a very talented person. There is a World's Fair scene, with the Unisphere, and this ultimately finishes up the show."

Lost in admiration of Mr. Leonidoff's spectacular visions, we missed most of a short speech by Mr. Moses, but we did hear him say that the amphitheatre had never had a fitting show until now. In spite of the mud and the pools of water along what will eventually be Herbert Hoover Promenade, in spite of the heap of dirt next to a sign saying "Louisiana," and the cranes and construction shacks scattered throughout the Fairgrounds, we left Flushing Meadow more hopeful than ever before that the World's Fair will be ready in time for opening day, next April. That is, if Leon Leonidoff has anything to do with it.

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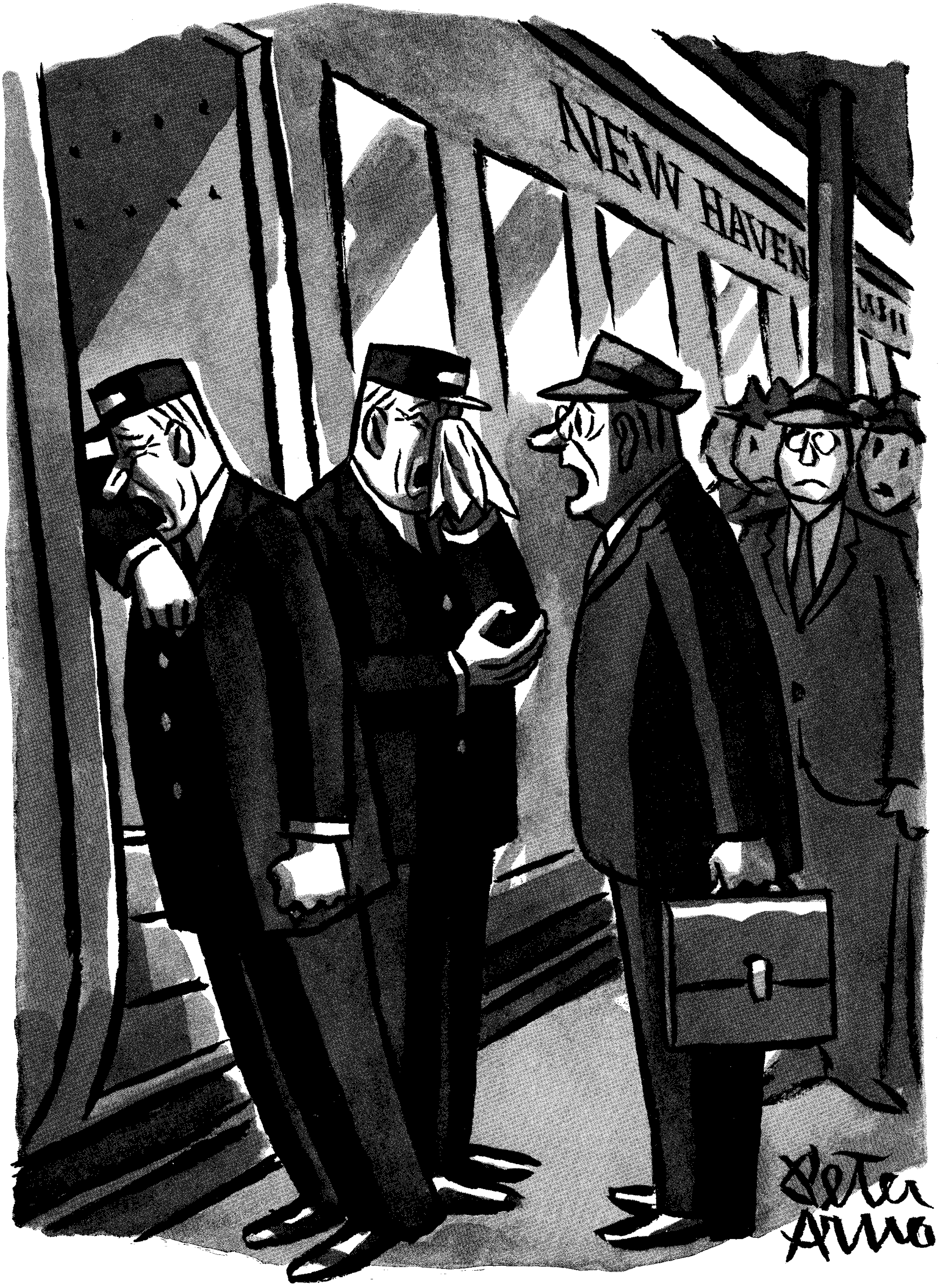
THE camp season is over, leaving a friend of ours with a clear recollection of one conversation, which he overheard on visitors' day at a boys' camp in Connecticut, and which is here reproduced in its entirety:

FIRST CAMPER: "You want to meet my parents?"

SECOND CAMPER: "No."


NEW HAVEN
Peter Arno

"Great Scott! Now what's happened?"

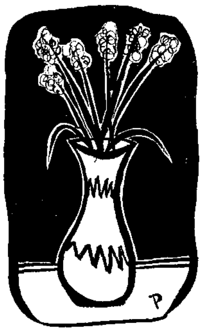
GO IT, TORTOISE

AS a rule, I try not to think about time at all, it is so slippery, but when I have had to deal with it there has always, until recently, been some snug, reliable way of looking at it. You could take it by the forelock, for instance, if you were forehanded. You could waste it or even kill it, and there it would be, on your hands again. It was long between drinks, but it was of the essence. It was also old and still a-flying, and had footprints on its sands. Yes, but when you put a few such home truths together (as I have done, for reasons I will come to), you do get a puzzle of sorts, and then it seems only sensible to settle down and look for a definition. Well! There are twenty-eight definitions of time in Webster—of the noun alone, not counting the verb and the adjective—and the kinds of time Webster feels compelled to go into include *Philos.*, *Geol.*, and *Phrenol.*, as well as *New York Stock Exchange*. There are also, in Web., ninety-four other words or phrases that start with "time," such as "time and again," "timeworn," and "time out of mind." Talk about puzzles. Talk about *mixed!*

I have been mulling time for the last week or two, with only myself to blame. As it happens, I amass clippings. Does a hotel in the South run a coin-washing machine and give all its guests clean change? It does. I have the clipping. Does a man out West make contact lenses for chickens? He does. They are red plastic, a nickel a pair. Is there a bowl for hot food, such as chili con carne, that you can eat when you're through with the chili? There is. A bite, a gulp, done and done. It beats washing dishes. And I always feel, when I come on such an item, that I ought to be thinking about it but not right away. I would like it to slip my mind. So I clip it and put it aside and hope for the best. The trouble is, it is likely to shuffle around in the back of my head, showing up when I least expect it. I go to an early-fall rummage sale, say, where I hardly know a soul, and suddenly I am thinking about the handy pocket computer. It is nosy; it sizes up strangers. Well, one engine leads to another, and next thing I know I am contemplating the Russian sleep machine. As a matter of fact, this did happen to me not long ago, and I went straight home and hunted up those two clippings. They were on the shelf of the small broom closet where I store mementos and string—*almost* forgotten, crisp as the night outside, and, like the season, turning brown—and a glance at them was enough to start me up.

What the Russian machine does is save time in six-hour lumps. According to *This Week* magazine, which is where I got my clipping, the machine sends through the brain, in a sort of rockabye rhythm, one eighty-third as much electric current as will light a household bulb, and in two hours the brain's owner has had a full night's sleep. Up he pops, we must suppose, crackling and full of beans, all cobwebs gone, at two in the morning. Plenty of time before the 8:37. Also, plenty of time before breakfast, unless his wife has been switched on, too. But perhaps he is an owl; perhaps he stayed up till all hours and breakfast is waiting already. No matter. Look at it from either end, he has saved a whole lot of time. The clipping vouches for it. It says that using the machine is "like adding a couple of extra days to every week." True. As a matter of fact, anyone who has been in the sluggish habit of getting eight hours a night is going to add exactly 2.625 days of waking time a week, which ought to be enough to give him pause and plenty of night thoughts.

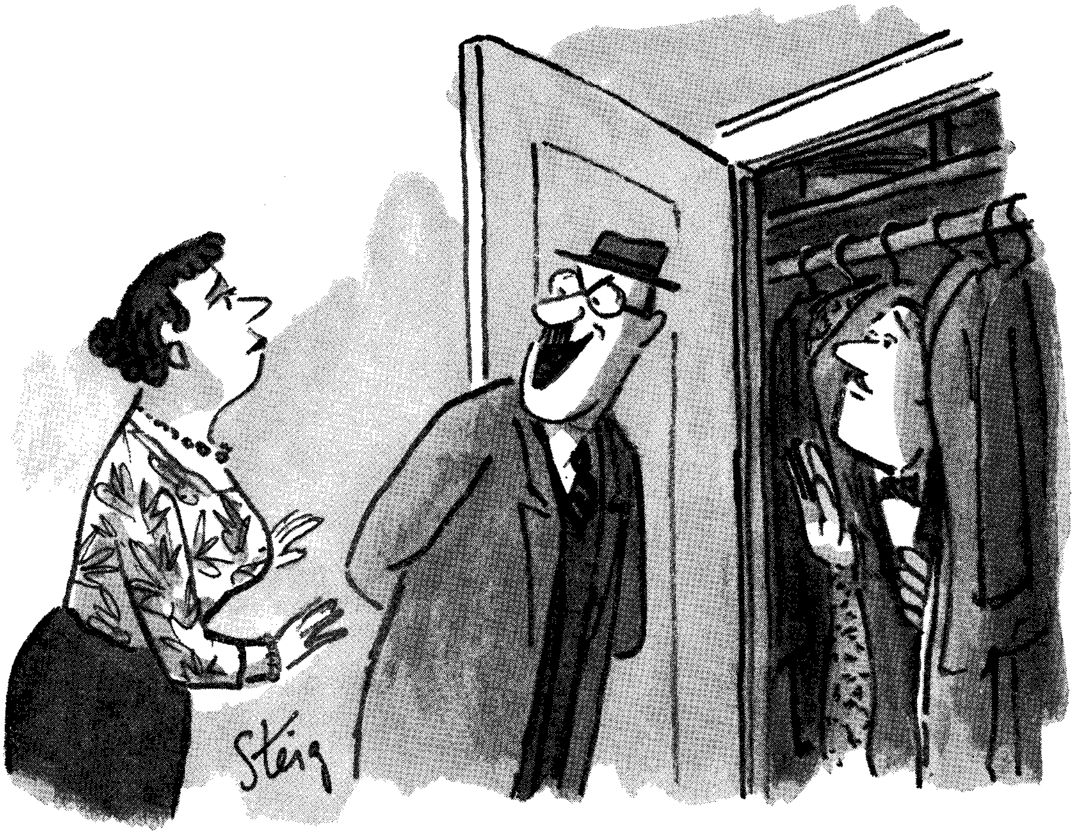
My own night thoughts, which I blush to say are still on an eight-hour shift, are making me hollow-eyed. Just what does that hypothetical saver think he is saving, I wonder. How does *he* define it? Probably that depends on whether he is a *Philos.* or a *Phrenol.*, but whatever he is, he is going to have to start somewhere, and so am I. Well, then, is time money, as has been said? They do have things in common. If you waste your money, you can always try to get hold of a little more, hook or crook, fair or foul, and if you throw your time away on vain pursuits and light companions, why, there's the machine. If you had one, you could stick around the fleshpots till six o'clock. So far, so good. But sleeping off a gaudy night in jig time is one thing; *saving* time—putting it into, so to speak, the bank—is something else. How can you salt away something if you don't know what it is? And—once more—who does know? The Oxford English Dictionary, with twenty-seven definitions of time, is in just as bad shape as Webster. And suppose you pretend that you know, what are you going to do with all that uncommitted time when it's staring you in the face in the tiny hours? Take up a language? Read "War and Peace"? Maybe, maybe. But as things are going, I think we will use saved hours the way we use other ones. We will spend quite a few of them figuring out just how we can save still more, and some of us are going to begin with the pocket-sized computer.



"POCKET Computer May Replace Shopping List," says the headline of my clipping from a *Times* of long ago, for the inventor of a normal, or room-sized, computer was even then at work inventing the wee one. But the headline writer was beating around the bush, if I may presume. Compared to what else that computer can replace, a housewife's weekly shopping list is peanuts. Oh, the familiar old list will be done for, granted. All week the computer, with its wafer-thin memory cells, will keep track of the housewife's needs, and then when she goes to the store for a splurge on Saturday, the little snoop will beat her to it. Her "package of groceries, and other supplies such as use-once-and-throw-away clothes" will come down a chute within a minute. The computer will have relayed the list in. No time will be lost. Yes, but listen to this: "[The inventor] also predicted the day when a headwaiter could fairly accurately forecast the exact type cocktail a person wanted merely by matching the drinker's characteristics against preferences recorded in his own pocket computer."

Well, the more time you want to save, the faster you have to go, and when the day the inventor sees coming arrives, we will be going pretty fast, I have no doubt. If we get within fifty yards of a headwaiter, Scotch Mists or Pink Ladies will be brought to us as a matter of course and according to the color of our eyes. But other menaces loom larger, and, for a glimpse of them, let us peep here and there at the housewife and her good, timesaving man during a day of only average velocity.

Whoosh! It is two o'clock, and our couple is up like a pair of insomniac larks. Current off! Computers on! He throws away his pajamas and yesterday's suit and heads for the shower. She runs to unplug the children. Breakfast, which is instantized end to end, is done in a jiffy, the dishes are eaten, and the little family goes about its morning chores. The children, who are well brought up, tidy their room and throw their own clothes away. Mother makes



"Paranoid, eh?"

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sandwiches for them quick as a wink, blowing Swiss 'n' Bleu cheese from an aerosol can onto the bread. Father goes out back to his small henhouse. He finds a great many eggs, for his hens wear contact lenses that keep them from seeing too well. (This prevents their being distracted into wastefully maintaining the pecking order, and they just lay and lay.)

And so it goes. By ten o'clock, the housewife is ready for the party that she and her husband are invited to at six. She has been to the store (where she was given immaculate change, with all the time washed off it), and she has speed-read her daily cultural stint—the third volume of "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," as it chances. What to do now? Simple. Now she can feed all she knows about her prospective hosts and their guests into the thin, telltale cells of her handbag computer. Preferences by the dozen are recorded there, too, of course—the kind of things that, in the old days, people just talked about. Preferences for bird watching, say, or Henry James, or the South of France. Nervously, the poor girl wonders if her computer will hold its own among others, whose store of preferences may be wide-ranging. After all, she is only a housewife. Nevertheless, off she goes to the party, but we will not go with her. Enough is enough, and I, for one, would not be up to it.

I can imagine it, though. I fancy that when our housewife arrives the crowded room will be filled with a low industrial hum. I can see her get out her computer (which will match her accessories nicely) and zero in on a man who looks like the extra she needs for an upcoming dinner. She must file his characteristics, then; she must press a little button and twist a pygmy knob. Getting to know him. And if she is lucky the computer will tell her that he is indeed an eligible bachelor, wide-ranging and hungry. All through the room, people are putting each other's characteristics into computers. Relationships ripen fast in the cordial click and whir, and the party is over in a trice, saving time for everyone.

I HAVE one final clipping to bring up. I got it late last summer. It is a quotation from a book called "Cue's New York," by Emory Lewis, and I was able to contemplate it then, and have kept it near me since, because it has, or seems to have, a different view of time. It says that in the worlds of high fashion and advertising the latest thing is to go on an "old-fashioned picnic" in the midst of the business day. "Elegant ladies now drive their elegant cars into Central Park and enjoy an elegant picnic on the grass." (*Le déjeuner sur l'herbe*, I suppose, though I hope they throw something around their shoulders, Central Park being what it is.) "Madison Ave. executives have important luncheon sessions with clients while enjoying *pâté de foie gras* and a vintage wine on a green hillside." Talk about old-fashioned! Where are the hard-boiled eggs? But at least a picnic isn't a scheme or a machine for saving time. If these rustics aren't wasting it, they are certainly making a wistful pass at pretending to.

The trouble is, it sometimes seems almost as hard to waste time as to save it—after all, the picnickers are enjoying their surroundings and the *pâté*. Saving it, of course, is next door to impossible. In the first place, if you do manage to put some of it into the bank, you haven't got it—haven't had it—to spend. And, for my part, I like to feel able to blow myself once in a while, in a modest way. I like to have two minutes to rub against each other in my pocket—enough to browse around the store with before my throwaway clothes and all the rest come down the chute; enough to let me walk across the Park for my glass of wine. For if you save one kind of time, you have to waste another, no question about it. If you travel by jet, you can save, in a manner of speaking, a journey by other carriers, but you will have wasted it, too. You won't have had it. You won't have seen cornfields from the train window, or children waving, or watched the wake of the ship with the sun going down.

Well, live and let live. To each his own, I say. Some want to speed along, saving time while wasting it, and some just want to wander along, wasting while saving. My time may not be your time. Go it tortoise, go it hare. But that rabbit was in an awful hurry, and, according to the way I heard it, the turtle won. —ROBERT HENDERSON

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Mr. Crafton, who is a violinist with the Chicago Symphony, will also direct the orchestra in the Overture to "Fingals Cafe" by Mendelssohn.—*Evanston (Ill.) Review.*

It's right next door to Duffy's Tavern.

CARELESS TALK

THEIR language—English—drew them together. So did their condition in a world they believed intended for men. They were Iris Drouin, the London girl inexplicably married to a French farmer (inexplicably only because other people's desires are so strange), and Mary Olcott, her summer neighbor and friend. On a June night Mary had suddenly appeared in the Drouins' kitchen doorway while the family were at their meal. She was Irish and twenty-seven, with the manner of a Frenchwoman of forty—foxy and Parisian in her country clothes. She was a shade too sure of herself; it went down badly in this corner of Burgundy, where summer visitors were disliked. Lounging in the doorway, letting in mosquitoes and moths, Mary addressed the men—Iris's young husband and her old father-in-law—but her wide smile was for Iris as well. The two men went on shovelling boiled beef.

"Please don't get up," said Mary—as if they meant to! "I am Mme. Olcott, your new neighbor. I've rented the pink house—I'm sure you know. News travels so fast in these places. I should like to buy my milk and eggs from you now."

She had created the Drouins Providers by Appointment, but the men's faces said she had something to learn. Mary was a woman; it was up to another woman to put her down. And so Iris, the Cockney stray, sick with shyness, hugely pregnant with her first child, had to answer, "We don't sell in small quantities. Everything goes to the coöperative. You can buy your milk in the village."

When Iris talked French her mouth was full of iron filings; that was how it sounded and felt. Mary caught the accent and cried in English, "Oh, how marvellous! Even if you won't sell me milk, let me come over and talk to you sometimes. I miss English." Her hand in the pocket of her suède coat might have held a stone. Iris had a queer reaction of fright. She looked first at the two men, as if seeking permission, then back at Mary. Their eyes met, as women's seldom do at a first encounter.

Mary won, of course. From that evening on she bought milk, eggs, butter, honey, and cheese at the farm. She came and went like a chatelaine, and nothing heralded her approach; not the bell at the gate, not even the dogs. Iris thought sometimes that Mary had power over animals but was not aware of it, and did not know she was almost a witch.

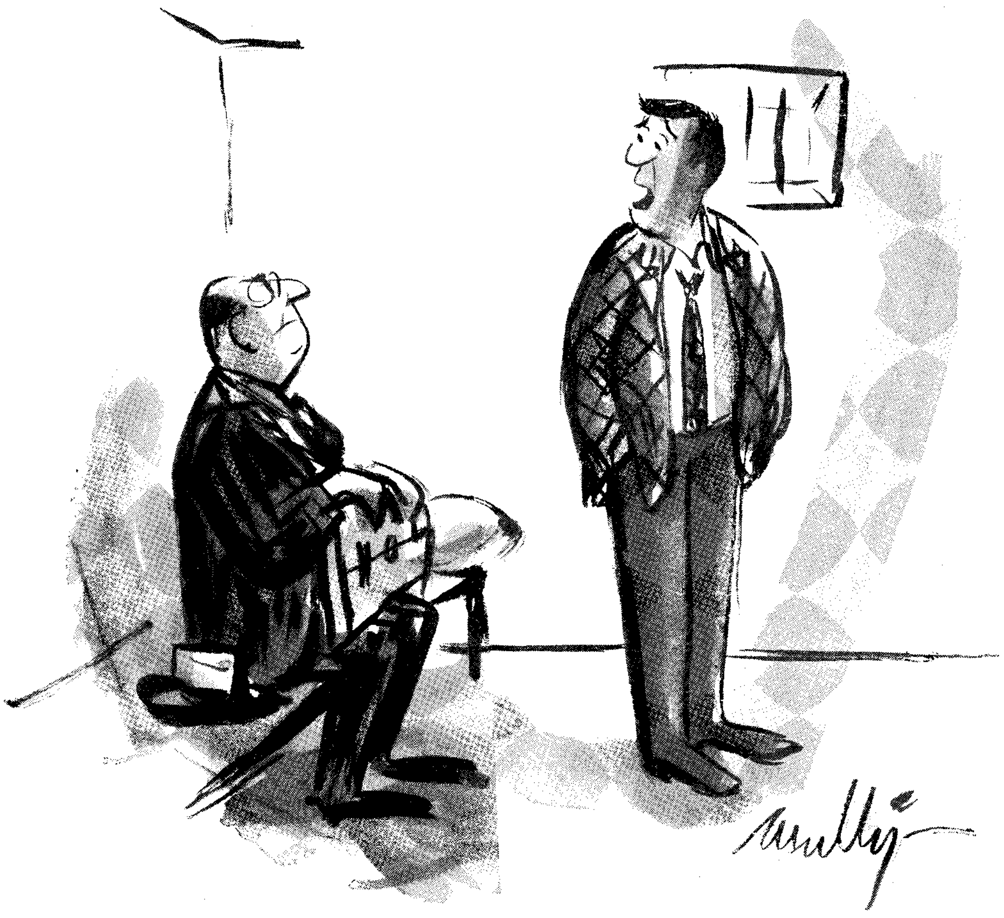
"The first time I saw you, you were like a character in 'Goupi-Mains Rouges,' " Mary said to Iris about a year later. "None of you spoke. I remember the bare petrol lamp on the table. The stars were so thick I could see the dogs sleeping when I crossed the courtyard. In the kitchen, you looked evil and wicked, as if you were hiding a bag of gold or a corpse. Suddenly there *you* were, an honest London sparrow chirping away."

Iris had thought, She's like the queen of spades.

Since her marriage, Iris had lived where nothing changed except the weather, yet everything seemed out of joint. No homely object was like any she had seen; a chair was not a chair now, because it was *une chaise*. This was particular, personal; no one could know what it was like. She sensed at the beginning that her stylish new neighbor would never mind her own business. Most Frenchwomen minded that above everything else. Then Mary said something in English, and was therefore safe. Iris had married into a life she had not expected, and safety came down to language now. French was quicksand and English the rock.

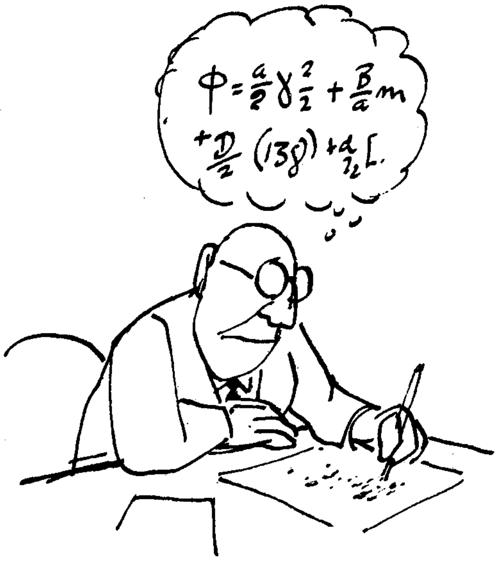
She went into friendship without caution, without posting mutual bail. Mary gave her something she missed to the point of illness: a language that made sense. During the winter, when Mary's pink house was shuttered and Mary's existence assured by the rolled-up English papers she posted from Paris—papers that Iris hadn't time to open, let alone read—Iris lived on stored talk. She heard Mary's voice, and she thought she heard her own. The topics never varied; there wasn't a second to spare for casual chatter. Iris had work to do, and Mary was pulled by a private life. Iris talked about time, and how time changed your view, like a turn in the road. She talked about money; surely money was freedom? She talked about women's lives. Women's lives could be bent like wire in the hands of men. Iris didn't care what was said about modern women in a modern world; she had seen her mother's life and now she was living her own.

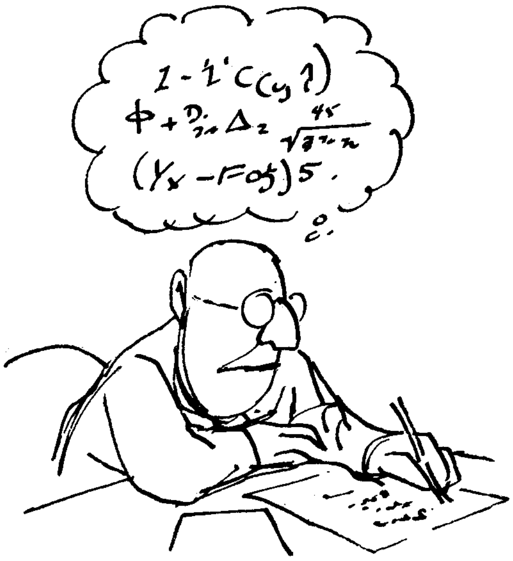
Mary agreed about time, which was abstract, and was vague about money; she had nearly all she needed of both. But men, now! "Ah, don't get me started," she would beg, and sometimes Iris was sorry she had started, for her friend became a bird in a room, blundering against the walls, too frantic to see the door. Not that Mary Olcott was a bird; she was dark, with a legend of dark women behind her. She had the whole



"How was I to know that a polygraph was a lie detector?"

village in her pocket from the first summer on. Iris was a little jealous of that. From her height Mary looked down on lesser lives, giving bad marks or, worse, none at all. Marcel, Iris's husband, fled like a hare at the sight of Mary. From a distance he said, "*Très américaine*." In the village they said, "*Très anglaise*." She was neither; her parents had come over from Ireland in the early twenties, and Mary was born some ten years later. It was the only fact she ever told. Iris thought that even if she were to live in the pink brick house with Mary, listen to her telephone conversations, look at the postmarks on her envelopes, she would still never know more.





For two summers Mary Olcott rented the house next to the Drouins' farm, and the third summer bought it. In the village it was said that a married lawyer, Parisian, had made her a present of it. Iris never listened to gossip. It was enough, for her, to have Mary nearby from June to October. The pink house was in sight of Iris's bedroom. Pinning back her hair at dawn (she never had time for a mirror), Iris saw the shaded windows and the west lawn, with the rose garden still asleep. The house was surrounded by the Drouins' fields on three sides. The Drouin men knew to a centimetre where the boundaries stopped, and they encroached upon Mary, inch by inch, every season. The two houses were six miles from the village, which was as far as Iris travelled, and about two and a half hours from Paris—on weekdays an easy drive.

Mary went up to Paris often. She seemed to like the country as a setting, but the threat of rain was enough to chase her away. Now, three years after the first meeting in the Drouins' kitchen, this is how matters were. Mary was Iris's only friend, and Iris was Mary's when Mary happened to be down at the country place.

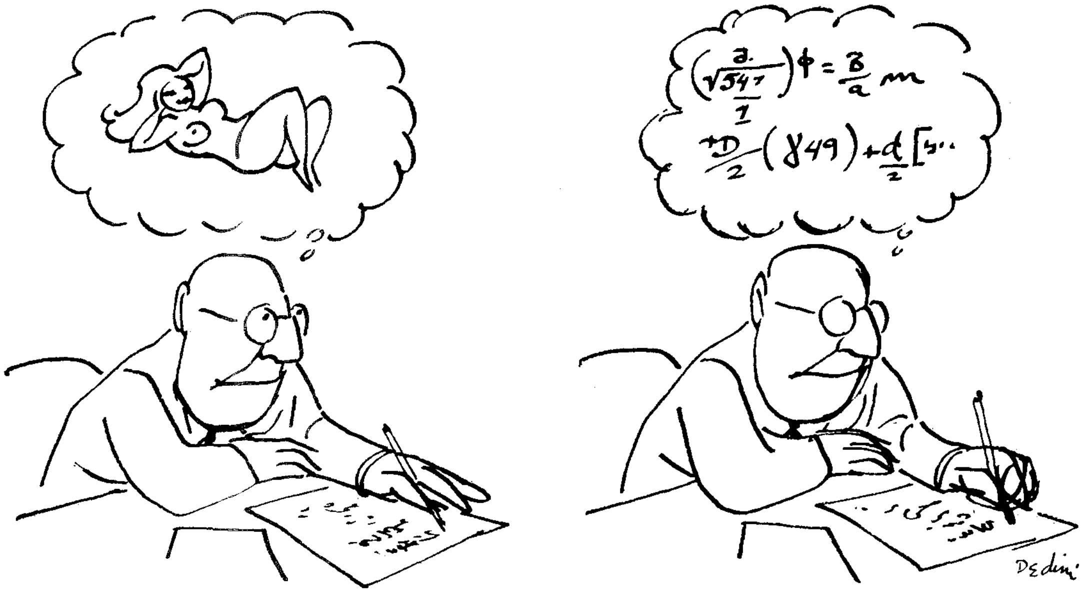
MARY OLCOTT's pleasure was collecting confidences, not giving them out. She had a talent for friendship, or, rather, for taming people. The more shy and resistant they seemed, the more she displayed her charm, her strength, and her sense of timing. She hunted the cautious person whose sudden unguarded word or gesture gave a secret away. Dozens of women had said to her, "You are my only friend." She had exclusive friendship for each of them. She played simultaneous chess games, ten at a time. The conquest of Iris (and the collateral defeat of two men, Drouin father and son, who had tried to refuse to sell Mary eggs and milk) had not been as complete as it appeared. During the winter, when Mary was away, she forgot what Iris was like. She had any number of Irises to take up her time. She sent magazines and papers because she hated throwing anything away. At their first meeting, until Iris spoke, Mary had thought, She could be the old man's wife. Then Iris's dreadful accent gave the question depth, like more and more gauze curtains going up. Mary found hardest to place, in the first minute, Iris's wizened dowdiness, as if it were a disease that must inevitably follow first youth. Later, Mary changed her mind a hundred times. Iris was simple, yes, but not so simple as all that. She clung to Mary as though she were sinking, but sometimes of her own accord Iris let go the boat, and Mary never knew why. Iris was cold; she cried and laughed like a Latin. She worked. She was disorganized, lazy, slack. Here Mary thought a word she had not used for years—"slack." Iris's teeth were going. One day soon, she would have no age at all; but she was younger than Mary by three or four years. She wept for English, but when her two babies were born she talked to them in French. Marcel did not want his children to be strangers—that was the reason Iris gave. Iris had always felt like Iris, never doubted what being Iris meant, until now, talking French to her own children.

"He only suggested it, but it was really an order. Sometimes I don't feel like myself at all."

Iris could say this to Mary without a preliminary statement, picking up an idea dropped last Wednesday, Thursday, any day. She could say anything. Iris and Mary were an island, an English fortress, here in hostile France. She said anything to Mary without wondering how far it would go. It was a triumph for Mary, but she had to remember never to be too sure of herself; she never knew when Iris would open her hands and let go the boat.

This was Friday morning and Mary's next-to-last weekend for the season. She stood in the kitchen doorway with a heavy gray sky behind her. An Italian basket dangled from her hand; she had come for the eggs or cheese for that day's lunch. Really, she had come to talk to Iris. Iris's babies played on the stone floor, among piles of dirty clothes sorted for the wash. They saw the visitor, but Iris didn't. The kitchen was full of steam and noise. Because the second child was a son, Marcel had brought electricity into the kitchen and made his wife a present of a water heater and a second-hand washing machine. The machine was a tub on stilt legs. It made a sound like a battering-ram and in motion rocked the house. Iris sensed her visitor, felt the presence in the doorway, and turned off the machine. The noise died, and she held out her hands, smiling, happy to see her friend.

"Mary, look at my hands," she said. "Just look at them. They look like boiled lobster. Do you know, my mother made my bed and darned for me and washed my things until the day I was married? My mother said, 'Have a good time while you can.' She said, 'When



a man gets hold of you, you'll work enough for him.' ”

“True,” said Mary Olcott, who had never worked for anybody. “But you must have wanted this life. Otherwise you wouldn't have chosen Marcel.”

She's in *that* mood, Iris thought.

Mary's profile was cold, her black hair drawn back over her ears. She was too strong; no one could live up to the standards she set for her friends. No wonder she frightened Marcel! In the silence of the kitchen Iris thought, She doesn't frighten me.

Curled by the steam in the room, Iris's thin hair looked sculptured. The curl had been induced by a packaged home perm her mother sent from England. Relief parcels kept Iris in touch; her frocks and the children's toys were Marks & Spencer. Her wedding picture—an English bride in a chromium frame—stood on a shelf above the washing machine. Marcel had been made to go to England for his wedding, but it was his only trip abroad. On his sole seaside holiday he had met Iris, and his marriage involved a journey, too. He did not see why he should go beyond the village again.

“*Bonjour*,” said Mary gravely to the blond dirty babies, aged two and one. The second was her godson.

“I mind mostly that they'll never have English nursery rhymes and English songs,” said Iris. “They'll never know my rhymes.”

“That was the sacrifice you made when you married a stranger,” Mary said.

“It wasn't a sacrifice,” Iris said passionately, pleading for justice.

“You weren't a girl of seventeen.”

“No, but I was so ignorant. I thought I knew it all, but I was ignorant.”

This great confidence Mary accepted as her due. She was the rock on which weaker natures broke. She saw their hopes and failings turned back like waves. Hard, lucid, tirelessly inquisitive, her eyes looked beyond Iris, measuring Iris. She seemed totally just.

“You can be mistaken about a kind of life without being mistaken about the person you marry,” Iris said. She turned on the washing machine so that the noise put an end to that kind of talk, for the moment. She did not look at her babies; they were too beautiful, too personal, too betrayed by what she had revealed to Mary. Whatever happened, *they* must never be shared. Even looking at the children now with Mary in the doorway would have been sharing.

“My friend has arrived,” Mary said.

“I saw the car.”

“I said, my friend is here.”

“I *know*.”

They were shouting over the battering-ram of the machine. Their voices came back from the walls. The stones of the house understood nothing but French; they could shout all they liked. The mud in the courtyard was French, soaked in French. Mary said something in a normal tone, unheard. Iris switched off the machine.

“. . . over seventy. She's marvellous. She's brought a Dominican with her. He drove her up from Bordeaux. She never goes out of the house, but when she decides to, she cruises around the country in an old, old Mercedes. With a Dominican.”

“Oh. Well, very interesting, I'm sure.” Iris was a Catholic convert. She had become a Catholic when she married Marcel. First she wanted to please him; then, because she brought her Protestant self along, as an act of faith she became wholly Catholic and a bigot. Mary Olcott was Catholic, but sloppy about it. She had what Iris called “views.” Moreover, Iris was suspicious of the French, the social part of Mary's life—her traffic with the enemy, as it were.

Iris's “I'm sure” was quite sarcastic, but Mary missed the change in tone and went on, “She's marvellous, old Mademoiselle. Everyone in her family calls her ‘Mademoiselle,’ even her family—even her doddering old brothers. It's teasing, but it's a kind of homage, too. She's such an old *girl*—such a maiden. She should have been a nun at Port Royal. I can see her there, defying everyone—defying the King. She never looks at a newspaper. She doesn't know a thing about the Algerian war, except when one of her great-nephews is called up. But she reads Greek, and she taught herself Russian when she was sixty, because she wanted to read Pushkin. She's priest-ridden, though. She always has some decayed old padre around. But this one isn't old. This one is young and modern.”

Iris stood, frowning, with her hand on the switch of the washing machine.

“A young Dominican,” said Mary. “You'll meet him. You'll bring the children to tea this afternoon—please. *He's* staying the night; then he goes to Paris. He is a psychologist,” said Mary with light scorn. “Confessor to society women. Confessor to débutantes. ‘Tell me all about it. I understand the world.’ Well, I must think about their lunch. I'll have eggs, Iris, and cream if you can spare any. If you have any of your soft white cheese, I'll take a pound or so.”

She's in that mood, Iris thought. She's in that mood again. She doesn't frighten me.

“WE stopped in the village,” said the old Frenchwoman, in her asthmatic voice. Her hair was chopped straight at the tip of the ear. She was wearing what must have been plush curtains once. “We stopped to ask directions, and also because we were early and feared it would be a bother for you, dear Mary, if we arrived before you were expecting us. We sat in a café named Chez Mémé and saw the news on television. The news is the same as when I last looked at it. Men are being chased by other men holding sticks. This salmon is perfect. I've had nothing like it in twenty years."

Mary Olcott instantly forgot she had been irritated because her friend Mademoiselle and Mademoiselle's new friend, Father Eugène, had stopped in *her* village. They had stopped so that Mademoiselle could gather gossip. The mention of perfect salmon restored her.

The young Dominican, at the head of the long table, with a woman at either hand, was clearly enjoying his lunch, but his mind was elsewhere—not far: on himself. Both Mary's guests were talkative, and each voice had a peculiarity. The old woman's was gaspy, the priest's rapid and faint. Both talked with their mouths full. Mary let them talk to each other. She fixed her attention on the yellow dahlias that were almost all that remained of the autumn garden. The hazelnut tree was dying a mysterious lingering death. The hazelnut and the dahlias were all she could see of the east lawn. The immortal acacia, which she loved superstitiously, under which they would presently meet Iris and her babies for tea, was on the west side. There, if the sun broke through as Mary wanted, they would sit and drink their tea and admire Mary's roses. Beyond the garden, surrounding Mary's house on three sides, were the Drouins' fields.

A Drouin tractor moved toward the dining room and the east lawn; it stopped, backed, turned, a few feet from the dying hazelnut tree. Perched on the tractor, dressed in boots and working clothes, was the village priest.

The young Dominican in his creamy robes said, "In Professor Thibeault's group I wore lay clothes and did not say I was a priest. I was afraid it would make the patients afraid."

"You were spying," gasped Mademoiselle.

"I was learning. Group therapy."

"Spying," the old woman said.

"In that group was a teacher of mathematics, a Stendhal expert, a Jew, and two homosexuals," said Father Eugène. "After four sessions they discovered I was a priest and were dismayed. I spoke about troubles of my own, so that they would go on. Otherwise they would have frozen. They would have frozen first of all because I am a priest, and secondly," said the young man, with composure, "because I am not a neurotic."

At every wicked word the old woman looked briefly at the ceiling. It just might fall.

"But you *were* spying," said Mary, who always ate less than anyone else and had time to listen, elbows on the table, her chin in her hands. "You were a spy and the psychiatrist was your accomplice. Isn't that so?"

Father Eugène stared through horn-rimmed spectacles as round as his boyish face. He laid his knife and fork down with care. He had not suppressed his personality but could behave as if he had. "I was studying, and had been sent there for that purpose," he said. He was accustomed to arousing spitefulness and even hate in some women, just as he accepted being fawned upon by others. Unless the reaction was deeply interesting and unexpected, he did not pursue the cause. Father Eugène and Mary

OF HISTORY MORE LIKE MYTH

(The Conquest of Peru)

They guided birds and came to hear their story
At that astounding hour sacred to birds
When mirthful on light's nourishment they go
Wild with tournaments of cries upon the air—
At wing feats are as angels, light as flowers
That glide and skate the upbeats and whirl down
With that velocity that only air allows.
They dreaded most the still hour when all went,
Cut of a sudden by some quick response
To that which flares no longer bird-blood up.

They guided birds and were at one with birds,
At one with lizards gloating in the sun,
Feverish and dry, their little throats swollen,
Nor had time bells nor wheels, nor did they count
Sands that ran through the glass relentlessly.
Time simply set the sun and swung with seas;
In the rare mountains it was not at all,
Nor had the self a shadow save of wings.

And was their life an abundance as of birds?
Had they for blood a bird-blood sad and gay?
We do not know. What questions caged
Birds in their thickets till they sang no more?
The wiry air was free with its whole light,
The sun a potency they understood,
And by it got great harvests and as well
From earth a curious sun-like thing
From which they made gold gardens for their One,
And disks to mirror the round sun's ruddy head,
And light was in this instance fixed and firm.

And time was as the shadows of the birds
Declining and arising in their play.
In time they learned by study of the stars
To read of those first waters of immensity
By which unfevered stars arose, and birds;
And patient seeds they set flowered into grain.
The birds were masters of transparency
And they were heavy with a thing not born.

Until those enemies and foes of birds,
Self-seeking, ravening, and mad for gold,
Thrust through the thickets of the long blue days.
Then all fell down: the birds in headlong droves,
The realm divided, taken prisoner,
The gold brought in to fill a room or more
To please another One back home,
Bird-self sent underground, bird-blood
In harness, bird-blood taxed
To pay an invalid thing, and stillness came—
The thing they'd learned to dread, and reigned.

—Jean Garrigue

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Olcott had no time for each other. Whatever she had to tell she would not say to him; and he would most certainly not confide in her. They were rival talkers; more important, and fatal for the harmony of the party, they were also rival listeners.

"You have no right to have any problems," the old woman told him. "I don't see what problems you can have. You are fed and clothed. Everyone admires and respects you. Nothing costs you a speck of dust in love or duty, because your life is a sacrifice and you wanted it that way. If I had a son, I would want him to be exactly like you. As for *our* so-called problems, or the problems of those unfortunate maniacs, who seem to talk such a lot, they are *not* your affair. You are the director of my conscience, but you have no right to search my mind. It is undignified and unfair."

"But that isn't fair, either," said Mary eagerly. "You can't just say what you want to say and leave the rest dark. There is more to confession than sin. If you won't give up voluntarily, it is his right to search."

He glanced at her. So you are on our side, are you?

Oh, no, she stared at him. Make no mistake about me. I am not.

"Our Father in Heaven knows what He wants," said Mademoiselle, suddenly very coy. "So did my father. What a tyrant! And so Father Eugène must know what he is doing, too." And she gave him a look as coy as a little girl's. She had remembered that he was a representative of her father, or her Father, and she was as silly as a girl. Mary had never seen her silly. She had seen Mademoiselle with tatty hangdog priests she could bully; but Father Eugène, who could have been her grandchild, was promoted several generations on. How can she be such a ninny, Mary wondered. Mademoiselle had a brain; she read Greek and learned Russian, alone, when she was past sixty. Her books were sent to her from Russia—a Tolstoy fantasy country that had nothing to do with the real world. She had not looked at a newspaper for years. Yet she was quick when it came to saving money; she soon found out that Russian books cost less if they came straight from Russia. She knew all about filling in forms, and the name of the export office in Moscow. The books, the beautiful alphabet on harsh paper, sternly bound, came from a soft-focus grassy place where young girls wearing exquisite frocks played croquet.

"What fools these mortals be—present company excepted, of course."

• •

Mademoiselle wore old plush curtains and kept scraps of cloth—scarves, of a sort—to spread on her head when she felt a draft. She could feel a window open in a pantry when she sat knitting five rooms away. When she was not reading, she knitted. In the old days, her knitting had gone straight to Africa. Now it appeared that the Africans were getting their hot clothing somewhere else. There was no longer the same demand. The nuns had told her so, without explaining why. She sent bundles of garments to her young friend Mary Olcott, begging her to distribute them among the poor. Every so often Mary undid a parcel from Mademoiselle and found a pullover for a swan, a bathing suit for an octopus. The knitting was large and loose as a child's, full of knots.

Mademoiselle was coy with the young priest, promoting him to superpaternity, but she had the last word. After lunch, when he blessed the women, she barely let him finish before saying, "You may direct my conscience, but it stops there. Don't you dare pry into my mind."

LATE in the afternoon, the neighboring farmer's children were brought to tea. The Drouin babies were like *putti* and a local sight, outdoing the oak tree, said to be a thousand years old, near the village. The sun had come out, as Mary expected. They sat on the west lawn. The old closed-in courtyard had been here when the house was a farm. Now the outbuildings were torn down and replaced by low soft-pink brick walls. There was Mary's acacia and the rose garden, and a view of the Drouin fields. The brown, green, blue, and pink of medieval miniatures were perfectly proportioned here, although the blue of the real sky was on top instead of the rose of heaven—Mary pointed this out.

"Earth, water, fire, and air are the only Christian symbols I need," said Mary, settling her guests in basket chairs. "And the acacia, because it never dies. This is why I wanted the house." A slight insistence on "wanted" did not escape one of the guests, and implied that the house had, perhaps, been a present.

Mademoiselle had slept for two hours

and was knitting now, drawing up an endless thread of ugly yellow from a basket at her feet. To the two French visitors, the west lawn was a wretched room without a ceiling. The autumn sun was cold. They would have appreciated the rose garden just as well framed by curtains and cut up in squares.

Iris, in a sleeveless English print dress, sat on the grass, with her babies nearby. They were washed and pink, and their hair was like silk. Mademoiselle looked at them and said, "They are beautiful children," and "They look foreign," as if each remark were of equal value, and worth about a glass of water. She pointed her needle and the flag of knitting to the field where a tractor came and went. The tractor had followed Mary's party; it had threatened the dining room, and now rattled and roared on the west side of the house. "I understand the village priest works for you," said Mademoiselle.

"He's our best worker," said Iris.

"Aren't you impressed, having your curé on the tractor?"

"Glad, not impressed," said the English girl. "He's the best worker we have."

"I should be intimidated," said the old woman.

The English girl flushed and raised her voice. "Why? He likes the work. He's a farmer, the son of a farmer." She broke off, as if she had discussed all this before. She went on in a lower tone. "He's obliged to work, and that's all wrong. You should see the collection at church. Centimes. People have the nerve to leave centimes. Rich Parisians here for the summer. Summer people with big cars. They ought to be ashamed."

"The farmers are discontented," said the old woman placidly. "It was explained on the television Chez Mémé this morning. Also, Father Eugène and I read their propaganda posters along the roads."

"Do you think it's right that a bottle of mineral water costs more than a bottle of milk?" said Iris, looking up, grass in her hand pulled by the roots. "All they have to do with water is put it in bottles. For milk you need cows and what every cow represents as an investment—you don't know what it represents."

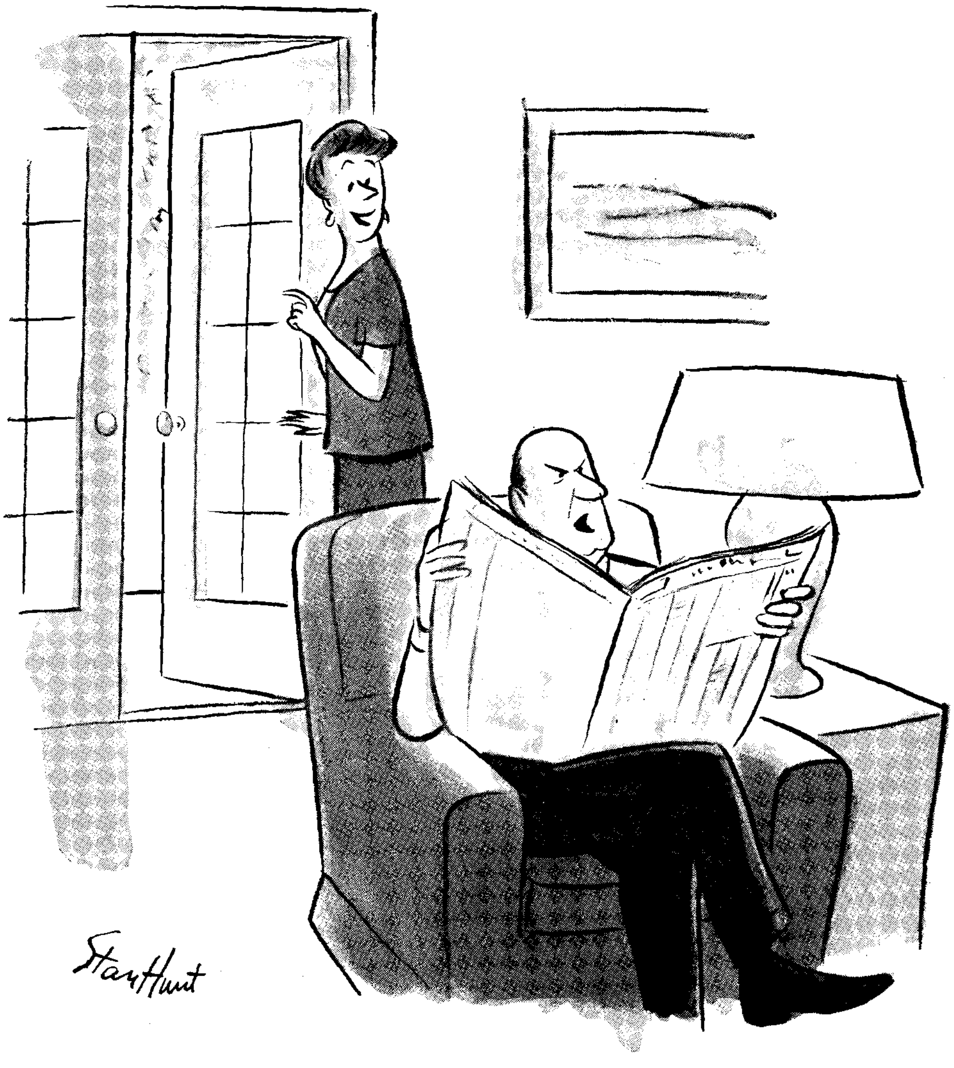
"It is absolutely incorrect—" began Father Eugène, but he never finished; they never knew whose side he was on. The women gave him a look of bitter surprise. He kept his social comment to himself. Undisturbed, he watched the receding tractor. The acacia seemed a poverty-stricken tree, and, despite his hostess's medieval faith, its mortality was proven. He was spending the night and going on to Paris in the morning, leaving Mademoiselle, who had nagged him. The countryside was outside his province; it was neither a complex personality nor a work of art.

"How did you know the curé was on the tractor?" said Mary. "What a lot of information you picked up on the television Chez Mémé!" She wanted Iris to know she had not been tattling about the village priest. But she had talked, more than a little, about Iris's curious marriage: how lost the London girl was here, how her father-in-law bullied her. She had told it as an interesting story, but now the story had substance, because Iris was here.

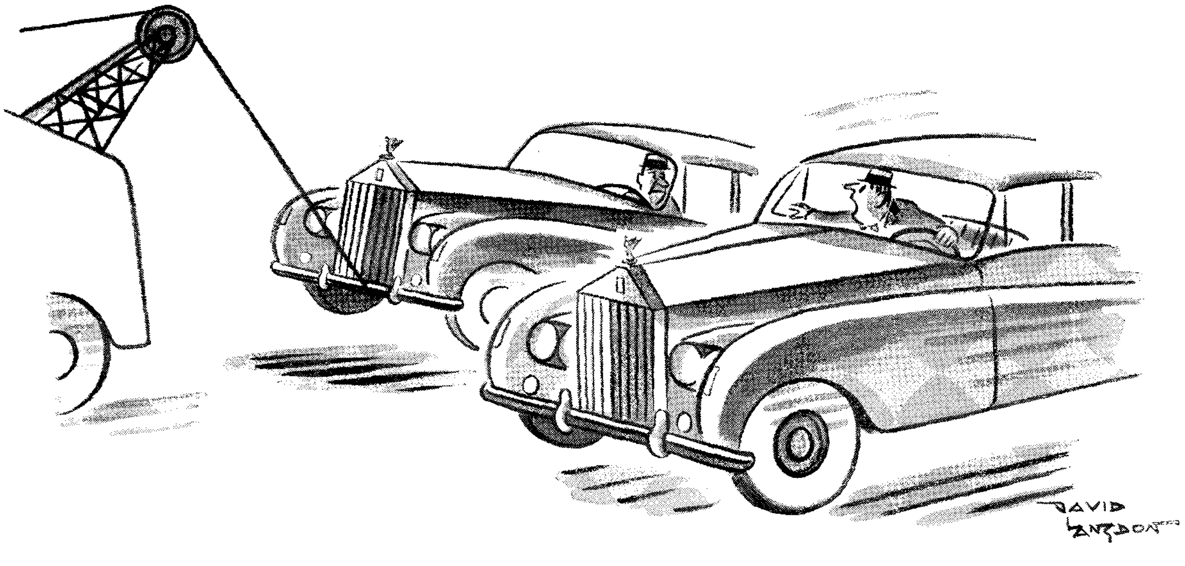
Iris pulled grass as if it were enemy hair. Mary must have made a good thing of the parish priest working for Marcel, but Mary was betraying her in any case, just by having these strange friends and speaking perfect French to them. Because they were foreigners, Iris did not grade them on the English staircase. They were all dangerous and all the same. Mary had no class awareness, but that seemed to Iris a handicap, like an inability to tell the time. Mary ought to have been born a snob, and her not seeming one made Iris uneasy. Yes, thought Iris, she has the farmer's wife to tea, and I sit on the grass; but she would think it normal to have me or that old lady or the Dominican washing up afterward in the kitchen, and that is where Mary makes one unsteady. . . . And so Iris seemed anxious, suddenly; looked to see where the babies had got to—they were not far. She remembered how much she loved them, and that none of these three had children—not Mary, who would not say what she had done with her husband or who had given her the house; or the old woman; or the clever priest. The old woman went on knitting, as if to prove she could do one thing women usually did well.

Iris got up, abruptly, and shook hands all round, as she had learned to do over here. The Dominican laid his hand in hers as if confiding it.

"I must see Marcel," said Iris. "He



"Agnes, you know very well I'm not interested in rose-breasted grosbeaks and rose-breasted grosbeaks aren't interested in me."



"I hope it's nothing serious."

might want something. He might be hungry."

"It's not his suppertime," said Mary idly. "Can't he wait?"

"Why should he? Besides, I've scarcely seen him the whole day."

The look on her listeners' faces was fleeting but odd. What had Mary told them, Iris wondered. As rudely as possible, she turned and walked away.

Father Eugène and Mademoiselle saw no reason to remain outside a second longer. They returned to the house and sat down on each side of an empty fireplace. Mary saw Iris as far as the road. Iris's face was stubborn and closed. She had dropped away; she would sink and drown, but she would not be cheated. No use asking her what had gone wrong, for the moment. Mary wondered if something careless had been said.

In the house, she found Mademoiselle beside the cold hearth and was told that Father Eugène had gone up to his room. He had had enough of them, too, Mary supposed. Perhaps Iris had bored him. Why read too much into it? He might have wanted to write a letter or say a prayer. She sat in his chair. She looked cold and pure and was wildly worried. Judgment Day had not been this afternoon, but it was always closer.

"What a nice girl that farmer's wife seems to be," said Mademoiselle, knitting violently. "In the village, they say she is a convert and exceptionally devout."

"Converts have it soft," said Mary. "They come to it late, without ever having had the Devil under the bed. They sail in and admire the stained-glass windows. All the dirty work has been done."

"You don't like converts, and I see you don't care for Father Eugène." Mademoiselle employed a tone suitable for an underpaid, overworked, and complaining servant. "The Church is the Church. You are always free to go."

"You know I am not."

Mademoiselle put a scarf on her head and wound the ends around her throat, but still Mary did nothing about the fire.

"I shall have nightmares tonight," said Mary. "I think it was all his talk at lunch. The mad Stendhal expert—can you see him? You may be right. . . . I don't like them, not really. They put our dogs down a well."

"Who?"

"Young seminarists. In Ireland. Over politics. Our two spaniels. Just for the pleasure of watching them struggle and drown. Clawing the sides."

"You saw this?"

"No, it was years before I was born. I heard the story so often."

"You must never imagine things you've never seen. It is far worse to imagine cruelty than watch it. It seems to me wicked to fill your mind with horrible things you never saw. The dogs may not have scratched the sides of the well at all. They may have gone down like stones. Like the sad dog in one of my dear Turgenev's stories. You are imagining cruelty. I must say, I am surprised in a woman as charitable as you."

"I don't trust any of them," said Mary. "That's the truth. Men in skirts."

"What about men in aprons? Freemasons! A skirt has more dignity. Besides, Father Eugène would never drown a dog. He doesn't notice animals."

"I don't trust any of them." It took in a wider clan than priests.

"Life is so different now," said the old lady. "All this constant talk. 'That's what I don't like,' Oblomov said. 'Everyone talking.' " With the unpredictable jumps of the aged, she said, "When I was a child I never looked into a mirror. We were four sisters and none of us ever looked at her own face. We weren't taught it was wrong, but simply unworthy. Coquetry was beneath us. Nowadays, my nieces and their daughters . . ."

Mary Olcott must often look in the mirror. The perfectly smooth and glossy hair required staring—concentrated staring.

"I shall have nightmares," said Mary. "I'm sure of it. The mad Stendhal expert! But Father Eugène will sleep."

"Why shouldn't he?" said the old lady. "He is a healthy young man. Let me tell you something. Men sleep. Women float on the surface, but men go down without fear. How many men have been murdered in their sleep? How many could be? Men sleep in trust; women float."

If this was the reflection of something seen, then it was the most incredible confidence Mary had ever been given—the climax of a career of hunting and waiting. Unfortunately, she did not take it in. She was thinking about Iris and wondering what had gone wrong, why the afternoon had failed, why Iris had gone down the road with a closed face.

Mary was leaving the next weekend, and by next summer the afternoon of betrayal would be forgotten, but Mary daren't wait. It was too risky. Tomorrow she would call on Iris and get the chess game moving again. She could never play fewer than ten games at a time. When she had only nine she thought she had none.

—Mavis Gallant

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A new comprehensive report on the status of interconnection and pooling arrangements of electric utility systems in the nation, entitled "Report on the Status of Interconnections and Pooling of Electric Utility Systems in the United States," has been released by the Edison Electric Institute.—*Public Utilities Fortnightly.*

Good title.

THE SPY-BAN PACT

THE background of the current spy-ban talks is fairly generally known. It would obviously be to the interest of the United States, Great Britain, and the Soviet Union, who have in recent years been compelled to spend crippling sums on their ever-increasing battalions of spies and counter-agents, if agreement could be reached to terminate—or, at any rate, check—the escalating spy race. The difficulties are equally clear. Mutual trust is not to be expected in this field, so that any treaty negotiated must include ample safeguards to insure that its provisions will be honored by all signatory powers. Nonetheless, some progress was made, according to informed reports, at yesterday's secret meeting at the Kremlin.

Mr. Khrushchev opened the discussion in genial mood by handing to Mr. Kennedy forty-eight pages of closely typed foolscap. "Here," he exclaimed, "is a list of American agents known to be operating in the U.S.S.R. A full and free exchange of information is the basis of mutual confidence."

Mr. Kennedy took the hint and good-humoredly passed to the Russian leader a three-volume *aide mémoire* cataloguing Russian agents operating in the United States, which Mr. Khrushchev studied attentively.

At this stage, Mr. Macmillan suggested that it might be a good thing if the two lists were compared. Any names occurring in both could then be noted down for withdrawal in the first wave. All parties, he felt sure, would be glad to be rid of their double agents.

"In my country," observed Mr. Khrushchev, nodding his agreement, "we have a saying—'The cow that is milked at both ends soon runs dry.' "

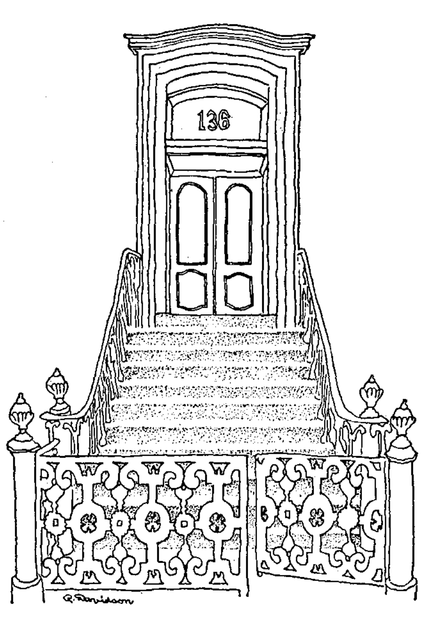
Mr. Kennedy, after a telephone call to his brother in Washington, stated that he was not opposed in principle to the exchange of names. He then made the brilliant, if discouraging, point that the names by which Russian agents were known to the C.I.A. were unlikely to be the same as those by which they were known as American agents to the Russian counter-espionage organization. The first step, he said, should be to set up a subcommittee of experts to advise on methods of correlating identities. This would avoid confusion. On the question of withdrawal, he thought it right to say, frankly, that he could not guarantee that every agent ordered to cease operations would at once accept the instruction as genuine. It was in the nature of spies to be suspicious.

"Exactly," Mr. Macmillan agreed. "We have a man up in the Urals—been there for thirty years, off and on—who no longer trusts orders sent from home, or feels it safe to remit classified information back to the government. He is, as we say, spying *in vacuo*, and would be difficult to dislodge."

"Ah, your Q-7!" cried Mr. Khrushchev jovially. "We know him well. For many years, we have used him as training material for our apprentice counter-agents. If they cannot put the finger on him in three days, they are out."

There was much laughter at this, which was renewed when Mr. Macmillan suggested that this man could be left where he was on some *au-pair* arrangement. "We ourselves," he admitted, "would be sorry to lose your Agricultural Attaché. His habit of using crevices in old gateposts—"

Mr. Kennedy interrupted to submit that they might be tackling the problem from the wrong angle. A beginning could be made by banning methods rather than men. "Outlaw invisible ink," he declared, "and you have rendered half our agents powerless. Deprive them of number codes, microfilm cameras, hollow shoe heels, and finally money, and the whole ridiculous business would be at an end." The problem of the agents themselves, which was no easy one, could be dealt with at leisure. "None of us, I imagine," he added, "wishes to be flooded out by a horde of repatriates, many of them unemployable and quite incapable of adjusting themselves to a way of life they have long forgotten. The ultimate disposal of thousands of agents and counter-agents must be a matter for a committee at Ministerial level. It might even be referred to the United Nations."



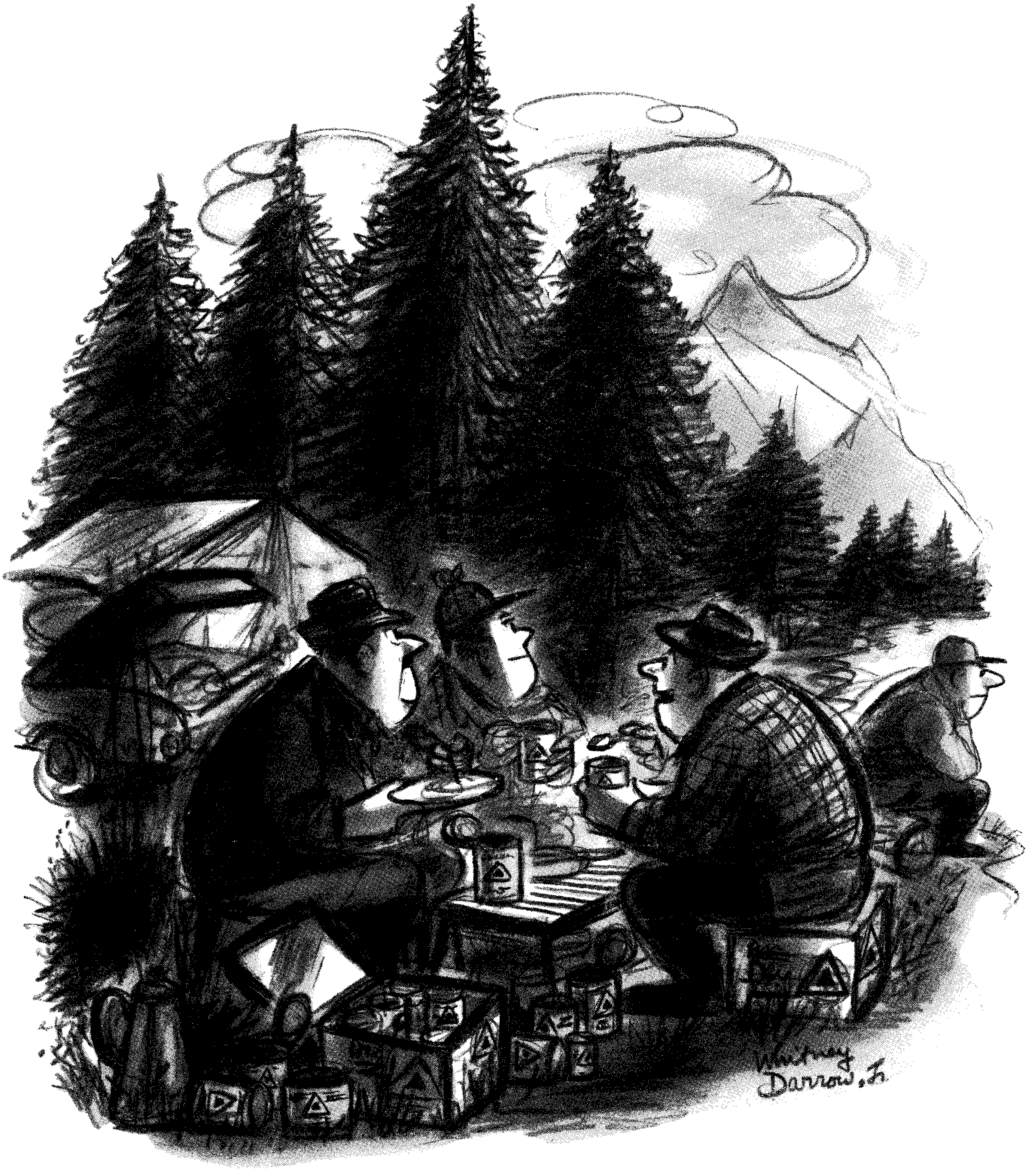
Mr. Macmillan gave immediate support to the American proposal, but drew attention to the need for adequate supervision by teams of observers to insure that the agreement was being honored. "We cannot undertake to deprive our own men of invisible ink," he said firmly, "unless we are assured that Soviet agents are similarly handicapped. Especially in view of the well-known fact that such common materials as lemon juice and milk may be employed as substitutes for invisible ink."

Mr. Khrushchev objected that he could not allow his country to be invaded by bands of uncontrolled foreigners spying on his ink factories and dairy farms, to which Mr. Kennedy replied that he thought the Soviet leader was looking at the cart from the wrong end of the horse, if he might make use of a Russian aphorism. It would be in the Soviet's own interest to admit observers. "After all," he pointed out, "they will be there to insure that *our* spies are deprived of the means of spying."

Mr. Khrushchev is understood to have banged the table at this stage. Trained teams of counter-agents, he declared, already existed in Russia for that very purpose, and he was unable to accept the suggestion that neutral observers would do the job more efficiently than his own men, who were the best in the world. It was an insult to suggest that Russia was incapable of protecting her military secrets without the assistance of contingents of Swedes, Irishmen, and Indonesians.

In the face of this tirade, Mr. Kennedy showed his statesmanship by at once conceding the Soviet point. He saw no difficulty at all, he said, if each signatory to the pact were to rely upon its own resources to see that the others were carrying out the terms. The matter could now perhaps be left to a conference at a lower level to draft the precise provisions.

Mr. Macmillan said that he was in danger of becoming confused. If the counter-agents of each country were left to insure that the agents of the co-signatories were unable to operate, he failed at the moment to see how the existing situation would be altered. If, however, the proposal was that the existing situation should *not* be altered, he would certainly be prepared to initial a communiqué along those lines. There would, he thought, be little difficulty in reaching agreement on the precise phrasing, and such a pact, though not perhaps to be described as a breakthrough, would open the door to further profitable discussions with kindred aims. Without


Whitney Darrow, Jr.

"Most impressive example of brand loyalty I've ever seen."

• •

wishing to anticipate anything he might say at London Airport on his return, he did not entirely rule out the possibility of an ultimate agreement to do nothing about Berlin.

At this master stroke of international accommodation, the three leaders rose and shook hands. The vodka tray was produced, and Mr. Khrushchev, stripping off his coat, offered to take on Mr. Kennedy and Mr. Macmillan simultaneously at badminton. "We shall see how good a team you really make," he said jovially.

The visiting statesmen declined the offer. Mr. Macmillan thought it would be wiser to leave the proposal in abeyance, until the preliminaries had been discussed at a lower level. Mr. Kennedy, agreeing, said that in any case his sneakers were in his closet, back in Hyannis Port.

There are strong reasons for believing that the Espionage Status Quo Pact will be signed within the next few days. An argument that is understood to have weighed heavily in its favor with the three statesmen is that it will put France and China in such a devil of a dilemma. As Mr. Khrushchev remarked, tossing a shuttlecock from hand to hand, they will either have to endorse it or give up spying. —H. F. Ellis

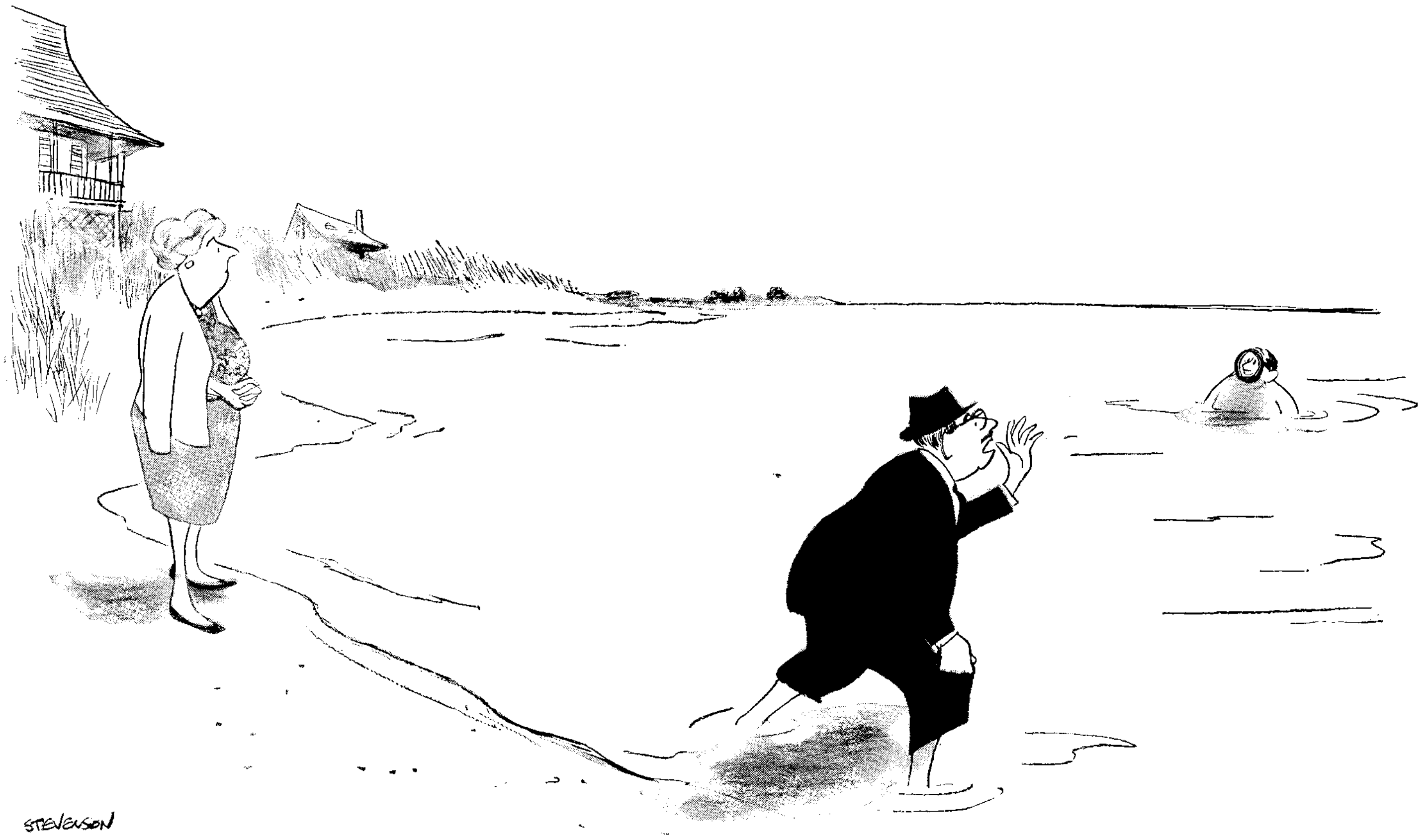
A REPORTER AT LARGE

ENCOUNTERS IN BARRIOS

OVER the years, Americans living and working abroad have often been accused of cutting themselves off from the people around them and making little, if any, effort to find out about the place they were in—a state of affairs that would seem to be an individual reflection of this country's traditional penchant for isolation, the eagerness to avoid "entangling alliances" that began in George Washington's day. Even after the Second World War, when America's responsibilities around the world multiplied and the nation identified itself with the aspirations of colonial people struggling for freedom—many of whom looked to the United States for inspiration and guidance—there was still a conspicuous lack of personal association between Americans living in other countries and the citizens of these countries, and this, as is often pointed out, tended to diminish the effectiveness of our foreign-aid programs. It is true that in many nations the language problem has been a formidable barrier to warm personal relationships—as a rule, Americans are not good linguists—but an even more important factor has been a strange disinclination on the part of most Americans abroad, whether they represent the United States officially or are engaged in private business, to mix with foreigners other than those on their own immediate levels. And although increasing numbers of Americans have been living abroad for extended periods, far too many still suffer from what has been called a "compound psychology;" that is, they elect to spend almost all their time within their own compounds—their own offices and their own homes, where they generally entertain one another. Naturally, there are exceptions to this way of life—for example, among missionaries, technicians, and journalists whose work takes them far afield, and, nowadays, among some members of the diplomatic corps, who in recent years have been quietly advised by the State Department to get to know more people of the countries they are assigned to. By and large, however, Americans have remained insulated, and although more of them than formerly seem aware of their condition, they still seem singularly unwilling to do anything about it.

Two years ago, the United States Peace Corps, which many people at the time regarded as a foolish, and even dangerous, experiment, was created to deal with this touchy and intricate problem. On March 1, 1961, President Kennedy signed an Executive Order setting up the Corps, and six months later Congress passed the Peace Corps Act, which specifically directed the Corps to promote world peace and friendship by fostering closer relations and better understanding between ordinary citizens of the United States and those of other countries, and by making American men and women available to help the underdeveloped nations meet their needs for trained manpower, especially in the fields of education and rural community development. There are now forty-four hundred Peace Corps Volunteers, as they are called, the majority of them college graduates in their twenties, at work in forty-six nations, and by the end of this year, when the first contingent—numbering about seven hundred—will have completed their two-year terms and returned home, there will be seven thousand abroad, including at least seventy who have reënlisted. By the end of next year, it is hoped, the number will be fourteen thousand. The Corps will remain in existence as long as there is a sufficient demand for its services and as long as there is a sufficient supply of qualified men and women willing to serve. At present, the demand is exceeding the supply; all the countries where the Volunteers are working have asked for at least twice as many as they now have, and some want three or four times as many. The flow of applicants for the Corps has increased steadily—it is now run-

"Plaidland. Nine books."



"This is Dr. Reid, Mr. Howard. You've got to come out. The summer is over, your rental is up, your wife needs you . . ."

• •

ning at the rate of thirty-six thousand a year, compared to twenty-two thousand last year—but the selection process is a careful one, and only those whose skills match the requirements of the interested nations and whose health and character, including such factors as emotional maturity, motivation, and ethnocentric attitudes, are deemed capable of coping with conditions in foreign hinterlands are chosen.

Most of the early skepticism about the Corps, which was expressed by liberals and conservatives alike, seemed to arise from a fear that the Volunteers would turn out to be a kind of junior missionary society, whose members would poke their noses into situations they didn't understand and weren't prepared to handle. Moreover, it was felt that their rather anomalous position would be misunderstood—that people abroad would regard them as official representatives of the United States Government, which they are not. The word "boondoggle" was frequently heard, and, all in all, the view was that the Kennedy administration was taking a big chance. Nevertheless, Congress was persuaded to vote the Corps thirty million dollars for the first ten months, and the amount was doubled for the next year. The Corps has asked that it be redoubled for the coming year. The figures are based on an estimated cost to the government of about nine thousand dollars a year per Volunteer, including a modest monthly allowance to enable him to live in a manner comparable to that of his technical counterparts in the nation he is sent to (which is far from luxurious), plus seventy-five dollars a month to be set aside and paid to him when he comes home—a mustering-out nest egg of eighteen hundred dollars. The rest of the appropriation is prorated for training, transportation, and administrative expenses.

When the first group of Volunteers was sent abroad, on August 31, 1961—there were fifty-one of them, bound for Ghana—the debate about the purpose and value of the Corps intensified, and it continued to do so as more Volunteers shipped out, to Colombia, Tanganyika, and other countries. Despite a few embarrassing incidents, like the one involving the girl who had just arrived in Nigeria and who wrote and then lost a postcard home containing some incautious criticism of the way the natives lived (the card was found by a Nigerian, and he and his countrymen were offended, and the girl was recalled), it soon became apparent that the Corps had been favorably received in most places, and within a few months the majority of the skeptics, including such vocal and influential opponents as Senator Barry Goldwater, changed their minds about it. (Another good sign was that the Communist press became more critical.) More recently, twelve prosperous nations have started programs patterned on the Peace Corps, and half a dozen underdeveloped nations are organizing their own versions of the Corps to meet their own problems, with the coöperation of the American Volunteers. On the theory that what is good for a backward area abroad might be equally good for backward areas at home, a bill has been introduced in Congress that would create a Domestic Peace Corps, to consist initially of a test group of about a thousand young Americans working in slums, migratory labor camps, Indian reservations, and other economically depressed areas of the United States; and a pioneer group of twenty-seven men and women is now at work in Harlem, developing guidelines for the proposed project. Although it is still too early to appraise the work of the Peace Corps abroad, it does at least appear that people of other countries have been given a new idea of what Americans are like, and that, by the same token, several thousand young

Americans have been given a much clearer idea of what other people are like, and in so doing have come up with some new notions about themselves, too. In the long run, the Peace Corps may well be credited with having done more to win good will for America than some of our far more ambitious and expensive economic and military aid programs.

NOT long ago, while I was in the Philippines, which has the largest Peace Corps contingent of any country—it currently numbers about six hundred—I spent a couple of weeks visiting Volunteers on the large and mountainous island of Panay, in the central Philippines chain known as the Visayans. I stayed with the Peace Corps people in their native homes, watched them at work in their communities, and tried to find out what they thought of the Corps and of their efforts in its behalf. The principal difficulty of the Volunteers I talked with was learning how to deal with the false or distorted concept of Americans and American life that seems to prevail throughout the Philippines—and the rest of the Far East, too—and then getting themselves accepted in their assigned communities as average young Americans with average aspirations who, despite their educational background and their standard of living back home, which were far higher than those of their Filipino counterparts, had now come to live like ordinary Filipinos, occupying Filipino houses, eating Filipino food, and dealing with everyday Filipino situations. Of course, the fact that they would be returning to America and, presumably, the good life when their time was up gave them an enviably transitory position, which set them apart from the rest of the community; no matter what they said or did, they were still visitors. They were also set apart simply by being Americans, because Americans have a special place in the hearts of Filipinos, thanks to their historical role in rescuing the people first from the hardships of Spanish rule and then from the Japanese invaders, and, finally, in giving the islands their independence. An American—any American—is still regarded as a savior and a hero, and, especially in the villages, is invariably placed on a pedestal. The first task of the Volunteer, it seemed to me, was to get himself down off the pedestal. The Volunteers I visited, who belonged to the second of nine groups that have so far been sent to the Philippines, all complained that the process of getting down was not as easy as it might sound, because they had not been properly trained to cope with the rigors of life in the barrios—the villages or wards that every Filipino community is composed of. They had been subjected to such rigors willy-nilly, however, in accordance with the Peace Corps philosophy. Dr. Lawrence H. Fuchs, who took a leave of absence from the post of Dean of the Faculty at Brandeis University to head the Philippine Peace Corps project, summed up this philosophy for me (after readily acknowledging the early lapses in training) by saying, "Americans may read about poverty, disease, and exploitation, but they still cannot begin to understand the drives, fears, and hopes of the vast majority of the world's people until they have lived intimately with them."

"Now perhaps Edwin will tell us why he thinks this picture is 'cool.'"

The task of the early Volunteers was made even harder by a considerable amount of confusion on everybody's part over what they were actually supposed to do. Their chief function, as it was set forth in the Philippine government's invitation to them to come and work in the islands, was to serve as "teachers' aides" in the rural elementary schools, helping mainly to teach English, the usage of which had declined

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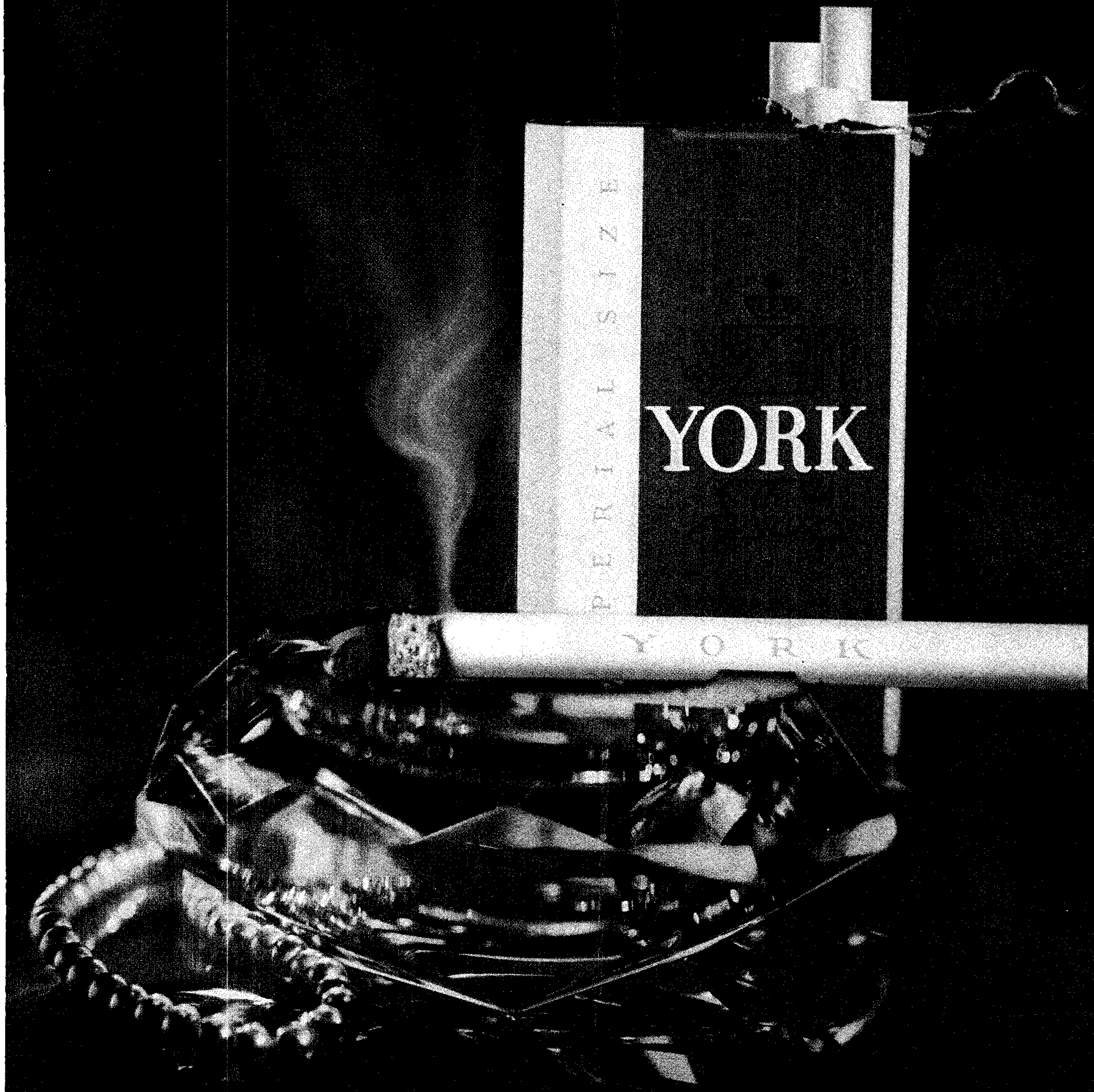
sharply since independence, and science. The term "teachers' aide" was carefully chosen, to assure the regular teachers that the Volunteers in no way threatened their jobs, but the trouble was that no one, from the top officials of the Philippine Ministry of Education on down through the regional supervisors, the principals, and the teachers themselves, knew quite what a teacher's aide was or how he ought to proceed, and neither did any of the Americans concerned.

This problem, along with the general one of fitting into rural life, was brought home to me in the first household I visited, which was that of a couple of twenty-two-year-old volunteers from New York City—Philip Bloom, of 245 West 107th Street, and Harvey November, of 79 Woodruff Avenue, Brooklyn. They were living in the small, easygoing town of Dao, on the southwestern tip of Panay, in Antique Province, which, with its per-capita income of about fifty pesos, or twelve dollars, a year, is the poorest province in Panay and one of the poorest in the Philippines. The population of Dao is two thousand, but there are forty-nine barrios attached to the town, like suburbs to a city, and these, spread out along the shore of the Sulu Sea and scattered in the hills behind it, occupy an area of sixty square miles and are populated by twenty thousand people. A little weaving is done in Dao, and there are a few merchants in their stores, but there is practically no industry as such, and there is no electricity or sewage system, although running water is available. The principal occupation is farming. Most of the farmers raise only a single crop of rice a year, which is enough for their families but not enough to provide a surplus for marketing. It entails no more than a month or a month and a half of labor, and the rest of the year is given over to sleeping, talking, and eating, and to the time-consuming rituals associated with cockfighting. The basic diet of rice is supplemented by native vegetables and fruits, a plentiful supply of fish and eggs, and, occasionally, chicken and pork, so the people seem to have enough to eat, but they are extremely poor, individually and collectively.

Bloom, whose father manages a bar-and-grill on the Battery near South Ferry, is a graduate of Fairleigh Dickinson University. He is a slight, good-looking young man with an air of cosmopolitan savoir-faire. November, the son of an electrician, is a graduate of Long Island University, and has an easygoing, inquisitive, and pleasantly

im·pe′ri·al “...of superior or unusual size or excellence.”



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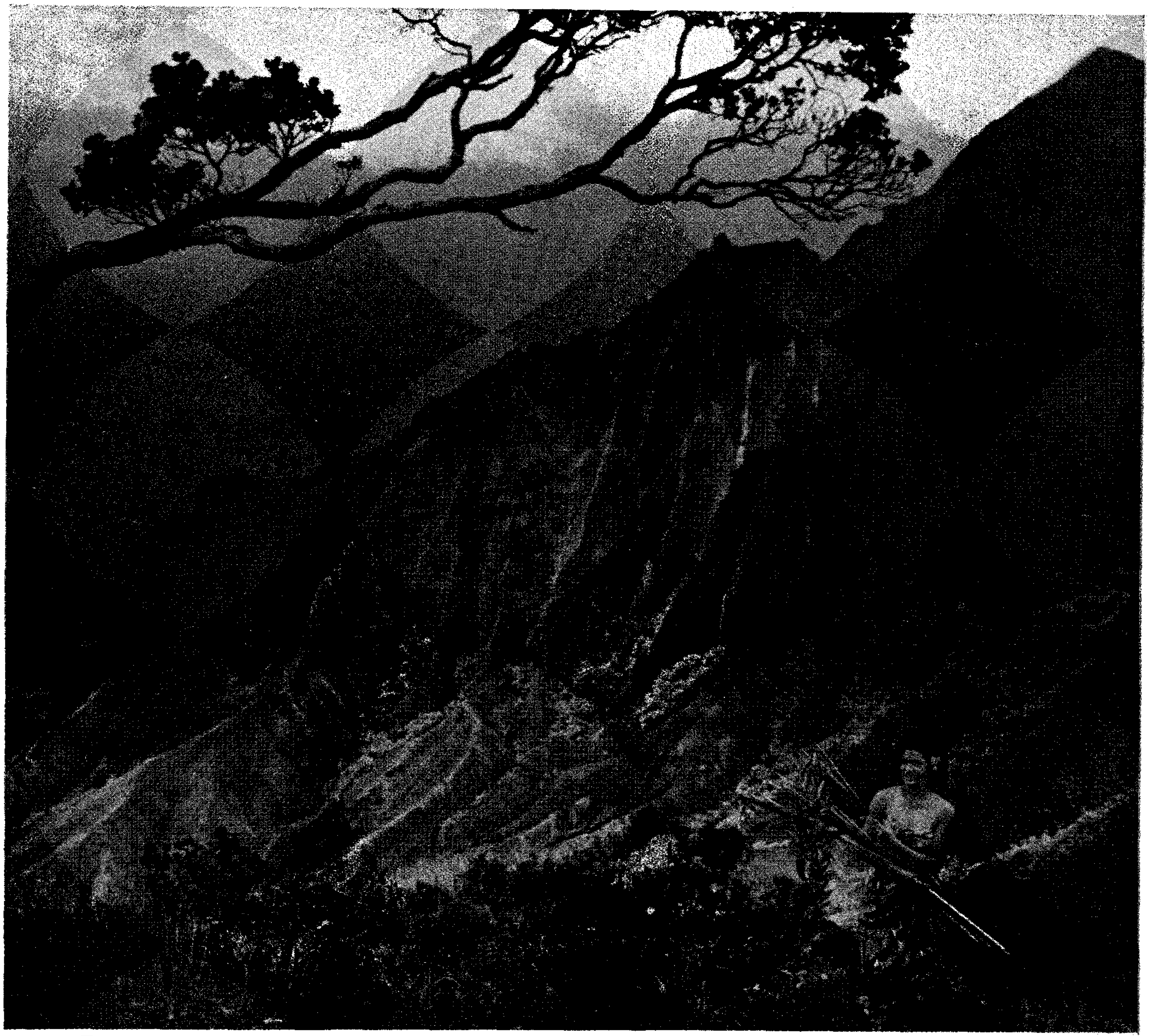

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bantering manner. The two met as Peace Corps trainees in Puerto Rico, and were assigned together at their request. They arrived in Dao in mid-February of last year, by plane from Manila, carrying with them around fifty books of their own—novels, poetry, biographies, histories, English grammars, and so on—and two invaluable copies of UNESCO's "Science Source Book," which the Peace Corps had given them. (A month or so later, they received from Washington the Peace Corps kit—a footlocker stuffed with a wide variety of books, including various classics done in comic-book form—that is supplied to all Volunteers, and after that they acquired fourteen crates of books donated by P.S. 161 in Brooklyn, which, as it happens, is in the neighborhood where November grew up.) A woman who owned a spare house in the middle of Dao rented it to them for thirty pesos a month. Like the houses around it, it stood on six-foot stilts, the entrance being a steep flight of wooden steps in front, and the walls and roof were thatched with leaves of the nipa palm. Bloom and November had three tiny bedrooms and a small living room, plus a sketchy kind of kitchen with a charcoal pot in a niche in one corner. They built a bathroom in the rear, with a shower. Beneath the house they kept big hemp sacks of rice, which they threshed by stamping on it with their bare feet, like the Filipinos, and left to dry in the front yard. In their garden they grew *alubati* and *can-con* (both green vegetables similar to spinach), *camotes* (sweet potatoes), and cacao, and one of their neighbors had a number of banana trees and a *buri*, or star-apple, tree, whose fruits he generously shared with them. They engaged a Filipino man to serve as their cook for a few pesos a week, and he, in turn, engaged two teen-age helpers, the sons of neighbors, to keep the house clean and do the chores. On their allowance—two hundred and twelve pesos a month apiece, the same sum that Filipino teachers receive—Bloom and November had plenty left to buy all the cereals, eggs, canned juices, and fresh fish they needed from the corner *sari-sari*, or general store, and November early showed a talent for making wine out of a local fruit called *duhat*. Since they both come from kosher households, and there are no kosher butchers in Dao, they ate no local meat, but occasionally they killed a chicken in the kosher way, having been taught how to do it by the shohet of a Jewish temple in Manila.

When Bloom and November

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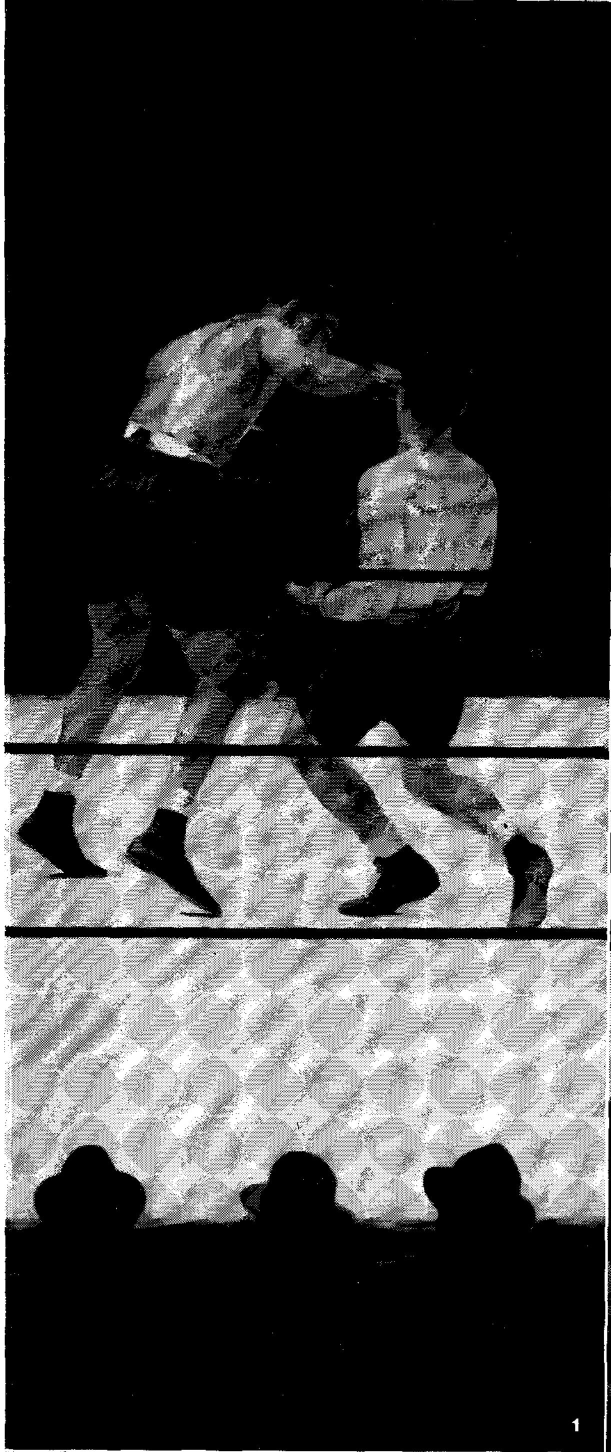
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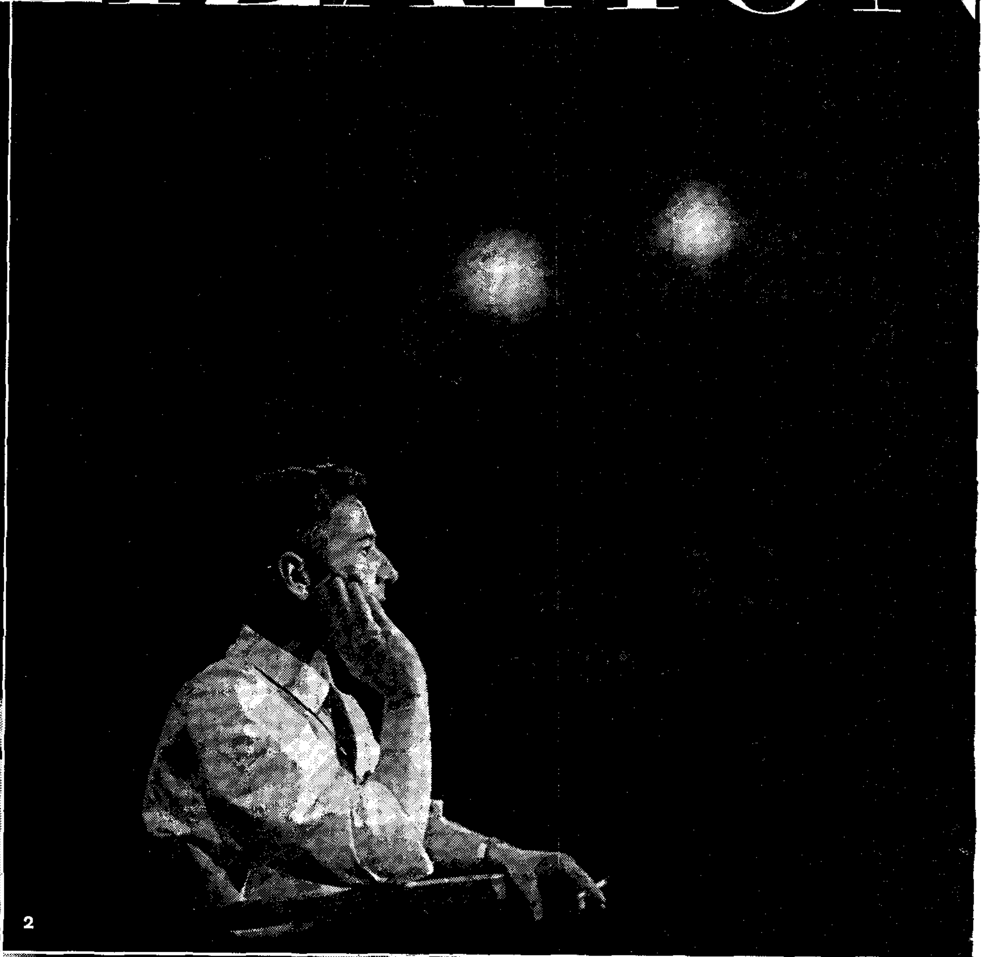
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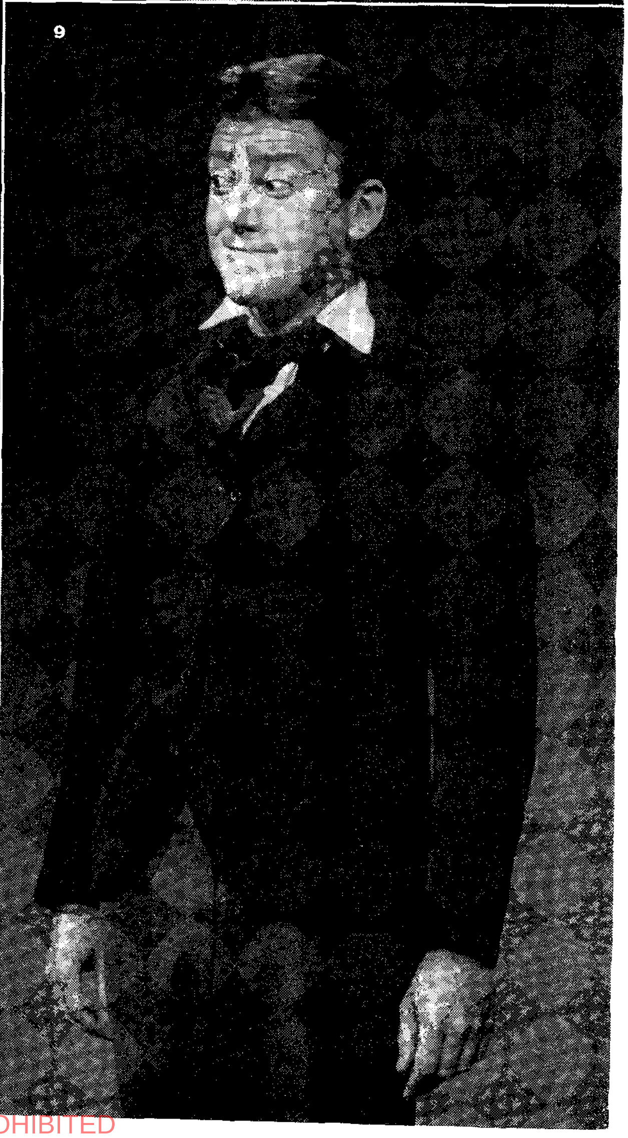
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1. In This Corner: Joe Louis
2. VNR: The True Story of Lowell Skinner
3. The Rebirth of Jonny
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reached Dao, the school term had only a month to run before the annual ten-week vacation period began, and since there wasn't time for them to do anything effective in the way of a regular teaching schedule, they set about making themselves acquainted in Dao's so-called central school, which consists of both an elementary and a high school, and visited several of the twenty-four elementary schools out in the barrios, seeing what sort of problems they were up against. They conducted one session for the faculty of the Dao school on modern methods of teaching English, and helped prepare a skit for the school's commencement program, but, all in all, they felt themselves to be pretty much fish out of water. Bloom found that the teachers took a great deal of pride in the way they had been speaking and teaching English all along. "I had the feeling that they looked on me as rather young and untried to be giving them suggestions," he said. "On the other hand, when I went out to some of the barrio schools and tried to work with science teachers, I was too much of a ceremonial figure—they kept wanting to feed me all the time." November spent most of his first few weeks working in the central-school library, and beginning to learn the local Visayan dialect. He made a few tentative, private suggestions to the English teachers he met, and they listened to him politely, but for the most part they went on using their old methods.

The young men soon decided that the aims of the Peace Corps would be served a lot better if, instead of concentrating on schools and teachers and English and science, they made themselves useful by promoting community projects and taking a helpful part in the life of the town. With this in mind, they set out to make themselves known to everybody in town. When I called on them in their house, one of the first things I noticed, along with a pet monkey November had nicknamed Shreever, in honor of Sargent Shriver, the director of the Peace Corps, who had visited most of the Volunteers in Antique Province several months before (the Filipinos called him "Shreever"), was a detail map of Dao, showing three long streets running north and south and eight running east and west. About two hundred houses were represented by tiny black squares, and beside perhaps half of these were small red dots. Each dot, Bloom explained, indicated that either he or November, or both of them, had visited that house and had got to know its fam-

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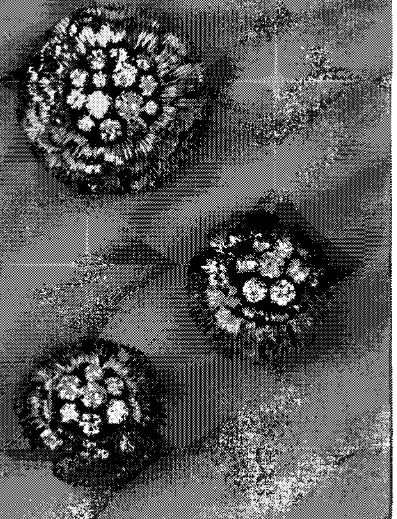

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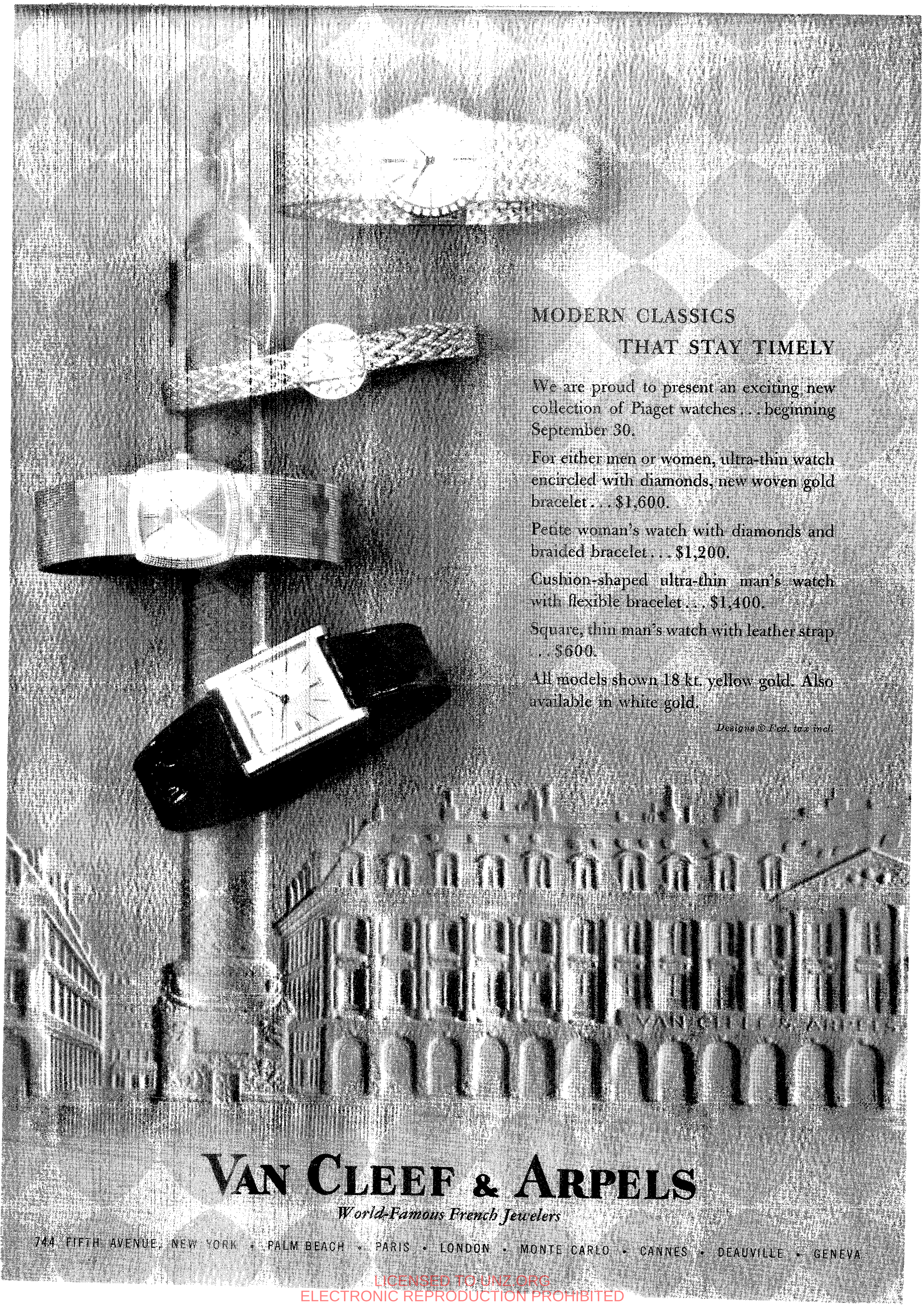

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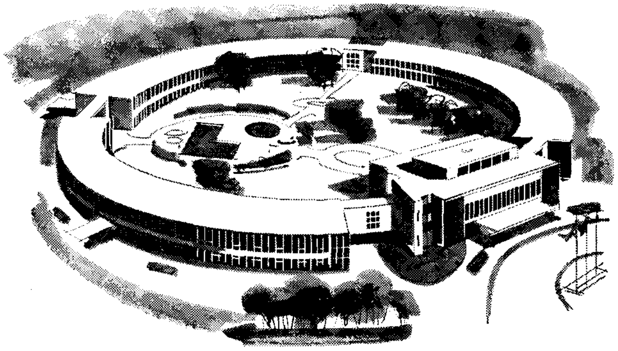

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ily. They paid these systematic calls early each evening. As a rule, everyone in the Philippine countryside goes to bed early, usually by nine o'clock, and is up before dawn, and Bloom took to getting up with the crowing of the cocks and the howling of the dogs (both cocks and dogs abound in Dao) and teaching some neighborhood schoolchildren the rudiments of basketball. By the time the next school term began, they felt that they had learned their way around among the people of the town.

Casting about for a good project to embark on, Bloom hit on the idea of an experimental rice planting on a small field adjoining the central school, where, under the age-old methods of cultivation prevailing in the Philippines, a scant bushel of rice had been produced each year. Following the directions in a new agricultural booklet issued by the Philippine government, he analyzed the soil and determined the fertilizer it needed, and then, with the help of the townsfolk, built a compost heap. He plowed the soil several times, until it had the consistency recommended in the booklet, then planted his seeds—a special variety, supplied by the Philippine government, which required a minimum of irrigation—and sprayed the young seedlings regularly to keep off army worms. The upshot was that the same plot of ground produced four bushels of high-quality rice, which he turned over to the children of the neighborhood. The local farmers seemed deeply impressed, but so far they haven't followed up on the experiment or ordered any of the booklets that Bloom had found so instructive. This failure to arouse anything more than momentary enthusiasm is something both Bloom and November have run into repeatedly.

Some time before my arrival in Dao, November set up a model irrigation system in the town plaza, and explained its simple workings over and over to the people who came to look at it, in the hope that they would be inspired to build similar systems for themselves. Describing this project in a weekly paper published in Manila by the Peace Corps, he wrote, "If, after my departure, the good people of Antique Province can say to each other, 'Look at our wonderful irrigation system we built by ourselves,' instead of saying, 'We are very poor, not like the United States; the Cano (Americano) who was here five years ago was interested in building an irrigation system for our thirsty crops, but by and by he went back to the States,' then I will consider myself a success." When

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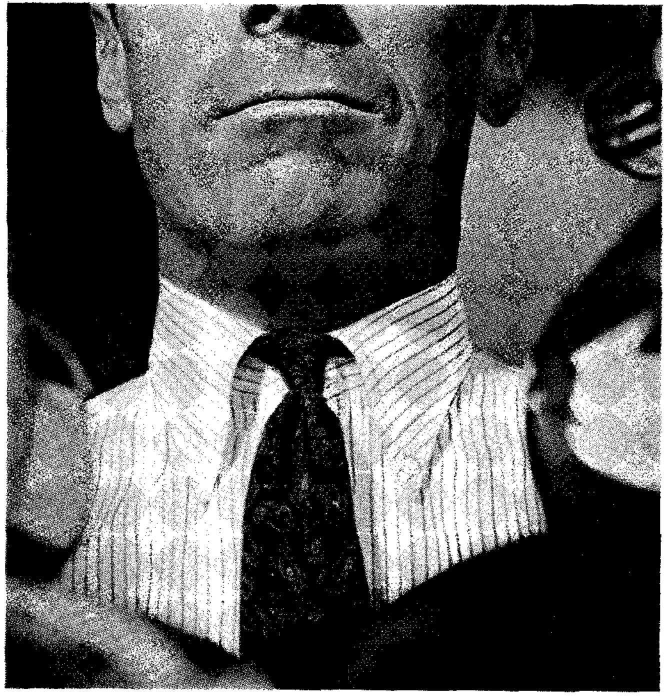

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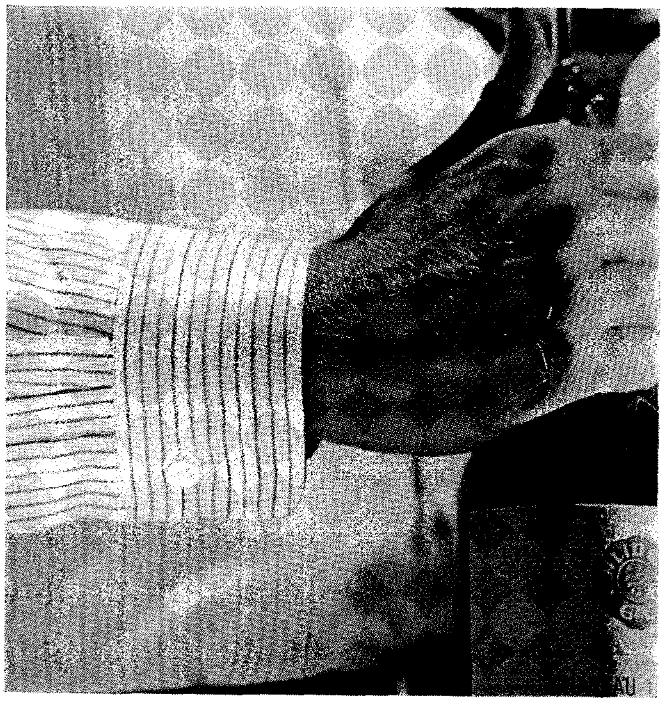

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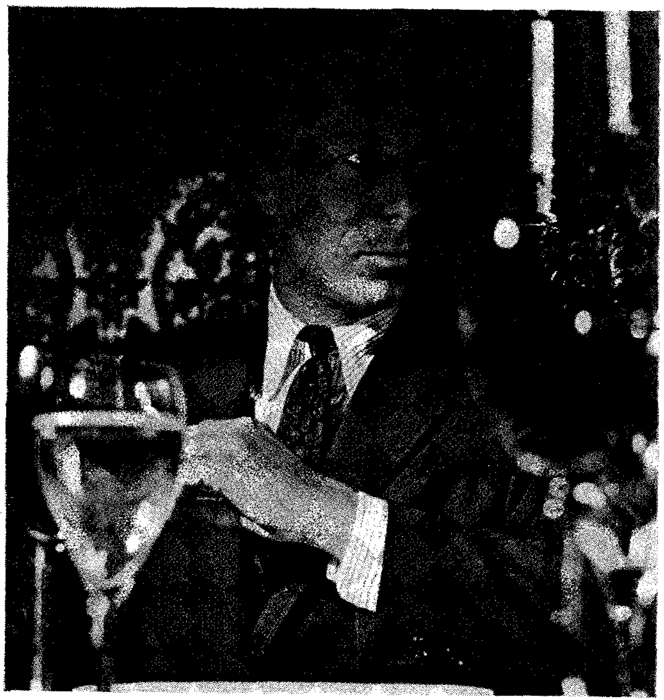

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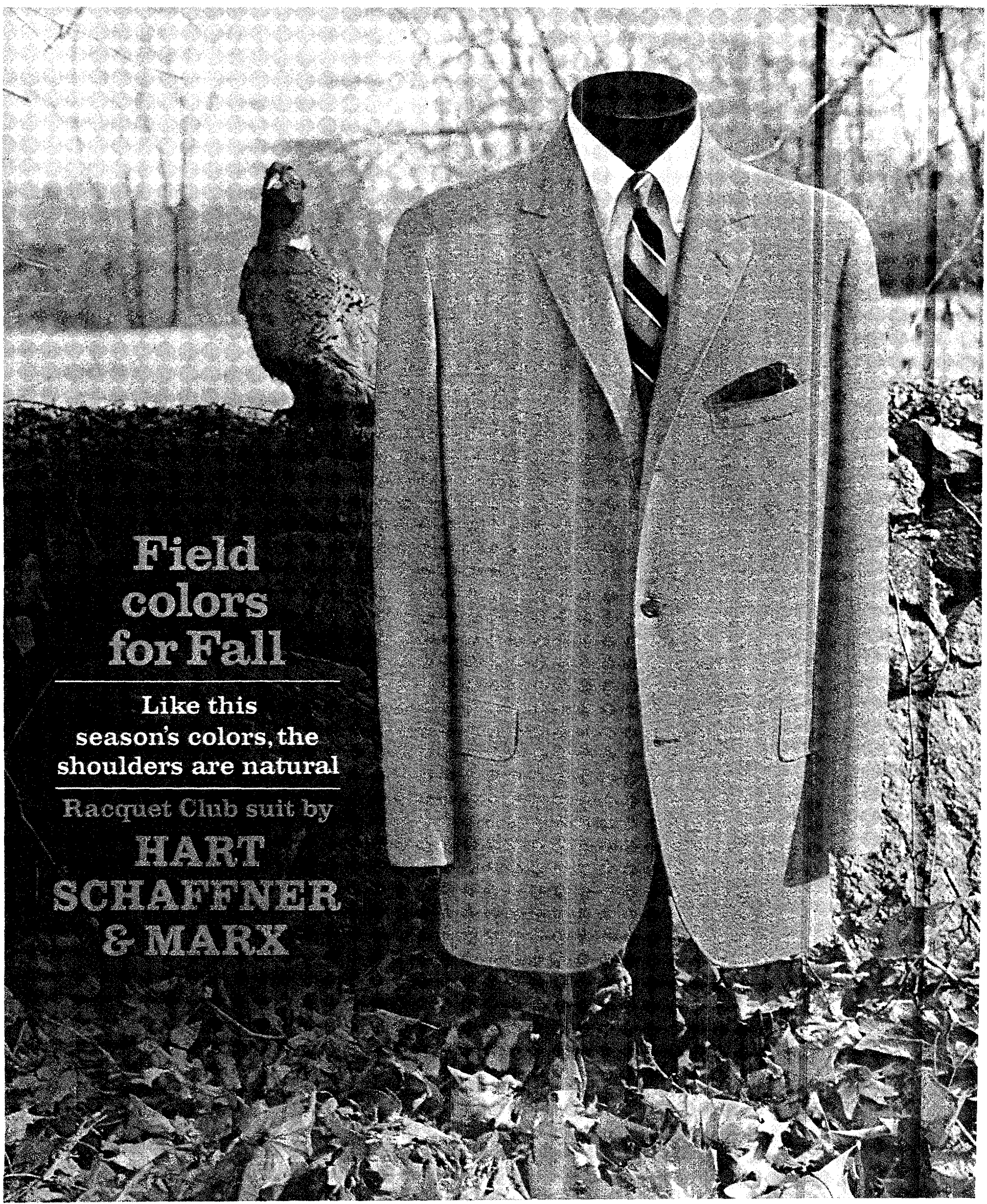
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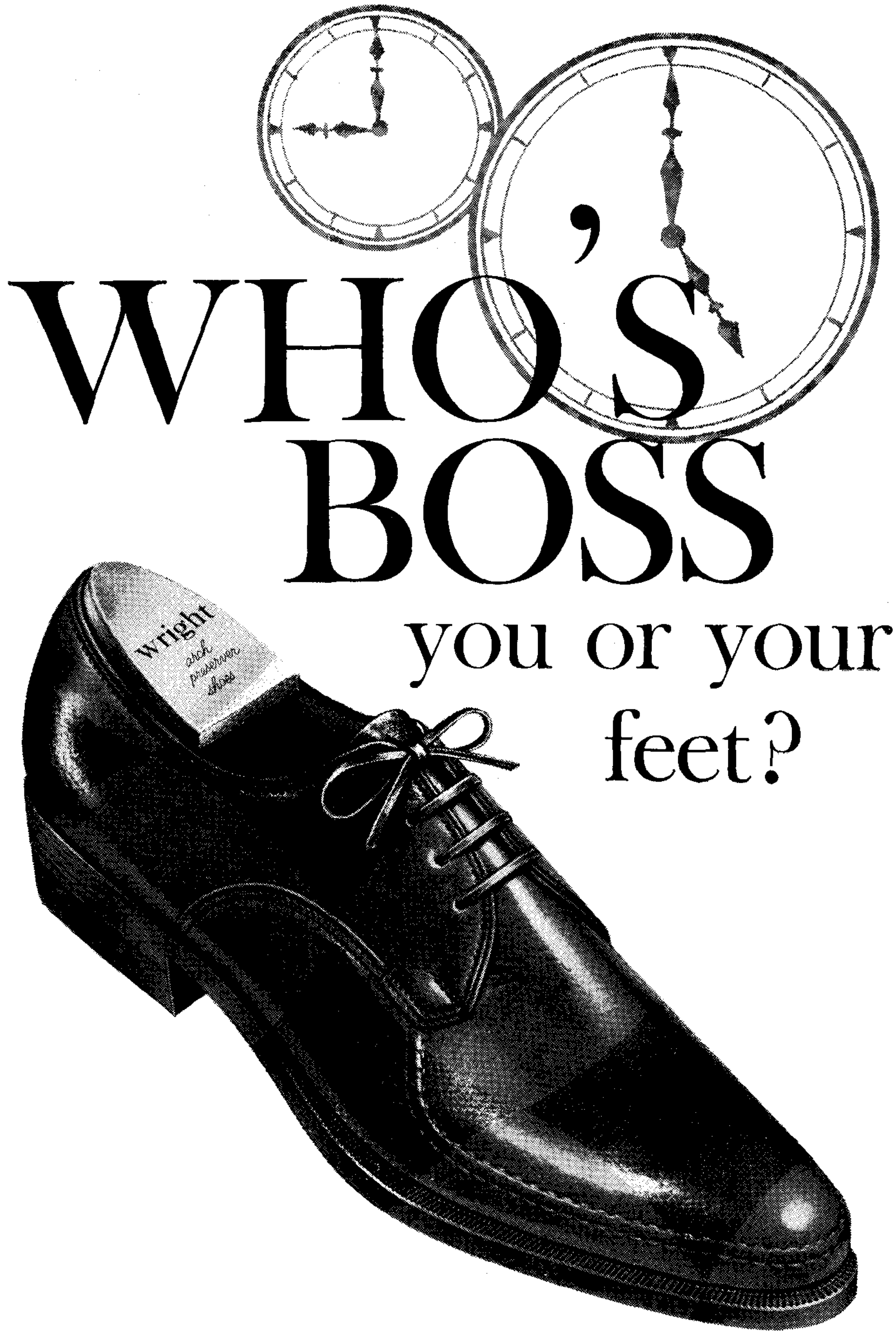
I saw November, though, nothing much had happened as a result of his demonstration, and he was becoming discouraged. Later on, he wrote me, "I found that I was wrong in my initial thinking on how to go about helping people. There is such an emptiness to life for most Filipinos, and their lethargy runs deep. Maybe what makes it hard for us to teach them is the fact that their way of life is so different from ours, which is so active."

Bloom, after his rice-growing experiment, kept plugging away on community projects, with varying success. In the nearby coastal barrio of Diclum, he put in a duck pond and began, with a flock of fourteen ducks, to produce balut, which are duck eggs in an advanced embryonic stage—a robust Filipino delicacy—but the pond dried up and the ducks were eventually given to a local farmer. In the hillside barrio of Camansi, he put in some inspirational rows of corn and tomatoes and managed to get the local peasants to keep them going for a while. He tried another agricultural experiment at Dao, planting mushroom spores six layers deep in hollow rice stalks; though a typhoon forced him to replant, the ultimate yield was so high that he expected the local farmers to try the same thing—especially since mushrooms were selling for twenty-six pesos a dry kilo in Iloilo, not far away—but nobody seemed to catch on to the possibilities.

The most ambitious project that Bloom and November undertook—and the one they considered their greatest success—was a community fair on the theme "Let's Understand Through Science." It was presented last fall as part of the fiesta that Dao, like every other Filipino community, holds once a year in honor of its patron saint—a type of celebration that has been criticized not only by Americans but by thoughtful Filipinos as a useless, spendthrift blowout. The idea for the science display grew out of a weekly workshop that the two had established, at which they carried out simple experiments demonstrating the nature of the atmosphere and of weather, the varieties of plants and how they breathe and feed and grow, the workings of electricity, and other elementary scientific phenomena, all based on suggestions in the UNESCO books they had brought with them. The Dao town council went along with the notion of extending the workshop principle to the fiesta and having a series of booths set up, at which teachers and schoolchildren from each of the twenty-four barrio schools would be responsible



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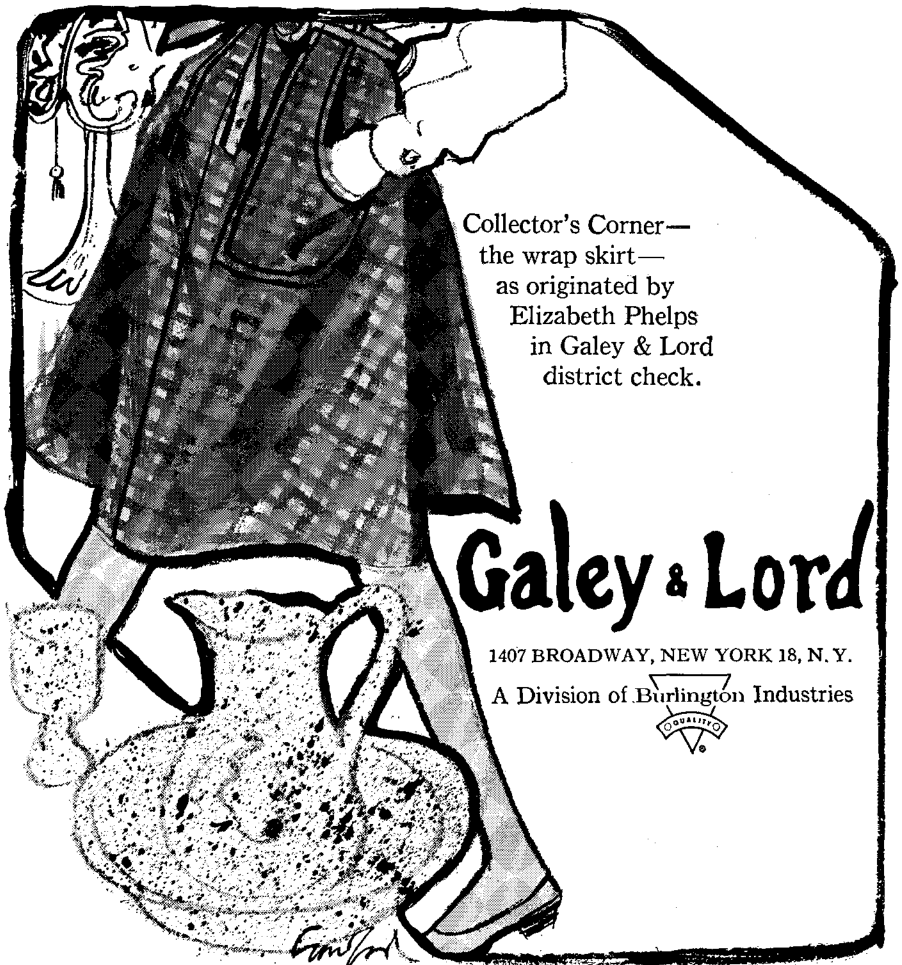
for conducting one simple experiment. Bloom and November divided up the barrios, and over a period of several weeks preceding the fair they visited each one, first obtaining the approval of the barrio lieutenant and then approaching the school officials to discuss participation in the fair. The emphasis was on keeping the demonstrations as simple and utilitarian as possible and on getting the local teachers and schoolchildren to prepare and conduct them, in keeping with the self-help concept. One community learned how to construct a compost pit, for instance, and another how to plant seeds for the best yield; still others learned how to build a bamboo pump for a small-scale irrigation project employing local wells, or how to rig up a question-and-answer game board that worked on flashlight batteries. In each case, Bloom and November insisted that the people do the work themselves. When the big fair took place, the exhibits were the high spot of the day, and the townsfolk said they would include similar educational projects at all future Dao fiestas. And perhaps they will.

THE science fair, and projects like it elsewhere in the Philippines, did a great deal to build up good will for the Peace Corps among the Filipinos—most of whom thought that good will was the main goal of the Volunteers anyway—but back in Manila, the American administrators of the program were still trying to determine precisely what the role of the Volunteers, as teachers, was to be. As Dr. Fuchs explained to me, under the formal agreements the Peace Corps signs with every country it works in, the host country is supposed to assign specific tasks for the Volunteers, but in the Philippines, since no clear directives were given, the Volunteers were obliged to operate more or less in the dark. Furthermore, as Dr. Fuchs emphasized in a recent appraisal of the Peace Corps's work in the Philippines, the Volunteers were hampered by "the fundamental indifference which had been a part of Malayan culture for centuries," and by "a remarkably deep resistance of rural Filipinos to certain fundamental qualities of American life: belief in progress; confidence in science; individualism; and faith in education." Lately, the Philippine Bureau of Public Schools has drawn up a new plan for the Corps, under which the Volunteers will become "co-teachers" instead of "teachers' aides," and will take a much more active role in education. While community activities,



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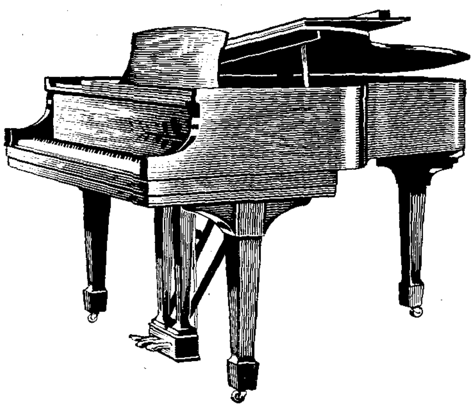

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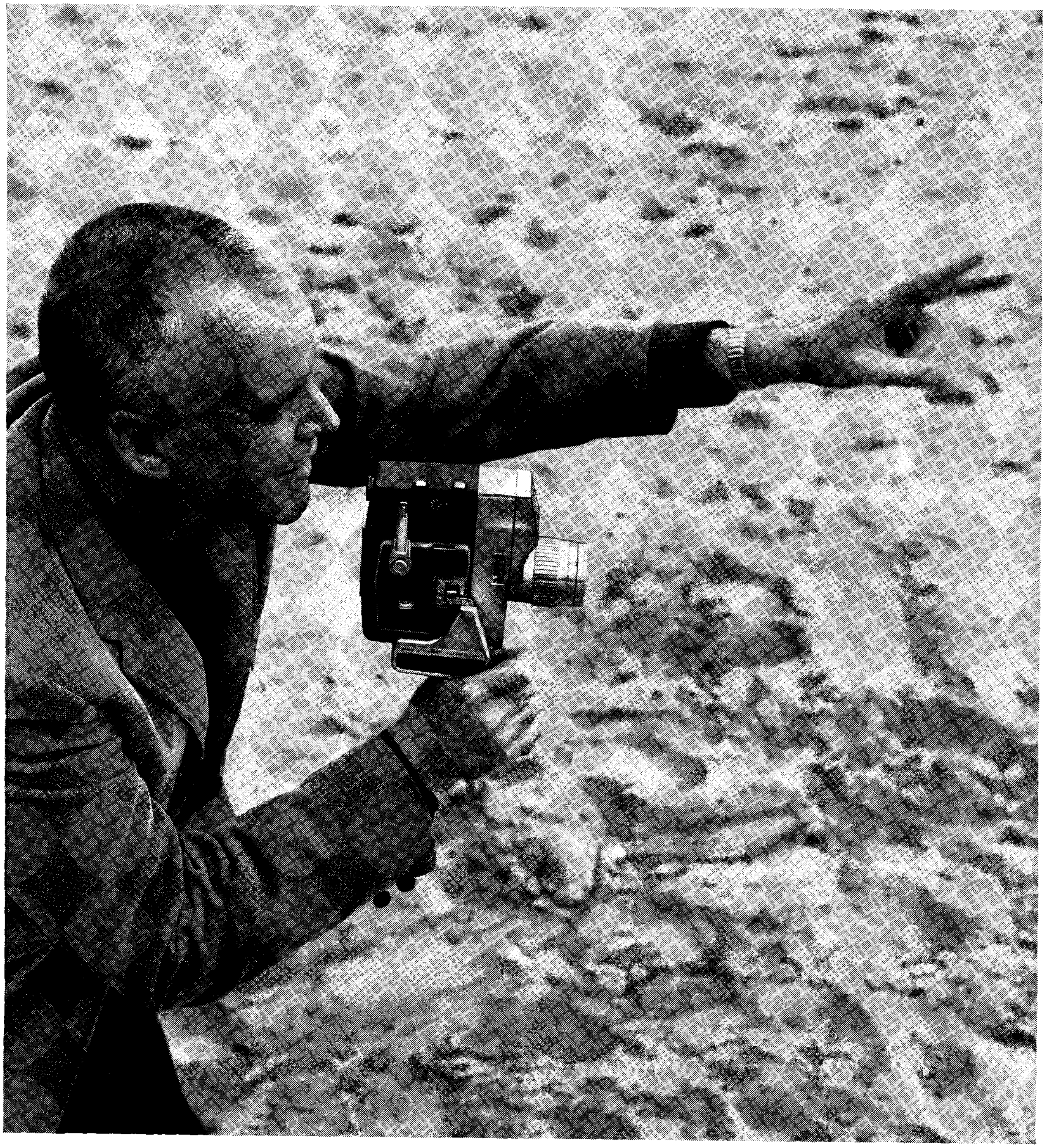
such as those instituted by Bloom and November, are still encouraged, the emphasis is now on work in the schools, and the Volunteers will be spending at least twenty hours a week in the classrooms, with a more clear-cut program to guide them.

Of course, the early confusion about what the Corps should do in the Philippines was not entirely the fault of the Filipinos. A certain amount of eager-beaverism seems to have infected the Volunteers. As one anonymous official told me, "We Americans have a great capacity for jumping into situations with lots of zeal and idealism, and we enjoy sticking our necks out, but sometimes, I think, we overdo the learning-by-doing principle. We still have a lot to learn about our jobs, and, for that matter, a lot to learn about ourselves." The same thought was expressed to me by Nicholas Royal, a twenty-four-year-old Volunteer from Baltimore, who was stationed in the small town of Belison, about twenty miles north of Dao. Royal, who was perhaps the hardest working of the Volunteers I met in the Philippines, said, "When the Corps was born, there was so much Gung Ho about reforming the world that a lot of us ended up here without enough feeling of specific purpose. To tell us we were here as friends, that just by living in a community we could change it, wasn't enough. I was supposed to be involved in the process of making education more meaningful in the schools, of giving the Filipinos things they need if they're to get ahead as a nation, but at the beginning no one made us feel that what we were doing had any real relevance. We were left floating."

By the time I saw him, Royal, a graduate of Oberlin College who had worked in Venezuela on a Y.M.C.A. project for fifteen months and served six months in the Army before joining the Peace Corps, was doing anything but floating. A serious and energetic young man, he was putting in an average of twenty-five hours a week teaching English and science in the Belison elementary school, and doing all sorts of extra work in the community as well. While I was there, he and the Volunteer he was living with, David Christenson, of Oshkosh, Wisconsin, a graduate of the University of Wisconsin, were running a two-day art workshop for a dozen Volunteers from other Panay communities and some of the Filipino teachers they worked with. The workshop was an outgrowth of an experiment that the two young men and Marianne Gould, a Volunteer stationed on Luzon, had



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conducted during the previous summer-vacation period, and its purpose was to acquaint the Filipino teachers with some fresh art techniques, using local clay, water colors and finger paints made from local dyes, brushes made of bamboo strips, and homemade papier-mâché, crayons, and charcoal. The first morning, Miss Gould, who had returned to Belison specially for the occasion, and one of the local art teachers showed the others how to prepare these materials and what to do with them. In the afternoon, they would all work with classes of Belison children, employing their newly acquired techniques. As I watched the morning session, I was struck by the fact that the Filipino teachers drew and painted only representational pictures—houses, landscapes, churches, and so on—while the Americans tended toward the abstract. Each group regarded the other's work rather skeptically and had little to say about it, though occasionally one of the Filipinos, looking puzzled, would ask one of the Americans what he was trying to depict. "Are those sticks?" I overheard a local teacher ask a Volunteer. "No, nerve ends," the Volunteer replied.

At noon, Royal and Christenson, who share a wood-and-nipa hut, gave an impromptu luncheon party there, in the course of which Miss Gould and Royal tried to persuade some of the Filipino teachers to help the pupils use their imagination more. The Filipinos, however, were shy about even discussing the meaning and purpose of art, and I noticed that during the afternoon classes their youngsters were concentrating on the same old landscapes. The Americans weren't having much more success in getting their pupils to project themselves, but some of the children did make an effort; one ten-year-old boy, trying to draw a city scene, asked a Volunteer, 'Serr, what is the color of poverty?" It wasn't easy to assess the value of the workshop, but I had the feeling that the Filipino teachers who attended not only learned how to make and use the paints and brushes but caught a sort of enthusiasm for the whole idea, some of which might be carried back to their barrios. The schoolchildren, I thought, had had fun—especially with the finger paints, which they were using for the first time—and had also learned something. What seemed to me most important, though, was the essential grass-roots quality of the occasion—its informality and the effort to reach some sort of common ground of endeavor and understanding. Simply by mixing paints and dabbling, and creating a festive

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mood, the Volunteers had succeeded in establishing a rapport with the teachers and students of Belison, and with a handful of visiting Filipinos, that few Americans, with the possible exception of some wartime G.I.s caught up in the euphoria of liberation, had achieved before.

THIS ability to break down barriers, which a good many of the Volunteers possess, has had a dual effect; it has caused a gradual change in themselves as well as in the Filipinos. At first, the presence of an American in a classroom seemed to excite the pupils, almost as the presence of a clown might excite them, but this response was often followed by a feeling of embarrassment, particularly among the younger children, who displayed what the Filipinos describe (depending on the local dialect) as *uwao* or *hiya,* a word that means "shame." If a pupil was unable to provide an answer to one of his teacher's questions, he tended to slump in his seat with his head down and become, in effect, an academic noncombatant, and too often the teacher, in order to avoid sharing this sense of shame, let the pupil alone, so that he simply sat there in a vacuum. Once the novelty of a Volunteer's presence had worn off and he had begun teaching every day, the regular teacher, hoping to create a good impression of the class on the American visitor, would sometimes whisper answers to the boys and girls. An alert Volunteer would learn to guard against this and at the same time would try to rid the students of their *uwao* by encouraging them to respond, even though their answers might sometimes be wrong. Most Filipinos are extremely shy, and as the Volunteers became more aware of this shyness they became less conscious of what they had previously regarded as their own shortcomings, and their increased self-confidence led to increased self-analysis.

Christenson, for example, who came from a rural background himself, and who, like so many other early Volunteers, felt "adrift" when he arrived, told me about his growing sense of fulfillment the night the art workshop was concluded. We were sitting on the beach at a gala pig roast celebrating the occasion, and watching the darkening sun sink into the Sulu Sea. "I've always wanted to relate to kids but never thought I could," he said. "Out here, I've learned how, just because our role was so unclear and we had to find things out for ourselves. It simply became important to me to get a response. Maybe

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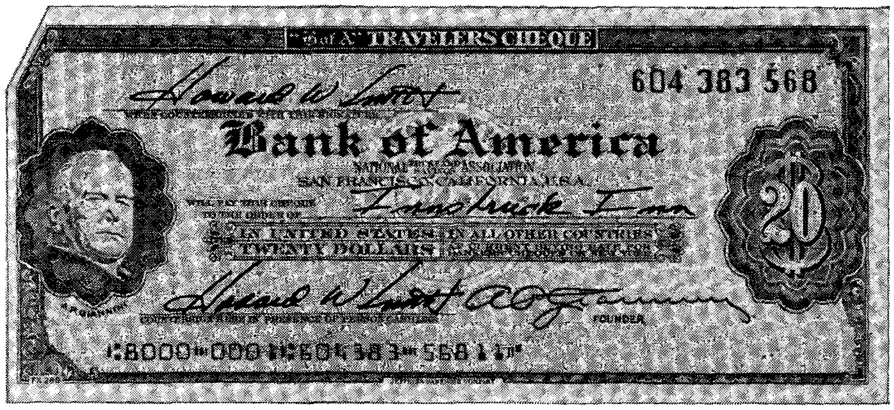

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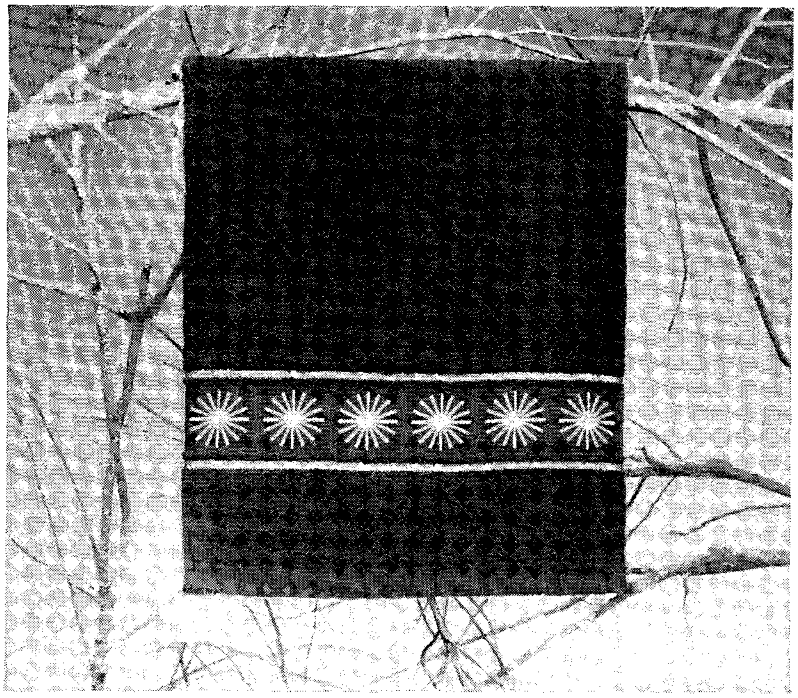

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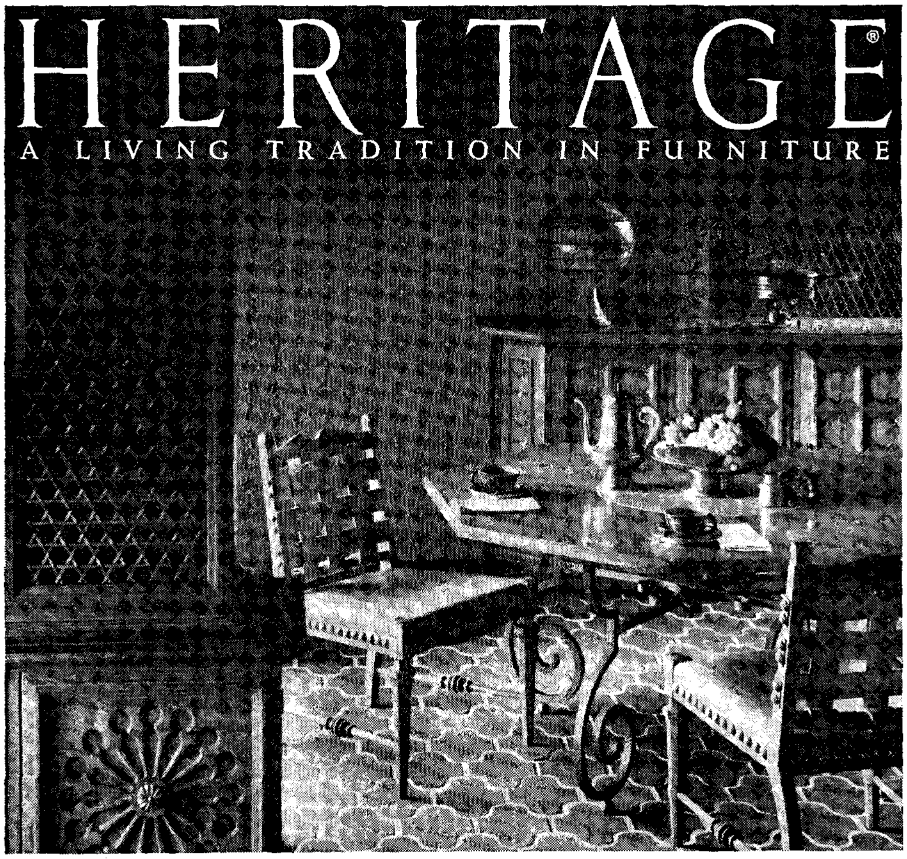

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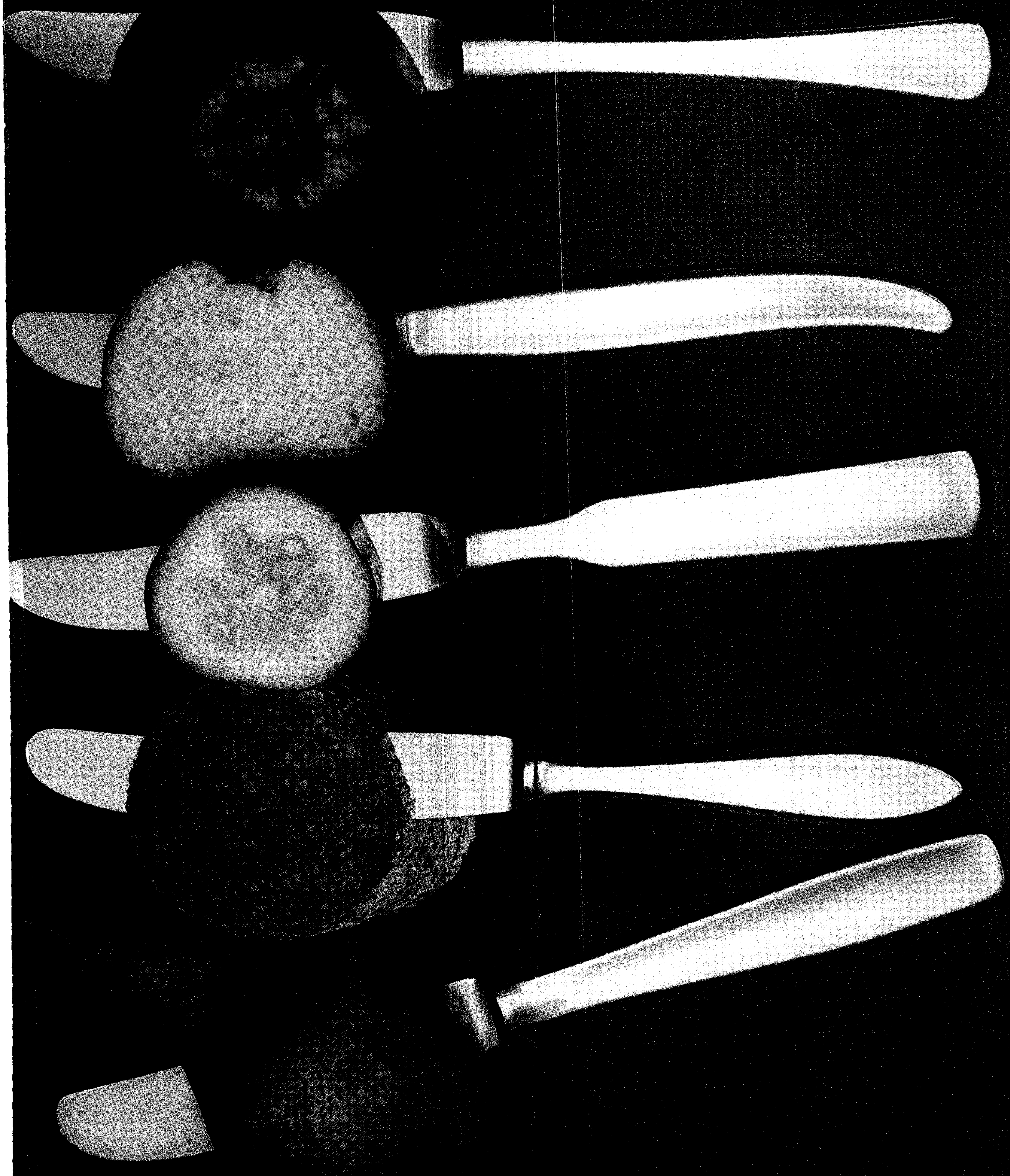
it was a feeling of job obligation, or maybe just the fact that I was in a new environment, but I forced myself to do things that I ducked at home. I've come to understand my own defense mechanisms and cope with them, and, above all, I've learned how not to use them against the kids. A kid is pretty defenseless already, so why compete with him? At home, I did some work with the Boy Scouts, and I was always looking out for my own dignity—maybe because I wasn't much older than some of the kids in my troop. That meant that I built up my own defenses, and it was only here, when I literally made myself go into the schools and teach, that I became aware of how much I had been missing. I think the fact that the Filipinos really wanted our help in education has had a lot to do with it. We may still be symbols of a sort in the Philippines, but we're certainly not social ornaments. When they see me riding my bike ten kilometres a day back and forth to the barrio where I teach, I become as much a part of the daily scene as a carabao."

Both Royal and Christenson, and almost all the other Volunteers I talked with, spoke of having acquired a number of Filipino mannerisms. For example, they had learned within a few months how to talk with the eyes and eyebrows, which is something every Filipino does. A casting upward of the eyes and a raising of the eyebrows means "Yes," and is also a form of recognition and greeting. "If you offer a Filipino visitor to your house some coffee or a Coke, you serve him if he gives you the eyebrow lift," Royal told me. "On the other hand, 'Thank you' usually means 'No, thanks.' It's confusing at first, but after a while you get used to doing things the way they do. I keep wondering what it's going to be like to get unused to them when I go home." Such superficial adjustments are easy to make, but there are more serious difficulties, giving rise to what social psychologists call "culture shock." Nearly all the Volunteers in the Philippines have experienced this to some extent. In most cases, it develops during the first year, when the emotional pressures of adapting oneself to a new cultural environment are greatest and when the average Volunteer is most strongly gripped by a natural fear or anxiety about doing his job well and a sense of guilt at the thought that he may be failing. Even if the fault is not his, or is only partly his, a sense of failure brings on a feeling of despair, or even fright. A Volunteer's personal



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problems are a factor in the culture shock, of course; he may be away from home for the first time, or may have joined the Corps because of an unhappy love affair, or may simply be lonely and hungry for companionship in his obscure barrio. Also, it is during the early months that outsiders are most subject to minor ailments—notably dysentery—and physical debilitation increases the moodiness.

Most of the Volunteers I met—and especially the girls—admitted that they had come to the Philippines with a naïvely romantic view of what life there was going to be like. They fully expected to be fond of all Filipinos and to find all Filipinos fond of them, and when they discovered that, like any other people, Filipinos have their idiosyncrasies and foibles and their own ideas about how they should conduct themselves, stemming from their particular cultural and historical background, the Volunteers were beset by reactions of impatience and annoyance. The Filipinos are extremely curious, for instance, and can pass a good deal of time just staring at an American—an American girl, especially. They are quite vocal about their curiosity, and ask questions almost as repetitively as children. They have an inordinate interest in rock 'n' roll, Hollywood movie stars, and sports—a natural consequence of the emphasis on such things in the magazines and books and radio programs that America sends to the Philippines. To the Volunteer, however, who has usually rejected such aspects of American culture, having them constantly brought up is not only tiresome but, in some cases, insulting. What man would care to be asked over and over what he thinks of Elvis Presley? The fact that Filipinos tend to be highly deferential, sometimes to the point of obsequiousness, makes things worse, for it places the Volunteer in the position of being a sort of oracle, which is just what he doesn't want to be and mustn't be if he is ever to help the Filipinos help themselves and overcome their traditional reliance on authority. Since the Volunteers, as Americans, represent an individualistic and libertarian culture, they have trouble adjusting in other respects, too, to the traditional Filipino social outlook, which is strongly based on the family and on *compadre* systems. In these, the role of protector and benefactor is a vital one, and the degree of importance of the people one knows determines all one's personal relationships. Owing to this protective system, Filipinos are so anxious to avoid disagreement on any potentially

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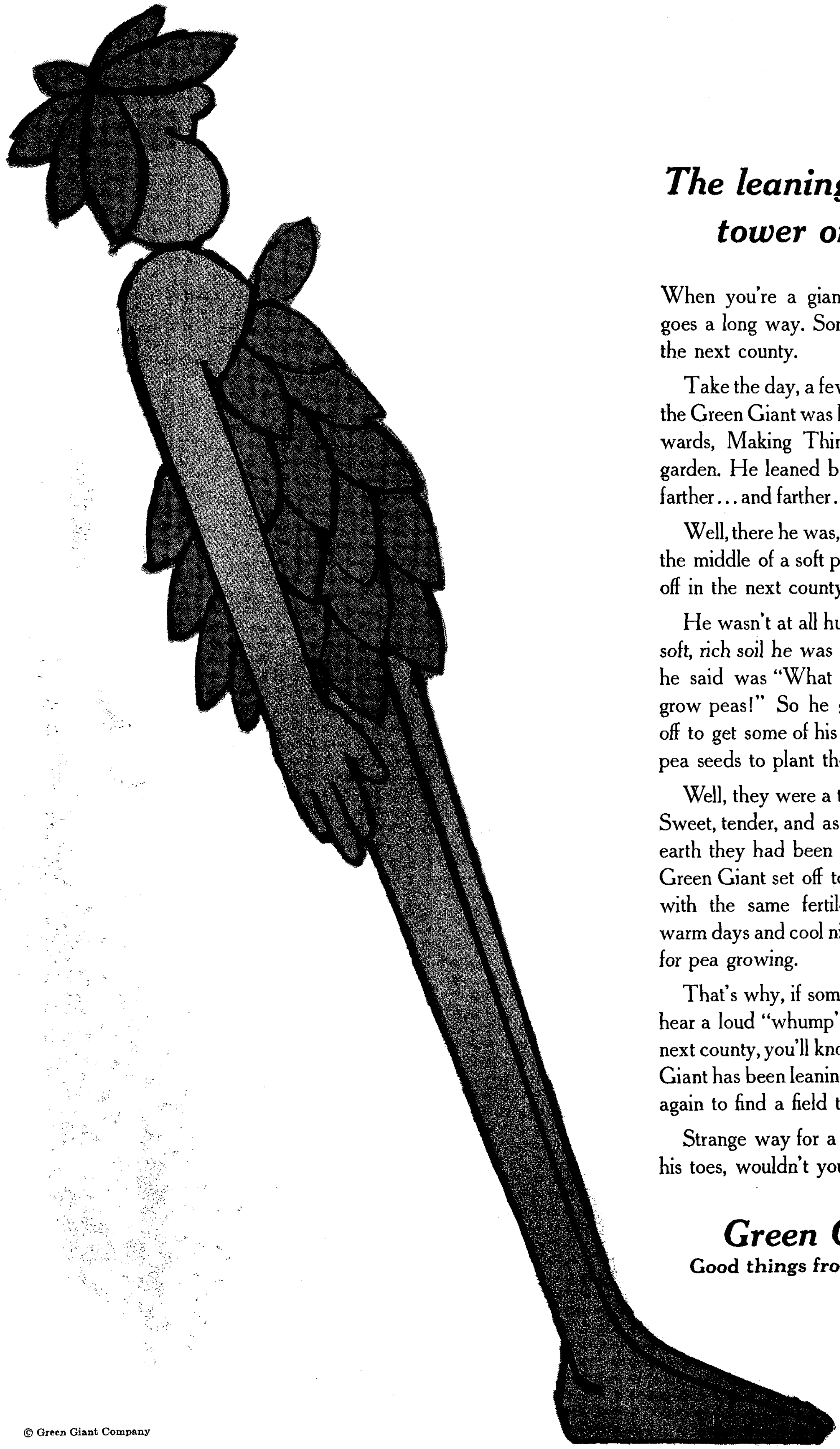

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1 clove garlic, finely chopped
2 tablespoons butter or margarine, melted
One 12-oz. can Niblets Brand Golden Whole Kernel Corn, drained
¼ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon oregano
Dash pepper
Grated Parmesan cheese
Parsley flakes

Sauté garlic in melted butter or margarine until lightly browned. Stir in corn, salt, oregano and pepper. Cook over low heat several minutes or until heated through, stirring frequently. Sprinkle with cheese and parsley flakes. Yield: *3 to 4 servings.*

Peas Chop Chop

¼ cup finely chopped celery
One 5-oz. can water chestnuts, drained and diced
One 2½-oz. jar sliced mushrooms, drained
3 tablespoons butter or margarine, melted
One 17-oz. can Green Giant Brand Sweet Peas, drained
1 tablespoon soy sauce
1 tablespoon chopped chives

Sauté celery, water chestnuts and mushrooms in melted butter or margarine 3 to 4 minutes. Add peas and remaining ingredients; heat thoroughly. Yield: *4 to 6 servings.*

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Good things from the garden

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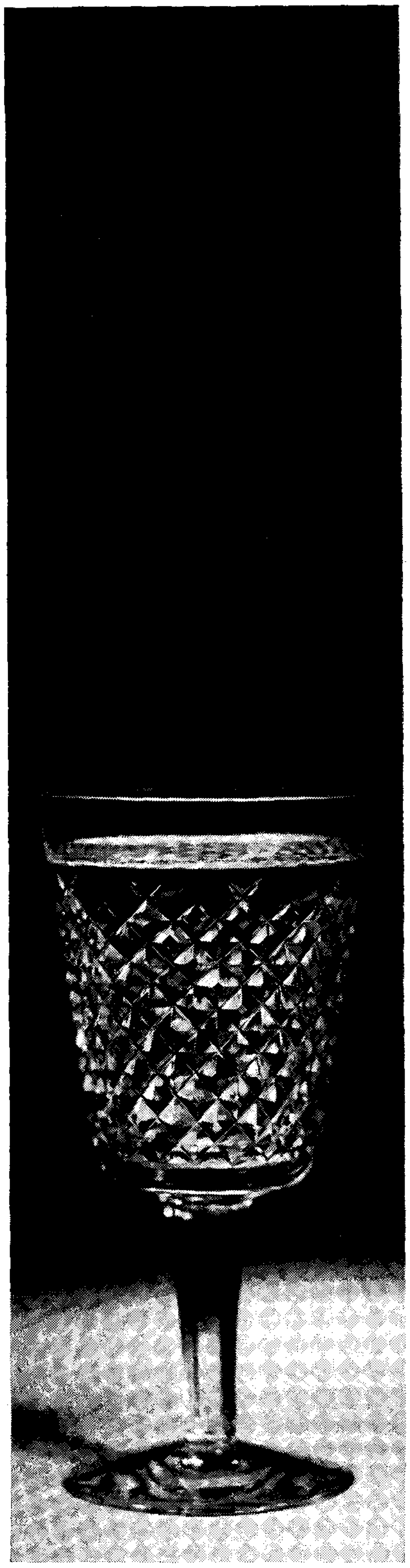
upsetting issue that they won't even discuss it. The frequent inefficiency, lethargy, and unpunctuality of the Filipinos are other traits that dismay the average Volunteer, who is accustomed to thinking and acting quickly. Finally, the impact of rural poverty is likely to depress the Volunteer and make him wonder what good his tiny contribution, even if he does succeed in making it, can really do.

Culture shock is more pronounced among the girl Volunteers than among the men, because the girls are usually more isolated. The Filipinos believe firmly in the double standard and at the same time tend to regard American girls—thanks to too many bad American films—as dazzling creatures of easy virtue. Although the annoyances suffered by the girls are mostly verbal, there have been several cases of actual molestation; in any event, the girls generally stay at home after dusk and don't roam about unprotected, and this reduces their opportunities of mingling with Filipino families. In the inland town of Alimodian, in the hills of south central Panay, where I went by plane and by car after I left Belison, I found three girls living in the best house in the community—a rambling two-story wooden structure that not only had bars on the windows but was fenced in by barbed wire. The bars were there when the girls moved in, but the barbed wire was strung up after they told the mayor that they were being stared at every evening by passersby and loiterers. "It's disconcerting, to say the least," Joyce Edwards, a tall, twenty-three-year-old brunette from Oakland, California, and a graduate of the University of California at Berkeley, told me. "No one likes to be ogled—it makes you feel as if you were in a zoo. I'm sure they love having us here—the mere fact of our presence is what seems to give them most pleasure—but it would be easier for us if they took us in stride a bit more. It's true that, except for a young American girl married to a Filipino doctor in town, we're the only Americans who have ever lived in Alimodian, and I guess their curiosity is mixed with a kind of pride, but they care less about what we do than about what we are. We have *guapa*—'beautiful skin'—they tell us, and nothing would please them more than for us to stay in the Philippines and get married and improve the race. We try to assure them that their race and their skin are as good as ours and don't need improving, but they keep saying, 'Just supposing you met a Filipino boy and fell in love, just supposing . . .' "

Despite their inability to get to know



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as many Filipinos as Bloom and November have got to know in Dao, Miss Edwards and her Volunteer companions—Linda Egan, of Northboro, Massachusetts, who is a graduate of Duke University, and Susan Thompson, of Moorhead, Minnesota, a graduate of St. Olaf College in her home state—were maintaining busy teaching schedules in Alimodian and in nearby barrio schools. Miss Thompson, who is twenty-three, was about to be promoted to the rank of a Volunteer leader, which meant that, instead of teaching, she would devote her time to travelling around from one Volunteer household to another on Panay and seeing to it that supply needs and other requirements were being met and that in general the Volunteers were getting along all right. Miss Egan, a trim blonde, also twenty-three, who planned to get married to a young medical student back home as soon as her stint in the Peace Corps was up, had a particularly well-organized schedule; she was teaching English twenty hours a week in the Alimodian elementary school and was also doing some work in science there. Miss Edwards had a similar busy schedule in San Miguel, a barrio about six miles away, to which she commuted by truck. The Filipinos fit out trucks of all kinds and vintages with wooden seats and use them as buses, and the Volunteers ride in them, in accordance with their instructions to live in Filipino style. All three girls declared that their extracurricular community work in Alimodian had been hampered by their inability to speak the Visayan dialect, and they blamed poor Peace Corps training for that. Recently, recognizing this difficulty, the Corps headquarters in Manila had suggested that all Volunteers try to take lessons locally and learn as much as they could in the time remaining, but the girls in Alimodian, like most of the Volunteers in the early Philippines groups, hadn't got very far. About the only regular contact that the girls had with the Filipino community was made through a weekly class for adults they were conducting, mostly on aspects of American life. "They ask us a lot of questions about family life and about dating, divorce, segregation—anything that comes into their minds, including why we want to go to the moon," Miss Thompson said. "We did try a couple of open houses, too, but hardly anyone came." All in all, though the three girls were managing to keep fairly busy, I had the feeling that, either through their own failure to improvise or because the social climate of the town was not suf-

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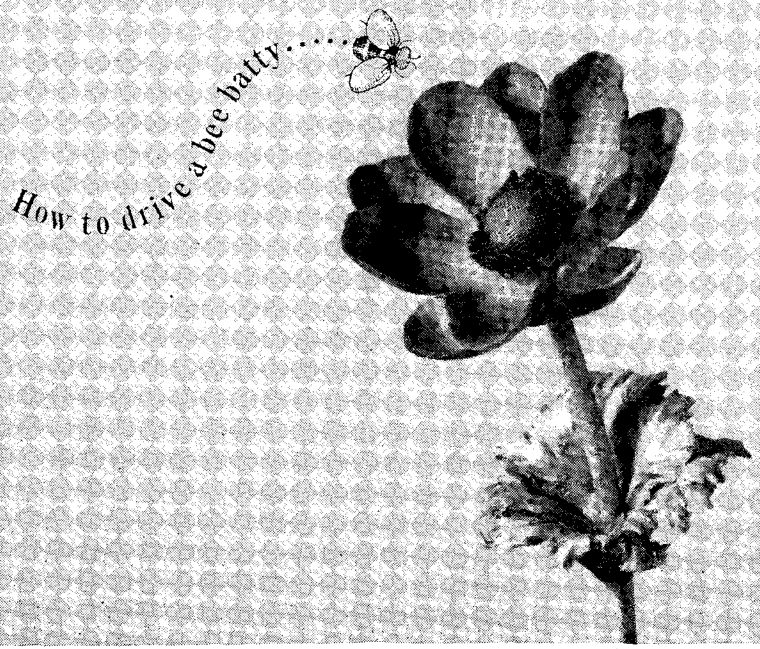

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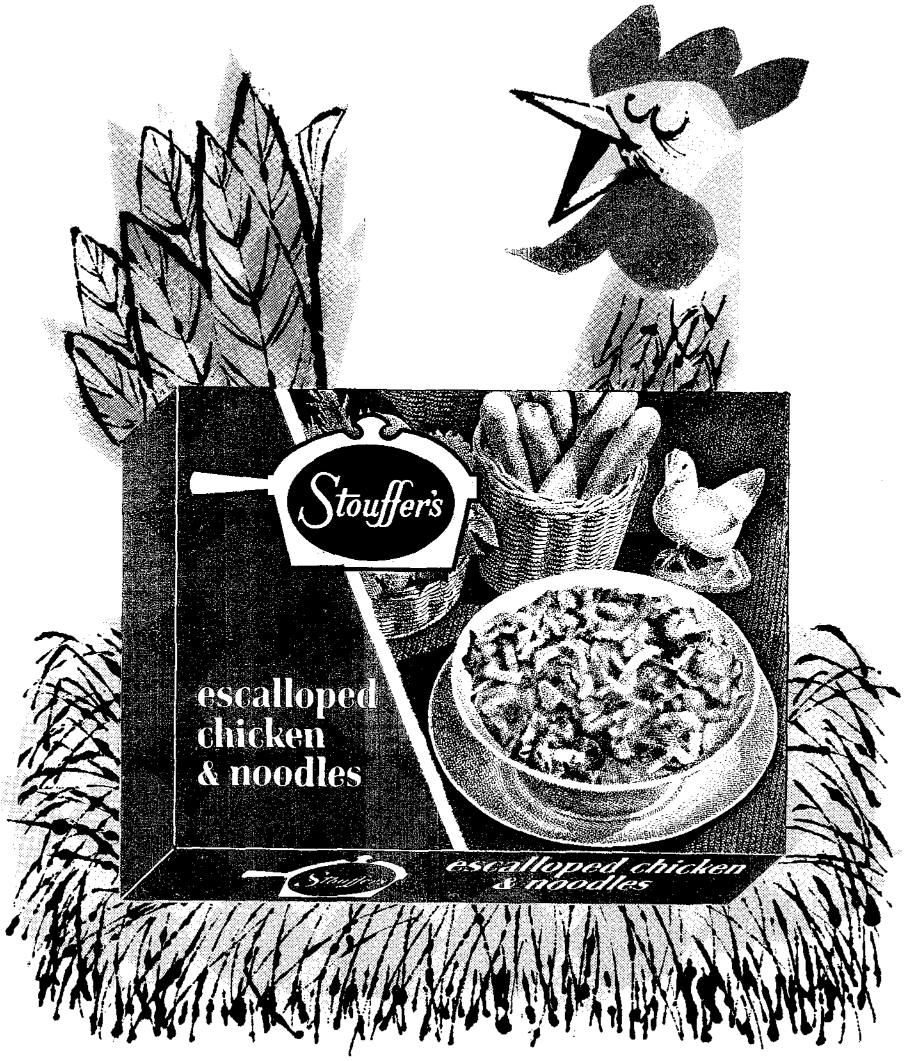
ficiently challenging, they were not making as strong an impression as they had hoped to—that they would leave a pleasant memory behind them but not much more.

Some other members of the Corps believed that the three girls had become too dependent on each other's company, and that this had further reduced a sense of curiosity and adventure already diminished by the bars and barbed wire. The Peace Corps directors in the Philippines had recommended that, in spite of the problems created by isolation, all Volunteers who could arrange to do so should break away from each other and live separately with Filipino families. Another girl I met, who had initially been a fourth member of the Alimodian household—twenty-two-year-old Nancy Dunetz, of 960 East Seventh Street, Brooklyn—had recently moved thirty miles northeast, to the coastal fishing town of Concepción, where she was boarding with a retired high-school teacher and his wife, also a teacher. Miss Dunetz, a lively, intense young woman, told me that it was only after her move to Concepción that she had begun to develop either a feeling of self-reliance or a real sense of accomplishment. "I decided that though it was pleasant and comfortable to live with other Volunteers, my job was to be with Filipinos as much as I could, and not let myself be treated like a guest in the Philippines," she said. "Another Volunteer, Charles Gostlin, lives alone in an island barrio that is part of Concepción, and we get together twice a month, on Saturday, for a three-hour session with Filipino teachers on methods of teaching English and science, but otherwise I scarcely see any other Volunteers. I find that I'm much happier than I was in Alimodian, and that I'm able to do a lot of things I'd never thought I could, because I've forced myself to do them. And, as a result, I think I have a much greater comprehension of what democracy means and a much deeper commitment to it."

When Miss Dunetz decided to live alone, she consulted one of the Panay Volunteer leaders, who suggested that she take a look at Concepción, and gave her the name of the family she eventually chose to live with—Mr. and Mrs. Protacio Depakakibo. In June of last year, Miss Dunetz stayed with the Depakakibos for three days. She decided at once that she liked them and the town, which—including twenty outlying barrios, sixteen of them small offshore islands—has a population of eight thousand, and in July, when the school term opened, she moved there. The Depakakibos have a pleasant two-story house with a galvanized-iron roof, and they immediately made Miss Dunetz feel at home. Also living in the house are two daughters of the Depakakibos and the three small children of one of the daughters, whose husband, a physician for the Bureau of Public Schools, works in Iloilo and commutes on weekends—something that many Filipinos do, seeing their families only two days a week. "I pay fifty pesos a month room and board, which was my suggestion," Miss Dunetz told me. "Mrs. Depakakibo goes out of her way to be nice to me. I eat all that the family does, which includes fish when there's a catch, but she also makes special things for me, like eggs and coffee in the morning. One thing living with a Filipino family does—you're no longer a mystery. The Depakakibos are a very bright family, and we sit around and talk a lot, about everything from how washing machines and dryers work to President Kennedy's Cuban policy. I've become interested in both the Islamic and the Christian religions, and Mr. Depakakibo and I exchange books on religion and politics. I have a busy schedule, teaching English and science in the central school, and also running an art class. I've been concentrating on the aural approach to teaching English, using a textbook by Lado and Fries—they're language experts at the University of Michigan. By listening and repeating, and then having me correct them, the children are beginning to make progress. Filipino kids aren't used to talking to adults, and I try to lead them into conversations and make them more comfortable about expressing themselves in English. The principal has been very encouraging, and I've become friendly with several of the teachers. I've learned a lot of things about the Filipinos that I didn't know before, including the fact that they will ask you for favors only if they like you. Also, I don't believe in just giving them things—the country is too dependent on us already—so while I did send one girl to high school, which costs eighty-five pesos for a year's tuition plus books, I took up a collection in town to raise four hundred pesos for another girl, to have an operation to remove a burn scar. I always seem to have plenty to do, and I love it. I read a lot, but I also walk around a lot—to the beach, where I talk to the fishermen, and to the *sari-sari* stores, to have conversations with the people there. My Visayan is getting better, but I still have my Brooklyn accent. I've become so used to



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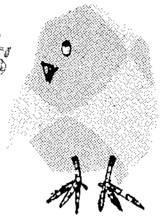

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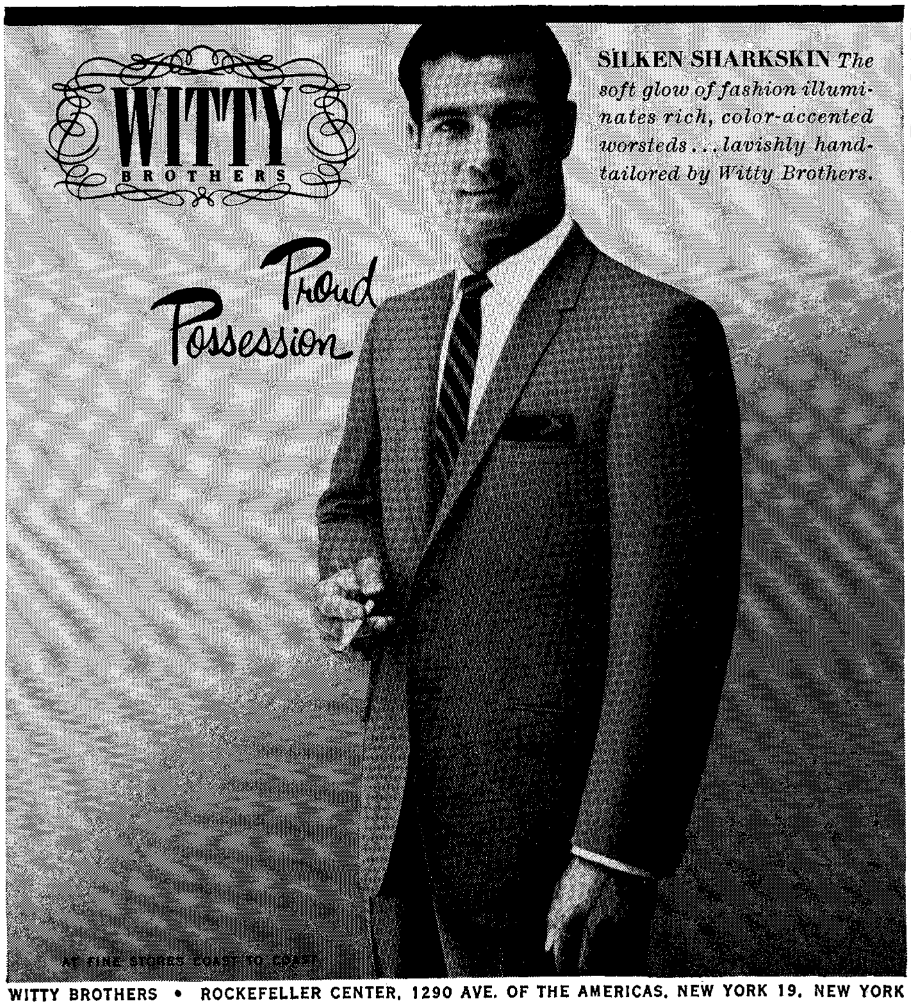
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living in Concepción that I feel awkward when I go up to Manila. My experience here has changed my whole outlook. When I went to college—Syracuse University—I majored in music, because I was afraid of academic courses and graduate work. Now I want to go back and get my Master's in Southeast Asia studies. No matter how little money I'll have, I've learned to be secure."

MY last stop on Panay was at a rather miserable east-coast fishing village called Banate, on the Bay of Banate, where eighty per cent of the employable population was out of work. Two twenty-two-year-old girl Volunteers were living there—Patricia MacDermot, of 1245 Madison Avenue, a comely, self-possessed graduate of Manhattanville College of the Sacred Heart, and Joan Aragone, an attractive brunette from San Francisco, who is a graduate of the College of Notre Dame, in California. Miss MacDermot had come down with a bad case of dysentery in Banate, and she admitted that, between that and her general feeling of shock at the conditions she found in the village—for which she said no one had prepared her—"only my sense of pride made me stay on." She summed up her feelings in an early letter she wrote to her mother: "I simply couldn't understand why men would try to live here, why they didn't move to another part of the world and give up the fight against the sun, disease, the soil, and the jungle. . . . It is very hard to sympathize in actual cold fact with people who live in filth and don't do anything about it. . . . Why don't they try? The first sick child you want to pick up and fix up and love; the tenth you want to run from; the hundredth you wish you were blind and couldn't see. . . . Now I'm trying not to close my eyes to these dreadful things you know you'll never solve, [but] the entirety of the situation gets you down. Sometimes I wonder if I can ever go back and live with comforts, and health, and beauty and cleanliness, unless I forget what it is like in this part of the world. . . . I am sure that I shall never be literally 'carefree' again; it will either be over here with all the attendant discomforts, or over there with the knowledge of life over here always in my mind, or a life of utter shallowness. But I suppose this is what's called 'coming to terms with life,' and it's about time I grew up."

Three mornings a week, Miss MacDermot was teaching English and science in the small barrio of San Salvador,

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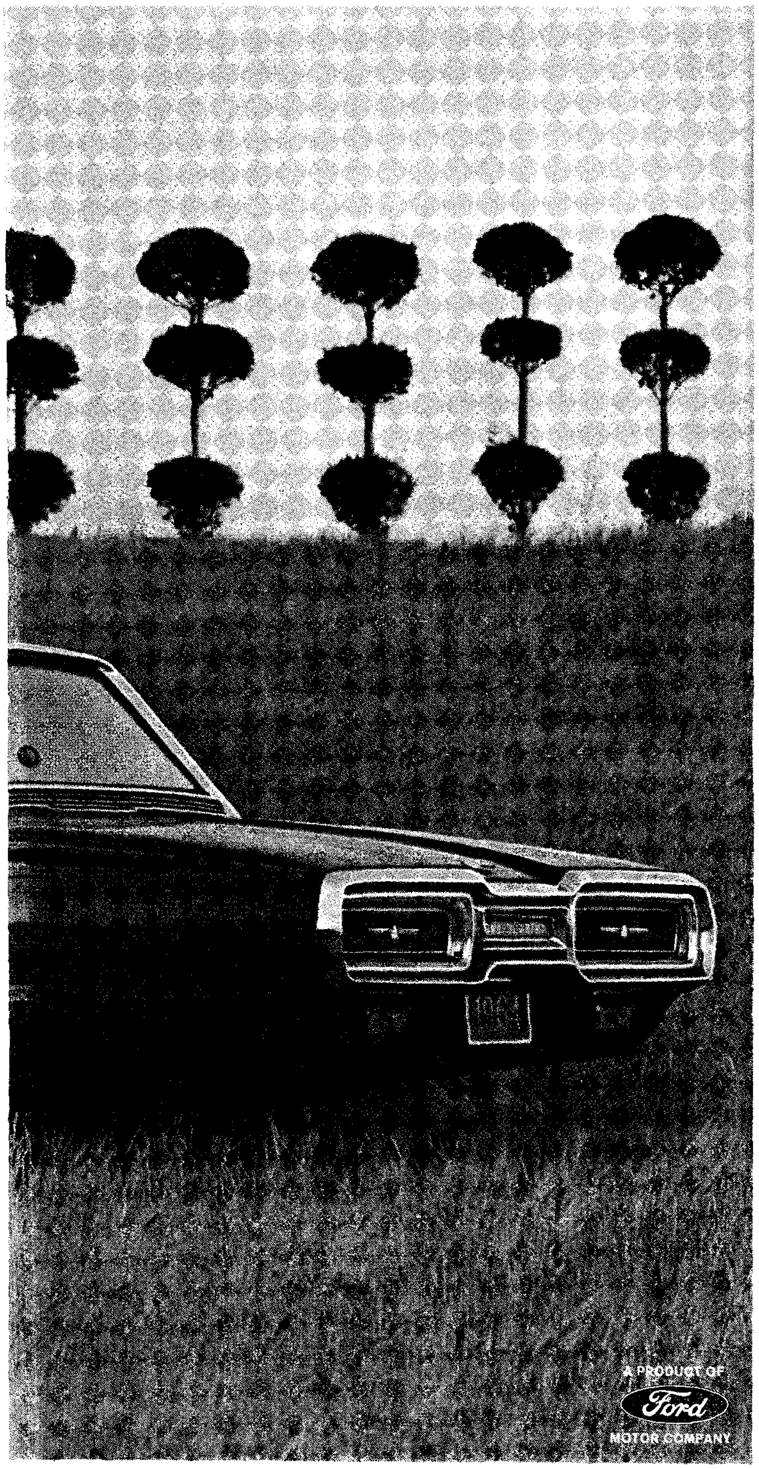
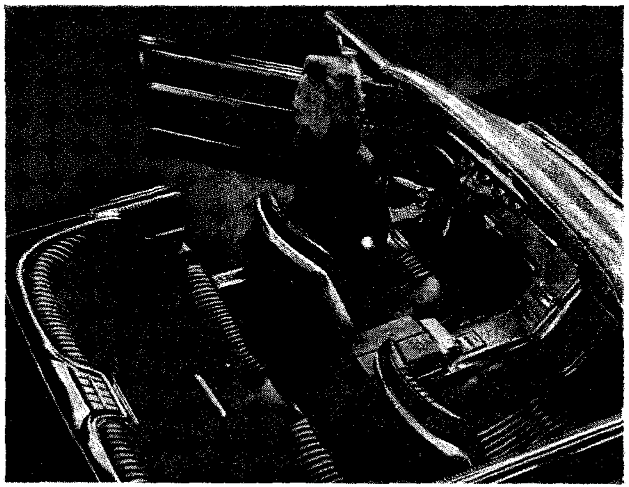
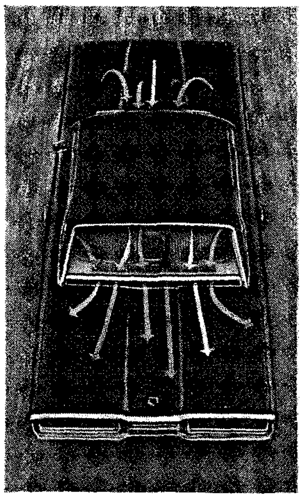
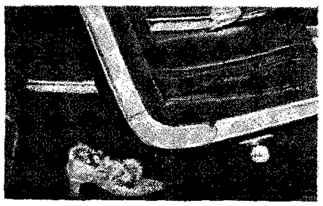
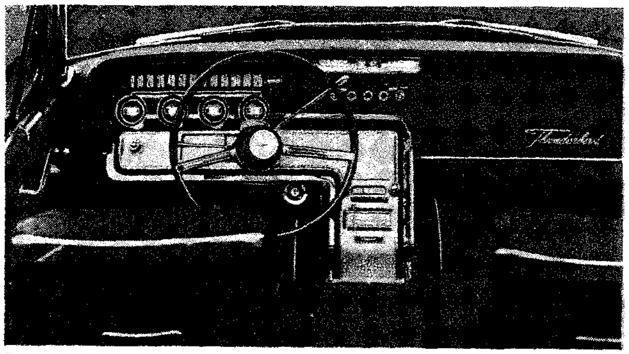



Bird's-eye view of utter luxury for four—the cockpit of the 1964 Thunderbird. (Note the coved rear seats, the shell designed front seats.)


Silent-Flo ventilation system *pulls* air through the car.

Optional reclining seat makes long trips more restful.


Ultramodern seat design gives more rear footroom.



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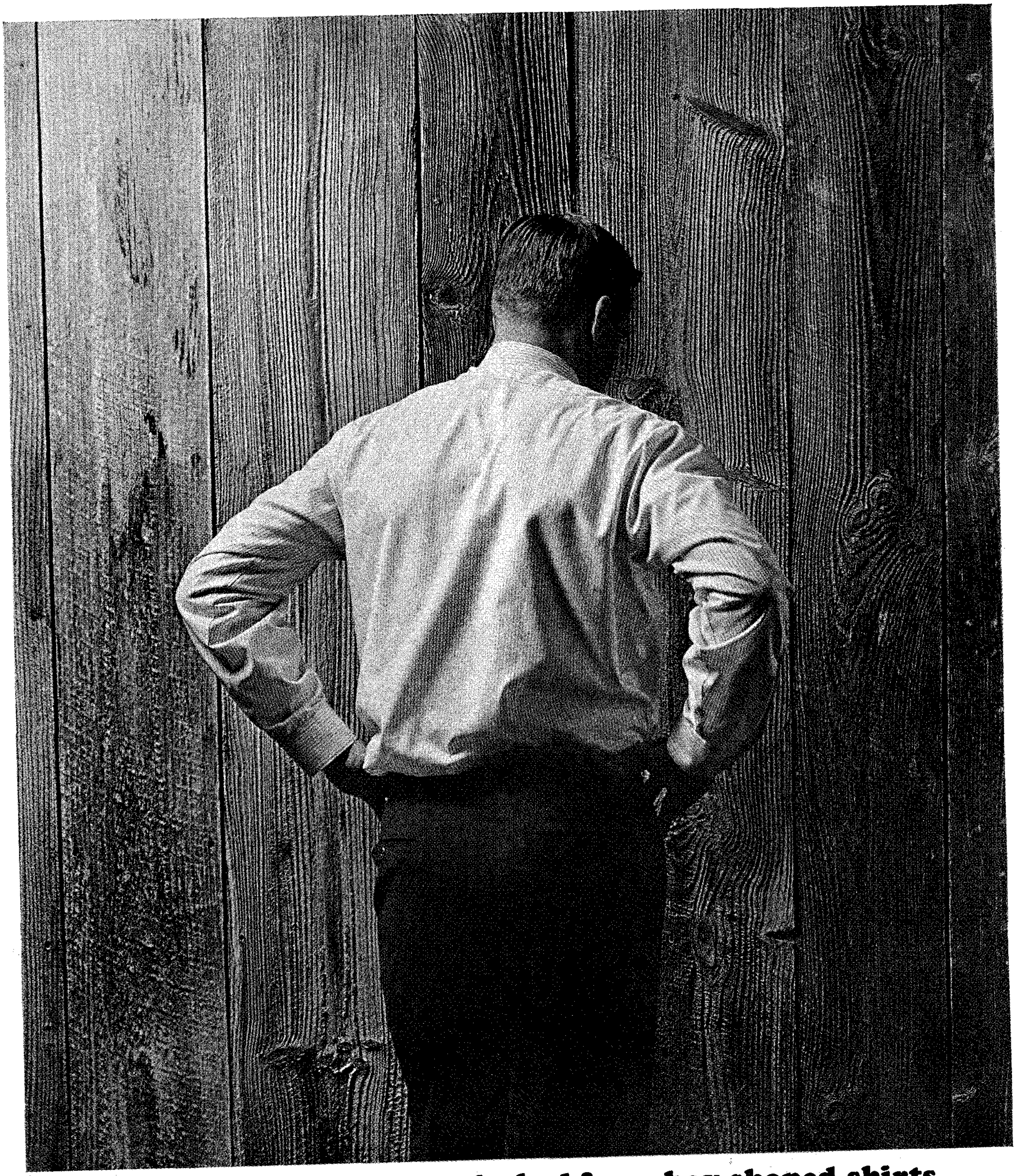
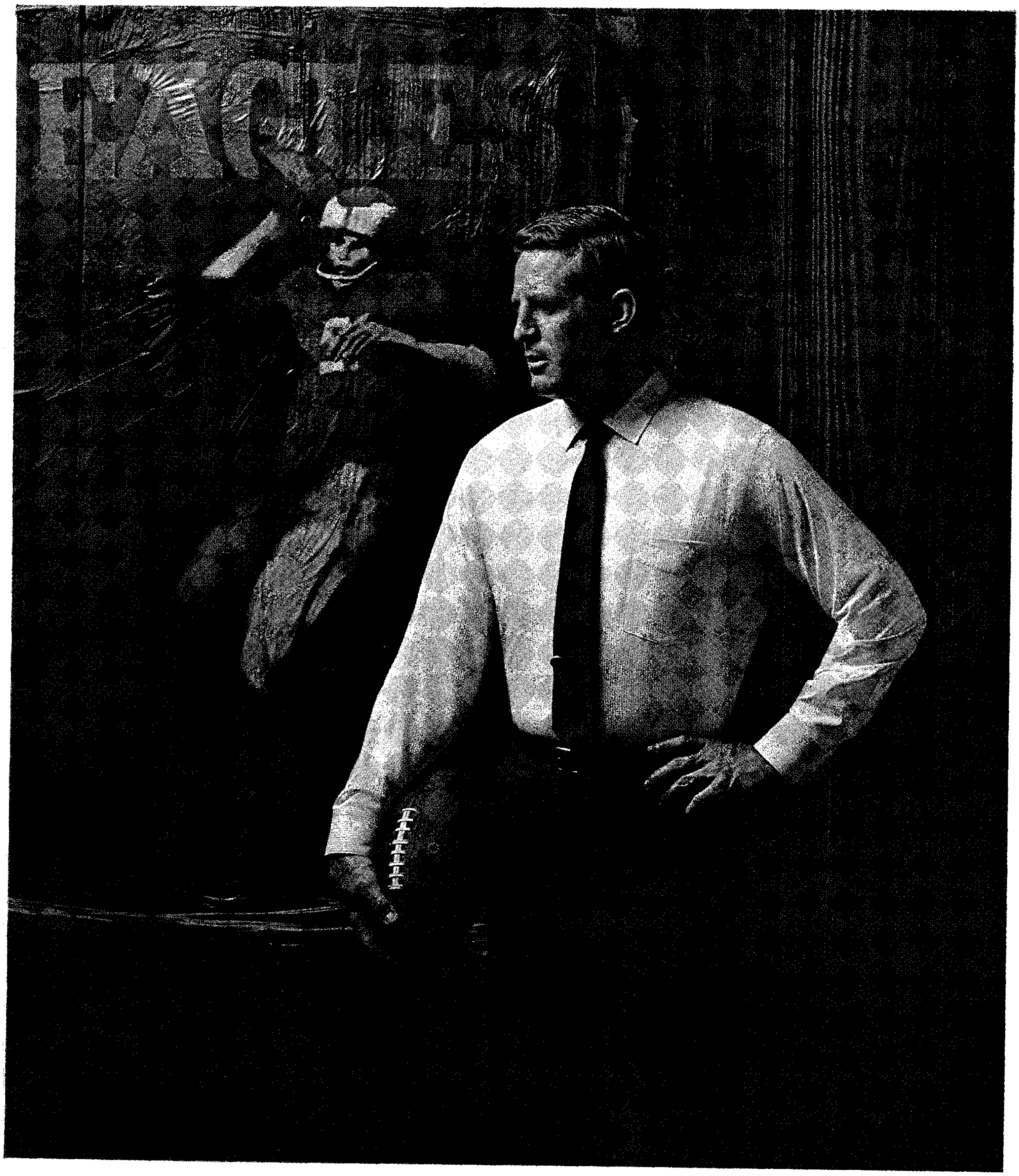


Tommy McDonald has switched from box-shaped shirts



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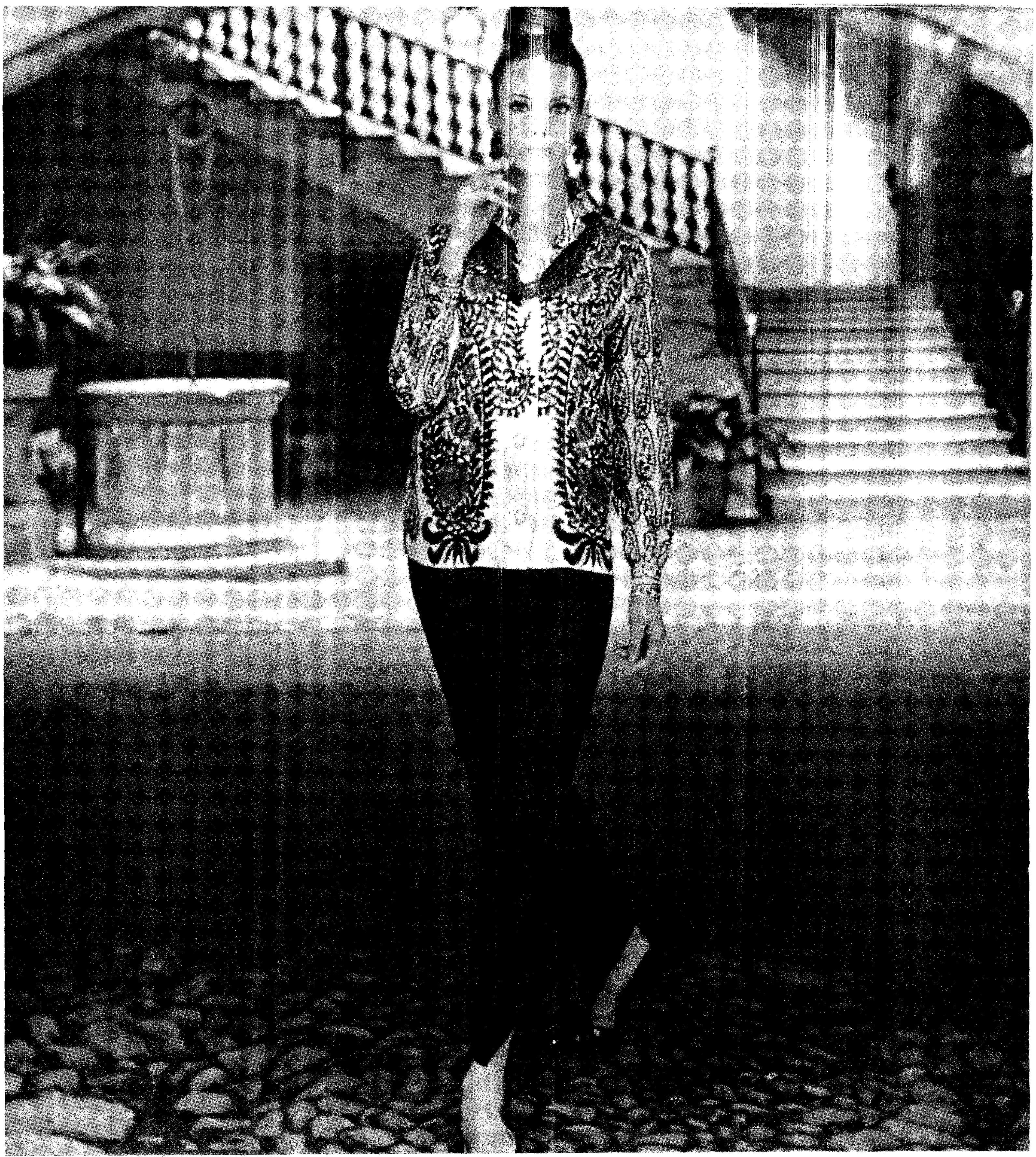

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"It took me several months to get started," she said. "At first, there was the usual procrastination. I didn't want to push myself, and often the teachers just let me sit. They were as hesitant about asking for help as I was about offering it. I was perplexed about the job and my role. What really helped straighten me out—and Joan, too—was a visit we had last summer from Mr. Shriver. When we heard he was coming, we were terrified; we thought he'd be somebody tough, like John L. Lewis, who would boom and sneer at us—two ghastly females from the con-

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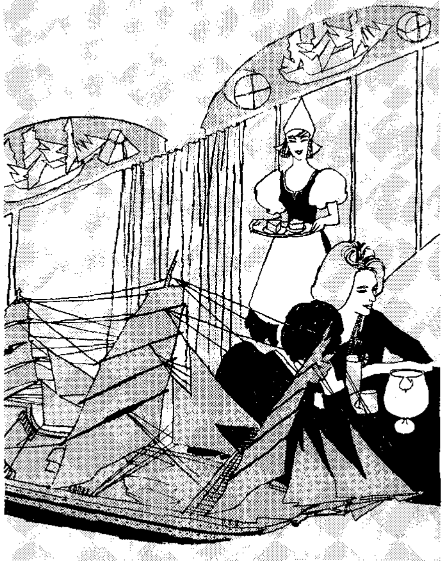

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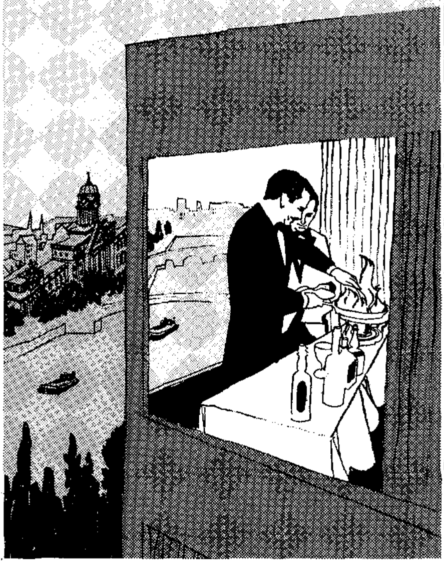

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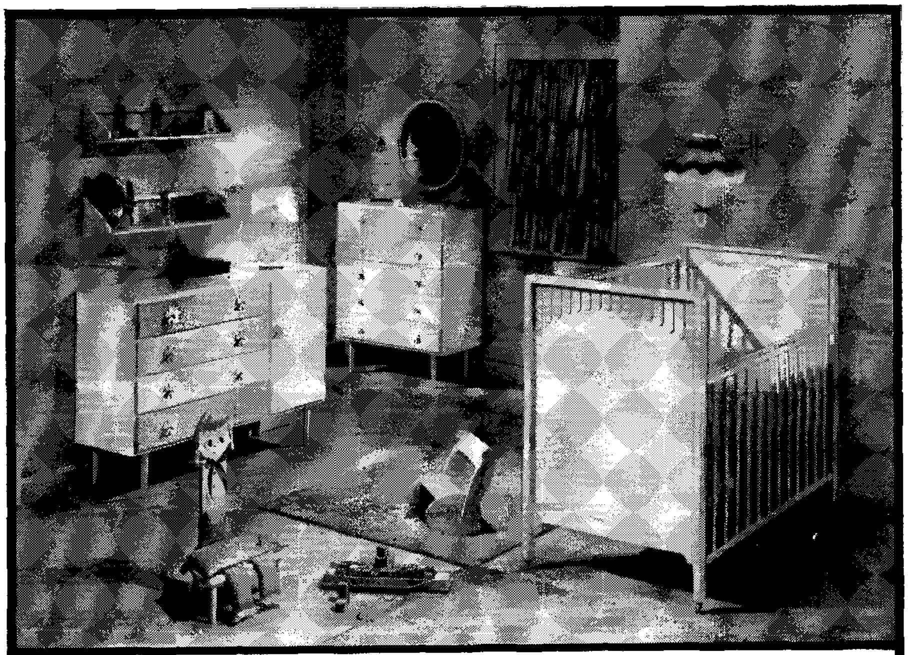

the contemporary group

What you see: a pure and simple furniture grouping in good modern taste. Not so obvious: the cheerful colors, blue and yellow, on the drawer fronts. *Contemporary* should last through junior high; the only change you might make would be the substitution of a matching Youth Bed for the Crib. Note the little chair, step stool and lamps. Like all Child Craft accessories, they make excellent gifts.

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vent. But he was gentle and magnetic and drew us out, and he answered our doubts and questions. We had agreed to come out here and teach, he said, and we should work out our own way of doing it. He reminded us that we had come to the Philippines to give something of ourselves in a time of world crisis, that we were here to help the Filipinos get an idea of what young Americans were like, and also to learn something for ourselves about another part of the world. The conversation lasted five hours, and when it was over, everything seemed much clearer. In a way, we lowered our sights afterward—they had been too high—and we no longer felt guilty about our superiority or about not being able to save the world. We learned how to settle for day-to-day improvements. As our relationship with our pupils developed, we tried to make it informal—to give them individual attention and praise, which they aren't used to. We also tried to give them hope—that maybe they could go on to high school, for instance, even though they are poor. To help them, we gave them piglets for Christmas, which they could raise and sell and make enough profit to buy more piglets and start all over again. I keep busy almost all the time now. On the days I'm not at San Salvador, I teach science, art, and English at the Banate school, and we run a lending library at home with the Peace Corps books and magazines we have. I really miss seeing people I'm used to, but I've adjusted to the life here. Every fortnight or so, we visit other Volunteers, or they come here, and that helps relieve the loneliness. It's still hard to get to know Filipinos well, and it's especially hard in Banate, because the town is so poor and so sunk within itself. The people we do talk to—on buses, for instance—still ask us the same old questions: Do we eat rice? What are we writing home about them? I don't think the average Filipino has much of an idea of what we're all about. But I'm glad I came, and I think our being here has, in most ways, helped."

That evening, as I sat with the two girls in the living room of their house—a small two-story wooden one, in which they had had a bathroom installed, the only one in Banate—Miss Aragone, who had spent the day teaching in another of the local barrios, spoke in a somewhat different vein about the meaning of the Peace Corps. "There is a lot to be said for the sense of freedom and peace we now have, and for the fact that it didn't come to us right away, but only after several months," she said. "I think we first had to suffer a general un-

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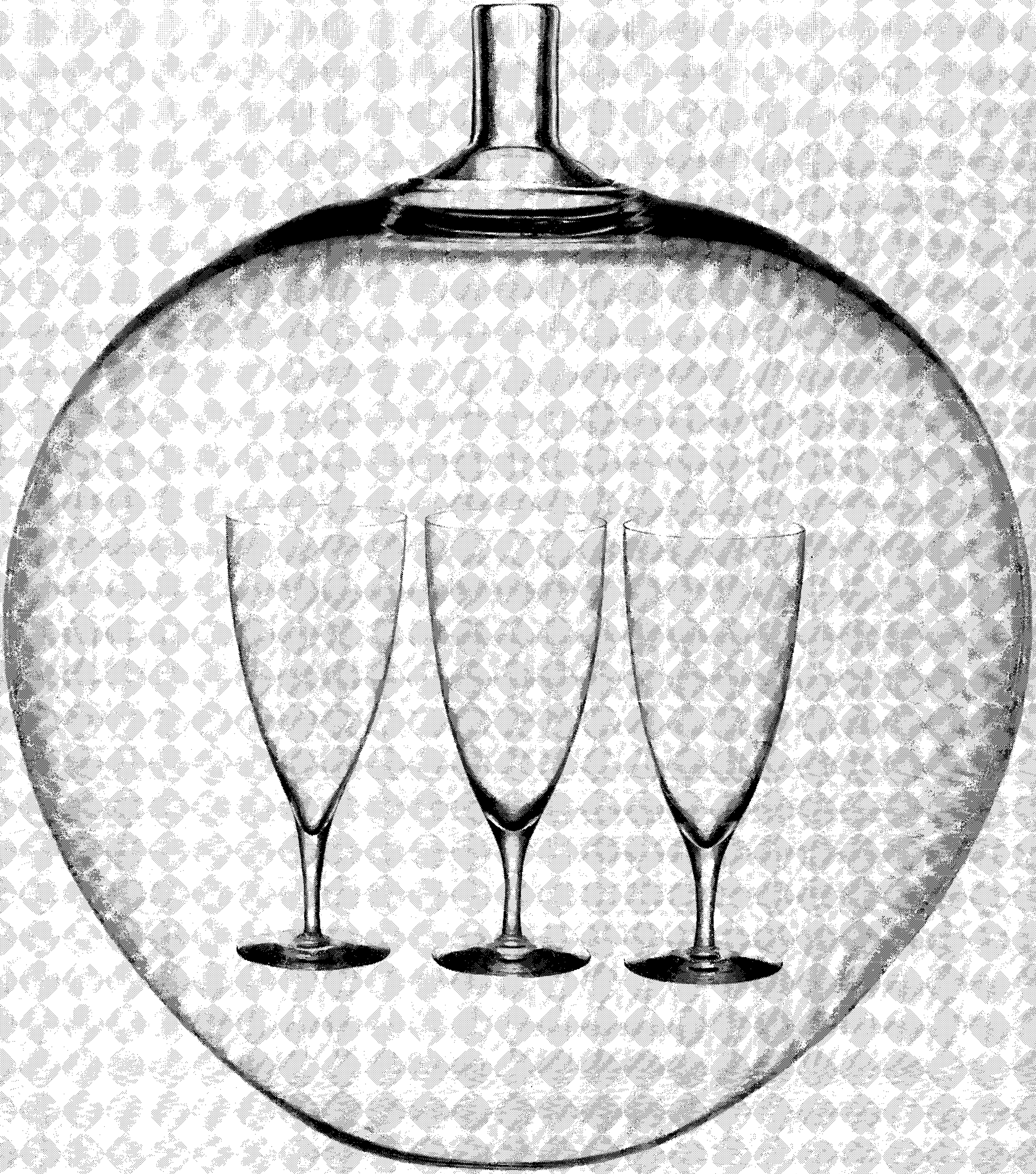

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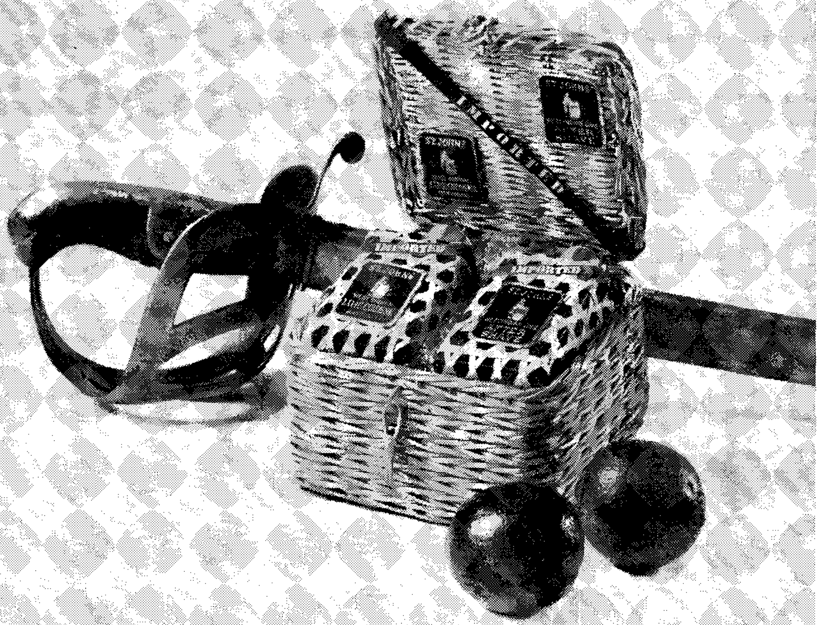

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winding—a relaxation of pressures built up over the years. Maybe the Corps originally provided an excuse for a lot of Americans to find this kind of peace. Many of us, it seems to me, were consciously or subconsciously thinking of this when we joined. We may not even have been aware of the pressures, but they were there—formless little fears that were part of the age of anxiety, that were the result of our competitive society, of being pushed in all sorts of directions—into graduate school, into a job, or into marriage. Somehow, we felt, we weren't ready for any of those alternatives. At the same time, we knew the world was in such shape that something ought to be done about it. But what? I think that the Volunteers who came out here with a definite idea of what they wanted have actually had the hardest time of it. As for us, simply by letting the job shape us, we've become different people."

Miss Aragone paused, and we heard the sound of guitars and voices outside. The girls were about to be serenaded. "It happens once or twice a month," Miss MacDermot said. "It's an old Filipino custom, handed down from Spanish times. We let them go on for a while, and then, as we're supposed to, we thank them formally." We listened to three songs, and then, carrying lighted candles, which is also part of the custom, the girls walked to the open window and stood there, framed in moonlight. About a dozen young men were standing in the garden below. The girls said their thank-yous, and the serenaders smiled and waved and went away. I thought of something that one of the Peace Corps directors had told me earlier, about the importance of "having an encounter" with the Filipinos—of "having an affinity with their stars, with the seas around them, with the gentle as well as the rigorous realities of daily life in the barrios"—and as the troubadours wandered off into the night and the girls watched them go, it seemed to me that I had just witnessed that sort of encounter.

—ROBERT SHAPLEN

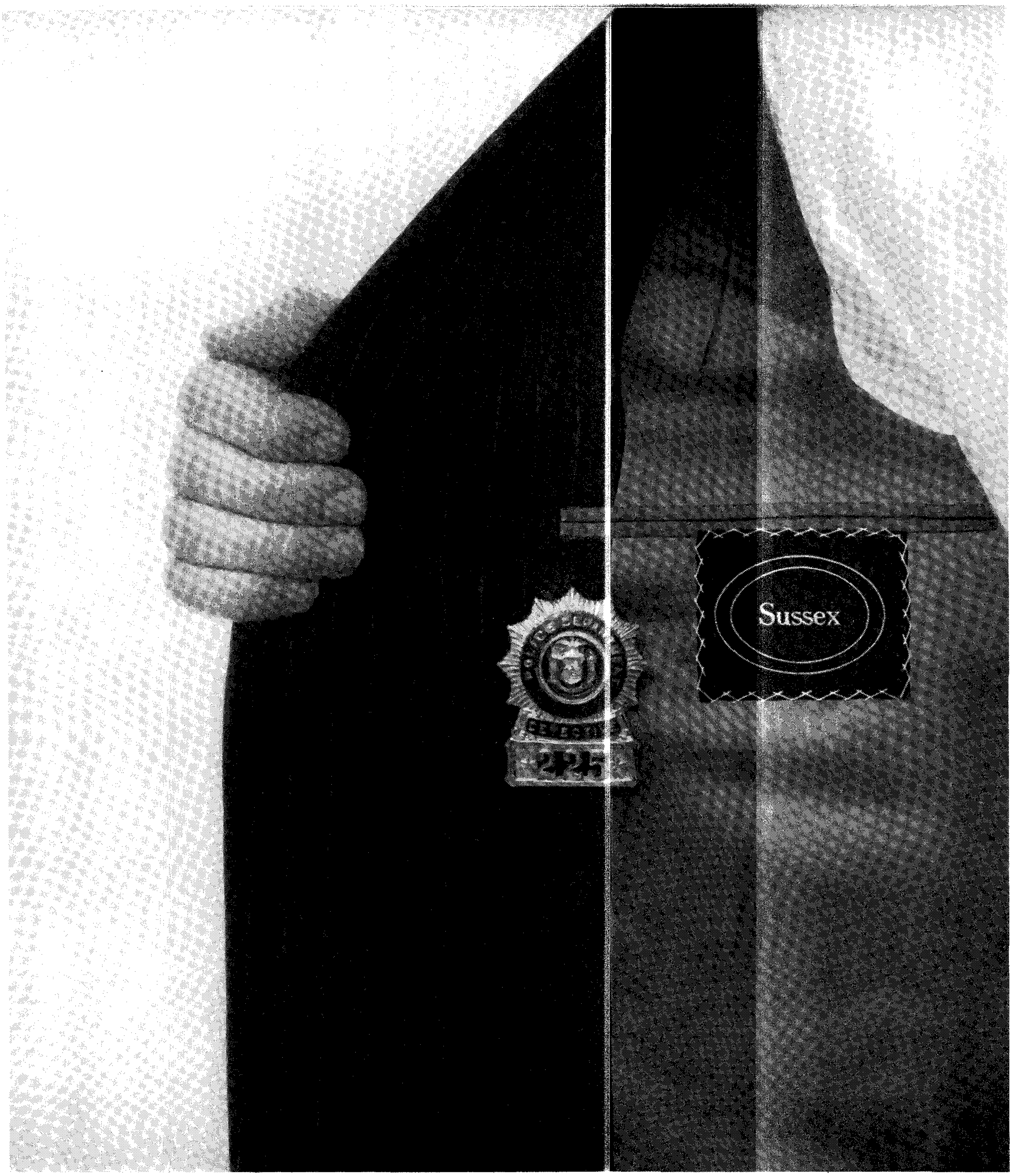
•

INSECTICIDE
PERIL GROSSLY
EXAGGERATED

By DR. WAYNE BRANDSTADT
WRITTEN FOR NEWSPAPER ENTERPRISE ASSN.

Let's set the record straight. Some well-meaning writers spread the alarm about the danger to man and animals arising from the use of insecticides and pesticides. I would be the last person in the world to want to see all forms of life vanish from the face of the earth, but...—*Columbia (Mo.) Missourian.*

What are you, a humanist?



WE always get our man. We get him around the shoulders and behind the neck. We get him with a mirror and a few brief words. We let him do all the talking. We let him tell us how he's strictly a natural shoulder man, but there isn't a suit made that fits right. We listen to his complaints about the way his suits fall apart at the cleaner's.

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THE THEATRE

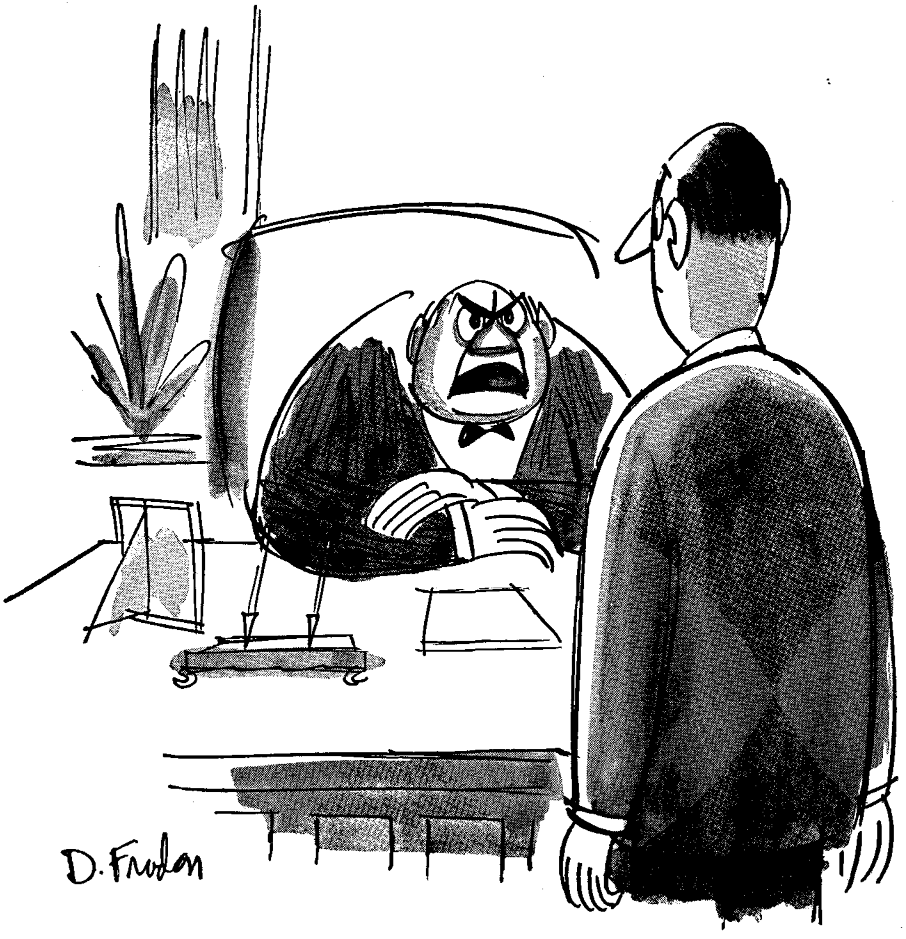
ERRATIC IMPORT

THE new Broadway theatrical season came in like a lamb last week when the English comedy called "The Irregular Verb to Love" opened at the Ethel Barrymore. Chock-full of whimsey and populated with implausible characters, the play creeps at a petty pace indeed, and the authors, Hugh and Margaret Williams, seem incapable of maintaining an even tone or holding to a coherent line of thought for more than a few minutes at a time. At one moment they appear to be striving for elegant wit and at another for broad slapstick, and they also take flyers into pathos, philosophy, and fantasy. Naturally, this is unsettling, and so is much of the dialogue, which contains lines like "the sexpot calling the kettle black." However, maybe I should note that the play was very hot stuff in England, and might appeal to some Anglophiles, even though in this production most members of the cast are ruggedly American and speak with accents remote from Regent's Park, where the action is supposed to take place.

The players in "The Irregular Verb to Love" are called upon to represent such *outré* types as a woman addicted to blowing up fur stores because she disapproves of cruelty to animals; her daughter, who is pregnant but doesn't want to marry the man who got her into her predicament, for fear he doesn't really love her; and her son, a beatnik, who has lately arrived home with a girl he picked up in a hayloft in Sardinia. (The girl, a Greek, speaks no English, and the boy speaks no Greek, but we are expected to believe that their love is nevertheless for the ages.) As you can see, some of these people are pretty far out, but their eccentricities are too contrived to be very amusing, and I guess the only one of the lot who is presented with any degree of success is the bomb-throwing lady's husband, one of the curators at a zoological garden, who takes everything in his suave stride. Yet even his motivations are shaky. At the beginning of the play, for instance, not long after his wife has finished serving a prison sentence for tossing explosives around, he confesses that he has had a mistress during her incarceration—a disclosure that, I think, he has absolutely no reason to make.

Of those who appear in "The Irregular Verb to Love," Cyril Ritchard, who plays the zoo man, and who also directed the piece, is the most happily situated, which isn't saying a great deal, since the kind of rich phrases he likes to get his teeth into are few. The other performers—among them Claudette Colbert, who plays the TNT woman; Kathryn Hays, who plays the pregnant daughter; Robert Drivas, who plays the beatnik son; and Margot Bennett, who plays Sonny's hayloft conquest—try hard, but I'm afraid the dialogue and the arch inventions of the plot are stacked against them.

—JOHN McCARTEN

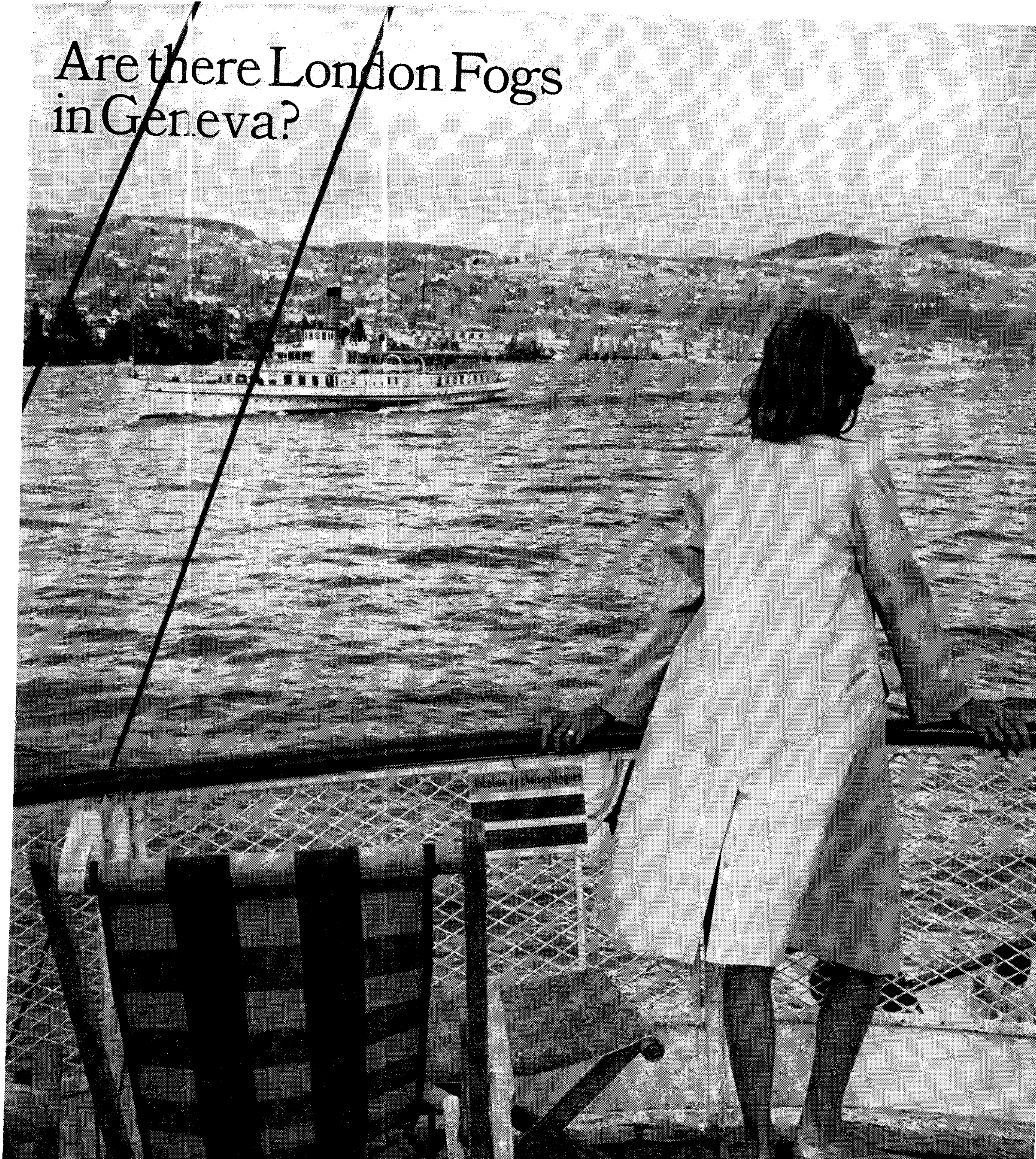


"Get one thing straight, Henderson. Beneath this rough exterior does not beat a heart of gold."

OFF BROADWAY

How Bizarre!

"THE Bald Soprano," the first of two nonsense plays by Eugène Ionesco now being revived at the Gate, is an abstraction—or, more nearly, a doodle in words—of British domestic and company manners and conversation as they might strike an innocent (or professionally innocent) foreigner. The principal characters are an inane couple named Smith, who are delighted with themselves and in whose living room the action takes place, and their dinner guests, the Martins. The Martins are late, having spent four hours on the doorstep waiting to be shown in properly, and once they arrive, they spend considerable time trying to place each other socially and geographically, tracking each other down to the same bed in the same room in the same apartment house before they even acknowledge acquaintance. A dishevelled maid pops in and out, and a fire chief comes to call. If foolishness has to have a purpose, the play could, I suppose, be considered a burlesque of social fatuity. It is composed of strained silences; strong statements ("A conscientious doctor must die with his patient"); a stream of British interjections ("How bizarre!," "Extraordinary!," "What a coincidence!"); pointless little anecdotes that are received with rapt enthusiasm; a husbands-against-wives argument; and, finally, a babble of meaningless syllables. Some of the jokes are good and some just



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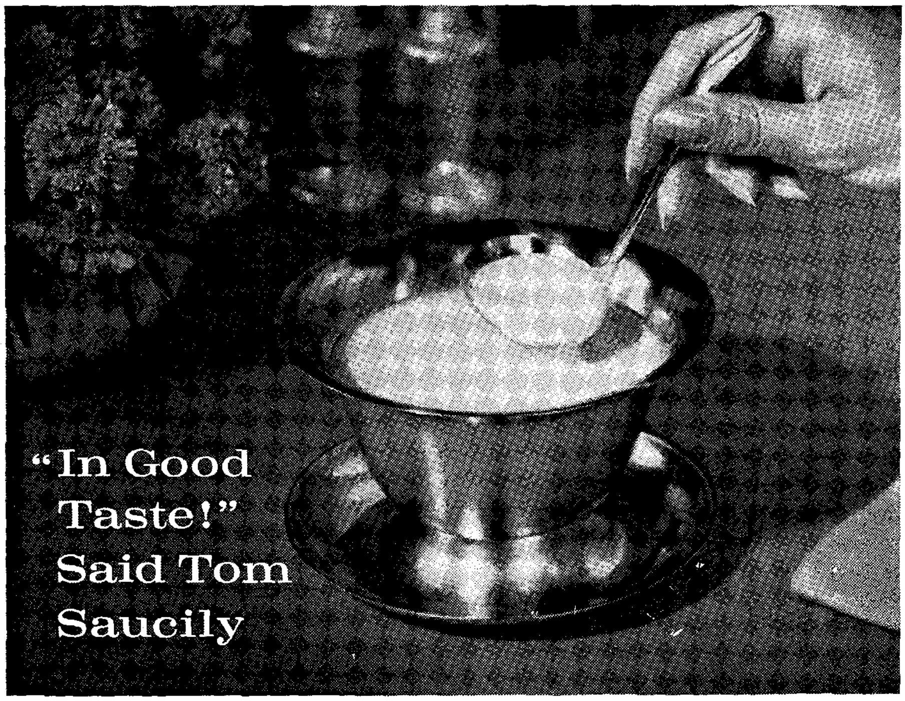

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whimsical, and the whimsical ones go on forever. The production, amusing in spots, might have been more so if it had been done right. As it is, Gerald E. McGonagill and Fran Malis, as the Smiths, and Thea Ruth and George Reinholt, as the Martins, don't sound or act English, although they seem to be aiming in that direction—Miss Malis's "stummick" and "bokay" are especially jarring—and their playing is too deliberate. They just don't have the experience or the style to toss off this kind of comedy and yet hit every point. Mr. Reinholt comes closest, though.

"The Lesson," last done here in 1958 but new to me, is much funnier (although the script is not as good), because of a dandy performance in the leading role by Ronald Weyand. Mr. Weyand plays a crazy professor who agrees to tutor a pig-tailed girl for a doctorate in everything, and insists on starting her off with arithmetic, in spite of the warning of his gloomy maid that "arithmetic leads to philology, and philology leads to calamity." Indeed it does. Torn between wretched yes-miss, excuse-me-miss, very-good-miss servility and fanatic erudition, he is wildly comical as he polishes his gold-rimmed spectacles, brushes out the tails of his frock coat, paces the floor, and jumps into the air, all in an effort, which eventually comes to nothing, to control his teeming brain and his impatience with his silly pupil. His Mad Hatter face—all teeth, false cheer, and glittering eyes—and his reading of the line "You have a tendency to add" when the poor girl is defeated by some arithmetical function will stick in my mind for some time to come. Miss Ruth is helpful as the pupil—a stooge role in this production. In "The Lesson," Ionesco's whimsey occasionally gets way out of hand, but Mr. Weyand saves the show. There is an uneasy moment near the end when the maid pins a Nazi armband on him—a bum idea and a startling one. Up to then, it hadn't occurred to me that the playwright had anything in mind except to give the audience a good time. If he had been sending messages all along, I hadn't been receiving. The plays were translated from the French by Donald M. Allen, who can at least share the credit for a number of funny, quotable lines.

—EDITH OLIVER

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[*Adv. in the Japan Times*]

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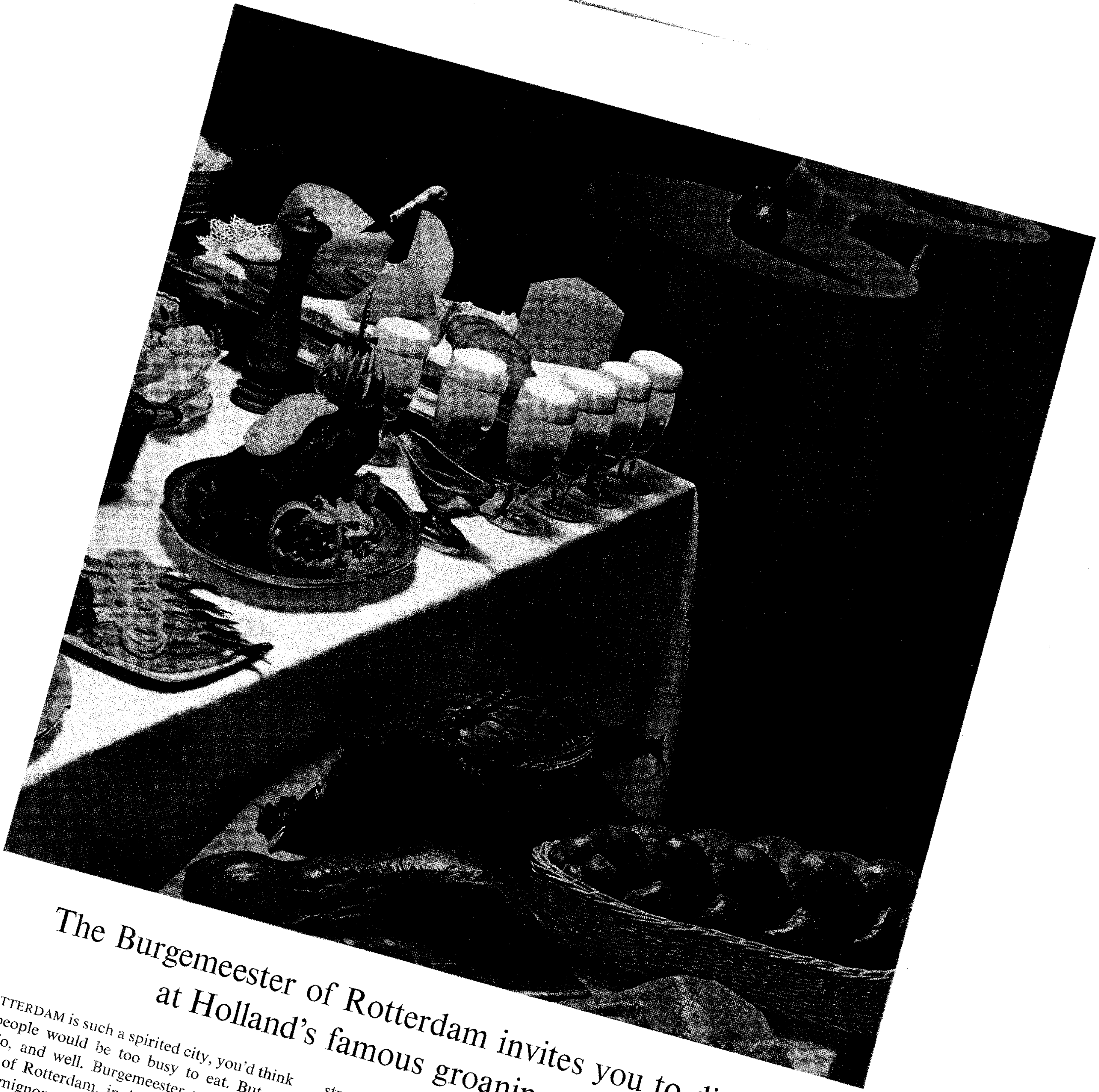

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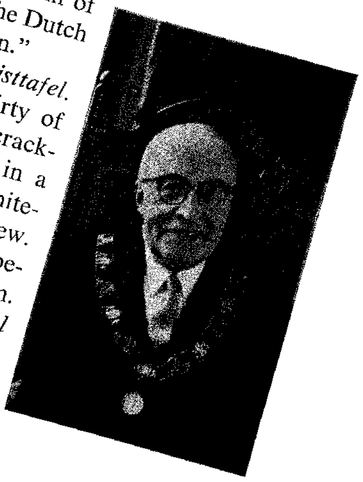

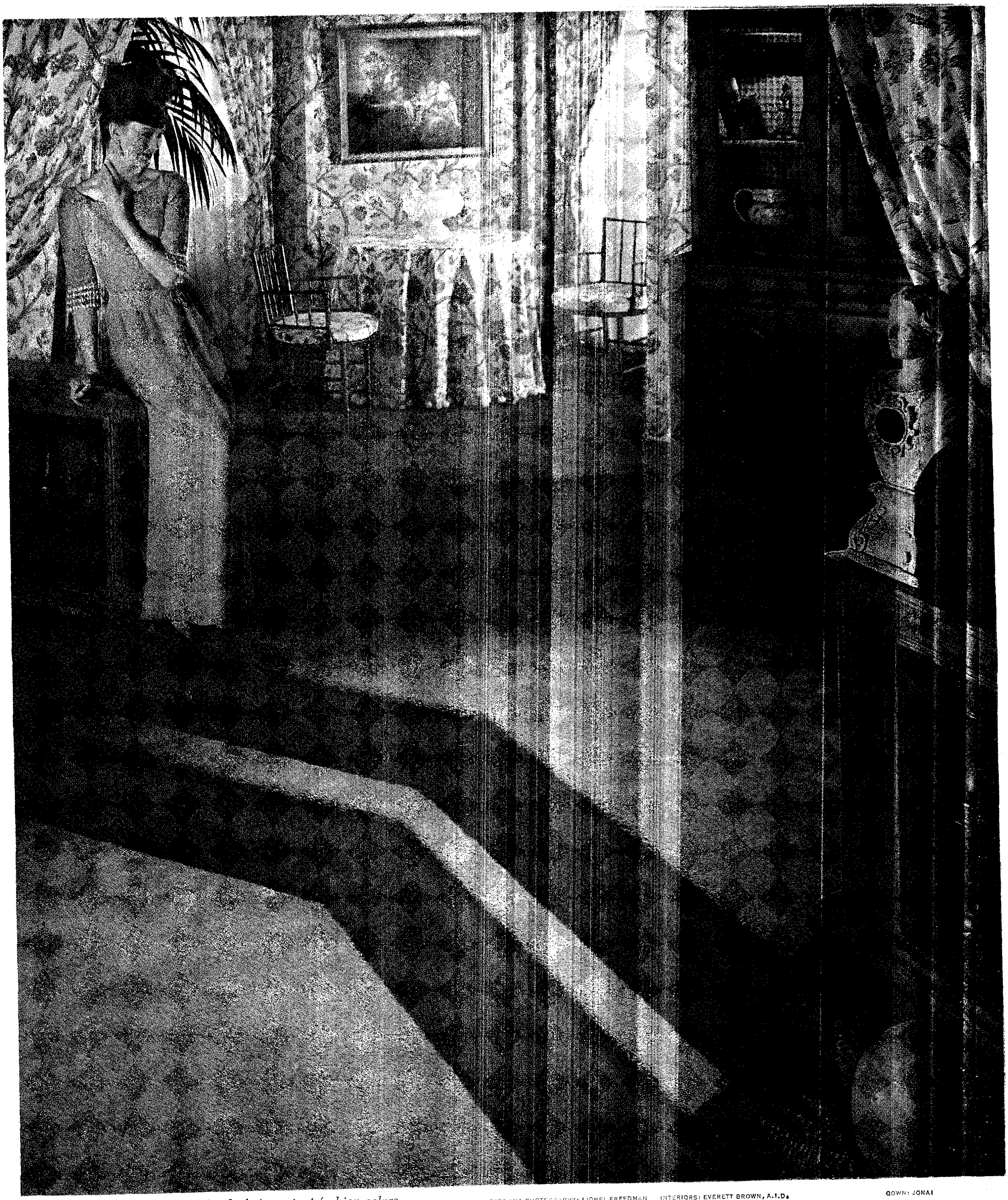

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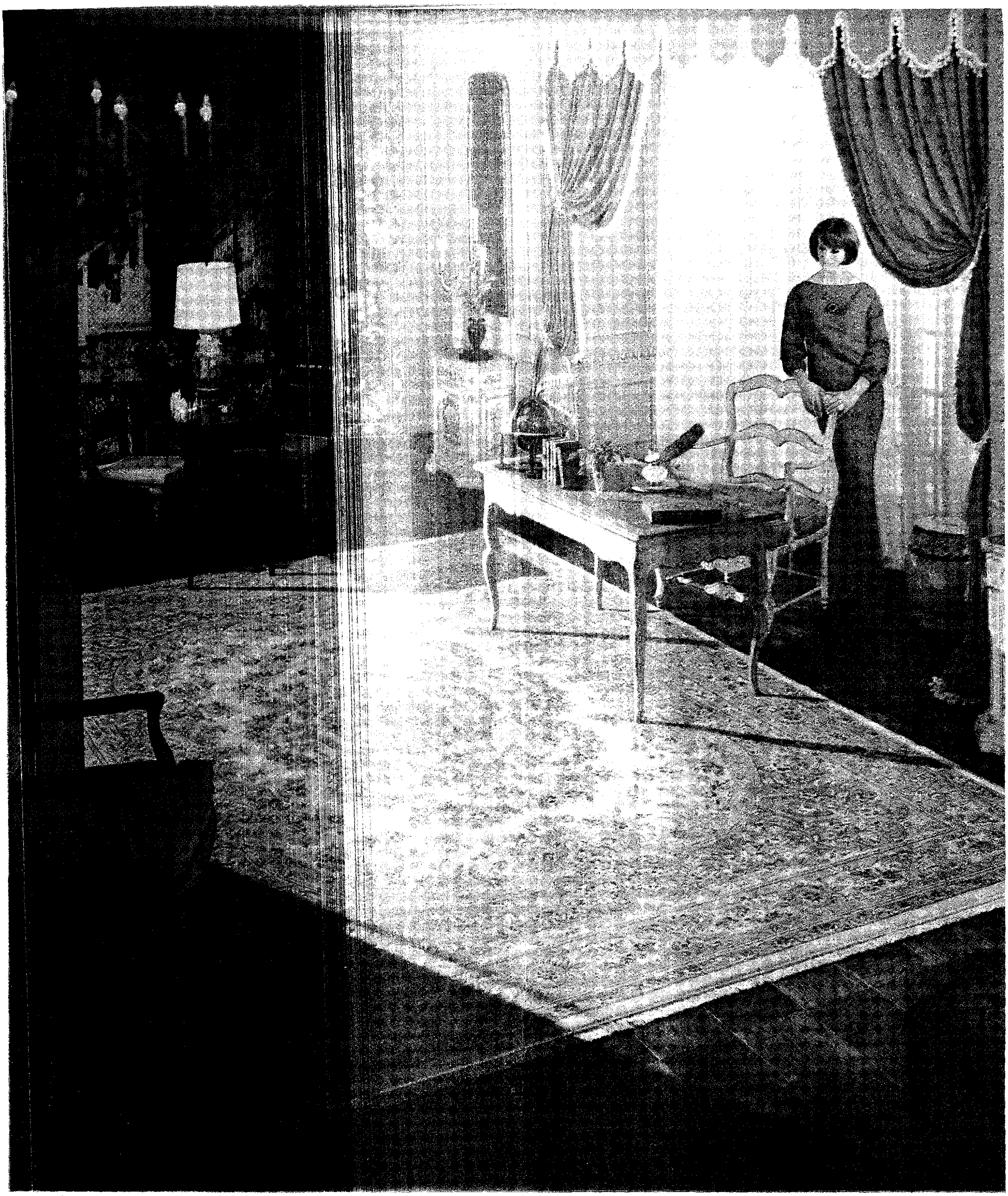

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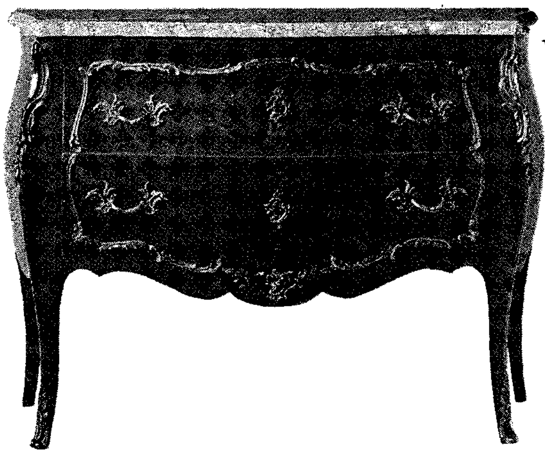

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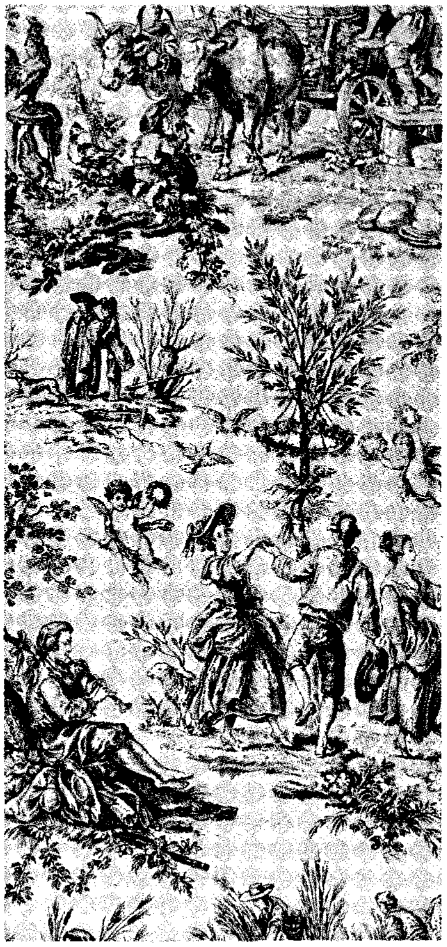

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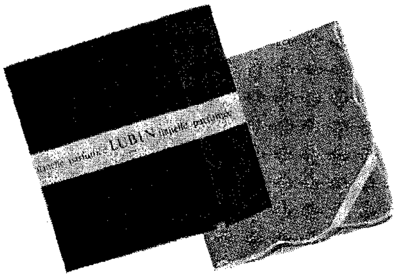

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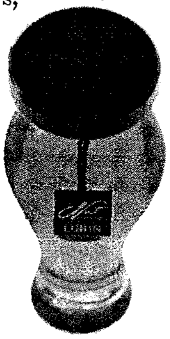
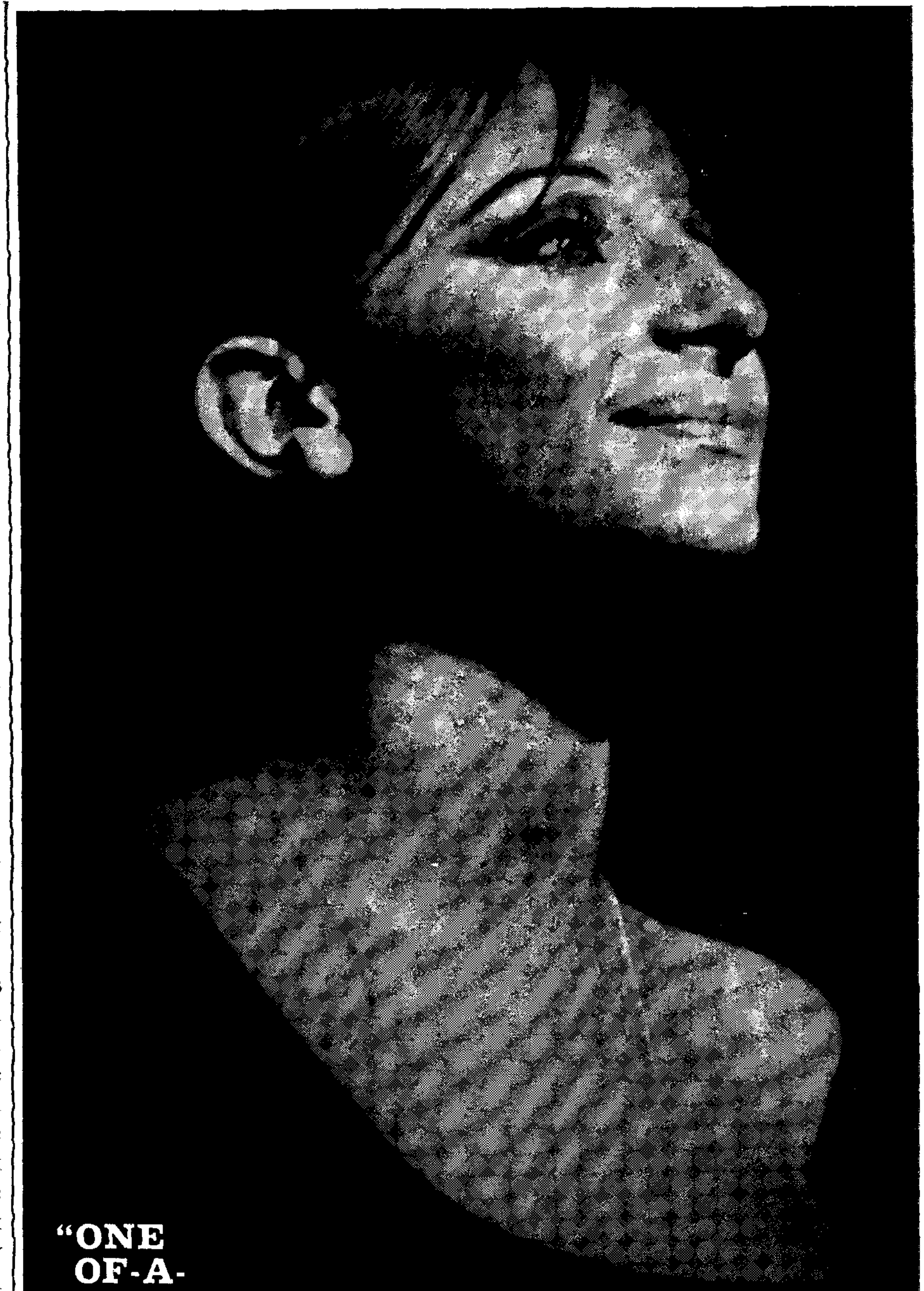


THE RACE TRACK

Super Bupers

I HAVE nothing but admiration for the thrilling way Bupers, Black Mountain, and Count Bud finished in the Futurity at Aqueduct last Saturday, passing the winning post heads apart in the order named. However, it becomes more and more evident that this season's two-year-olds are far from a vintage lot. Only two of the dozen runners in the classic had won as much as a single stake race—Duel, who took the Saratoga Special last month, and Dark King, who won the Youthful at Aqueduct in May. And two of them—Bupers and Pertinax—had run in claiming races. Nevertheless, there was the usual Futurity crowd in the stand and in the paddock at saddling time. Black Mountain, a big, handsome colt, powerful in build and unbeaten in his four starts, was easily the pick of the lot, though Dark King, Pertinax, Grand Central, and Count Bud also caught the eye. There was no delay at the post, and when the doors of the starting gate opened, Count Bud scooted out in front, to hold a fair lead down the backstretch and around the far turn (he stepped the first quarter in twenty-two seconds and the half mile in forty-five), but halfway home Black Mountain caught up with him, and the crowd roared approval, for Black Mountain was the favorite. As they turned into the straight, Count Bud still had a slight advantage, though he was pressed hard by Black Mountain and also by Bupers, who came bearing down on the outside. For the last three-sixteenths of a mile, the three went stride for stride. A furlong from home, Black Mountain took the lead, but in the last twenty yards Bupers managed to get his head in front. This was indeed an achievement, because Gomez, who rode him, lost a stirrup iron in the stretch, which put him off balance.

Bupers—a most unattractive name, by the way—is a medium-sized bay colt by Double Jay out of Busanda, who was quite a race mare. (Her successes included the Suburban Handicap and the Saratoga Cup.) Bupers' form has been no great shakes, the Futurity being his third victory in eleven tries. In fact, his first half-dozen efforts were so disappointing that Ogden Phipps, who owned him at the time, ordered him put into a claiming race with a price of $11,500



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on his head. A day or two later, Mrs. Marion Frankel, whose husband is an investment broker, bought him from Mr. Phipps for $16,500, and since first money in the Futurity was $90,974, the deal should go down in turf annals as the bargain buy of the year. (Mr. Phipps received $4,000 for nominating the colt for the Futurity.) Bupers is handled by Buddy Jacobson, a nephew of Hirsch Jacobs and one of the up-and-coming young trainers. Right now, he's top of the list at the Big A. He warmed up for the Futurity by sending out Audience, a seven-year-old son of Native Dancer, for the six-furlong gallop that preceded the Futurity, and Audience obliged by winning. It was his thirteenth victory this season—no record, but he may set one, the way he's going.

THE Futurity wasn't the only surprise of the week. Trainer Charlie Whittingham came to town with John Gaines' Oil Royalty, a five-year-old mare who had been campaigning in the West and hadn't won in a dozen starts this season, and she nosed out Lamb Chop in the Beldame Stakes. Smart Deb was third. The ten also-rans included Waltz Song, winner of the Delaware Handicap; Tona, winner of the Alabama Stakes; and Suiti, a filly of beautiful quality who was unbeaten in two seasons of top-class racing in the Argentine and was making her first start in this country. She's worth keeping in mind. And remember that old saying about the pace that kills? In the Stymie Handicap, the midweek attraction, Hitting Away and Cyrano went off the mark as though they were going five furlongs on a fast track instead of a mile and a quarter on a muddy one. They did the first quarter in 0:22⅘ and went on to the half in 0:47⅕, after which they began to run out of speed. Passing the six-furlong pole in 1:12⅗, they faded, and Endymion, Lanvin, and Garwol, the other starters, finished one, two, three. Cyrano was twenty lengths behind Garwol, and Hitting Away was five behind Cyrano.

KELSO will be under colors again this weekend, the occasion being the Woodward Stakes, which he won last year and in 1961. His admirers expect him to make it three in a row.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

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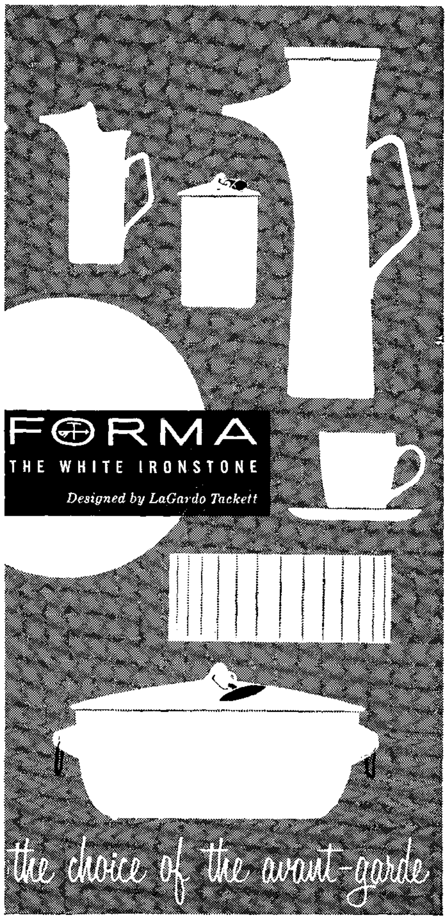

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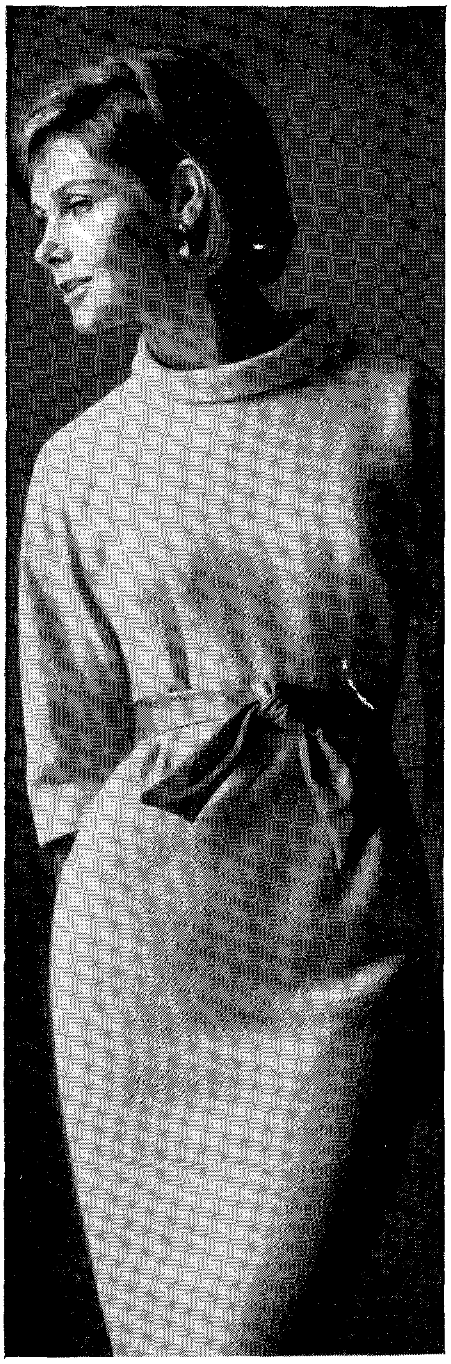

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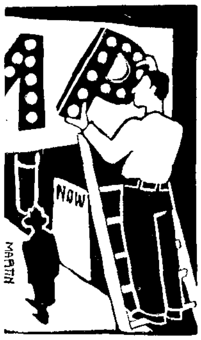

NO one is cleverer than Terence Rattigan at composing attractive dramatic nonsense, and in "The V.I.P. s" the artful dodger is very nearly at his best. Not poppy or mandragora could prove more satisfactory to people who boast that they go to movies in order to escape the daily harrowings of real life, for here nothing is real but the setting, and even that—it happens to be the London Airport—has been so hotted up with Panavision and Metrocolor as to resemble the summer palace of Cloud-Cuckoo-Land. M-G-M grew rich and famous turning out slick mescaline pictures of this sort, and I'm glad to say that "The V.I.P.s" actually *is* an M-G-M picture; how proud old Louis B. Mayer would have been to hear his toothless lion roaring a welcome to these two hours of happy misery! The ingredients, which bear the seal of the Hollywood Good-Dream-Making Institute and have rarely been known to fail, consist of a large cast of radically diverse characters, as many as possible of them played by famous actors; a complex but trivial plot; expensive hand-tailoring for heroes and villains alike; dialogue that is inoffensively upper-class and gives off a bright but not incendiary spark; and, from the first frame, the certainty that everyone will eventually receive his just deserts.

Mr. Rattigan's elegant make-believe has been served up in proper mock-Mayfair style by the producer, Anatole De Grunwald; by the director, Anthony Asquith; and by a cast that includes Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton, Maggie Smith, Louis Jourdan, Margaret Rutherford, Rod Taylor, Orson Welles, Linda Christian, and Elsa Martinelli. Poor, plump Miss Taylor is as little able to embody a rich shipping magnate's wife as to embody Cleopatra, but Mr. Burton proves far more virile as a magnate than as a Roman general, and Mr. Jourdan is first-rate as a gigolo fading, in the middle years, into painful self-awareness. Also first-rate are Miss Rutherford, as the in-

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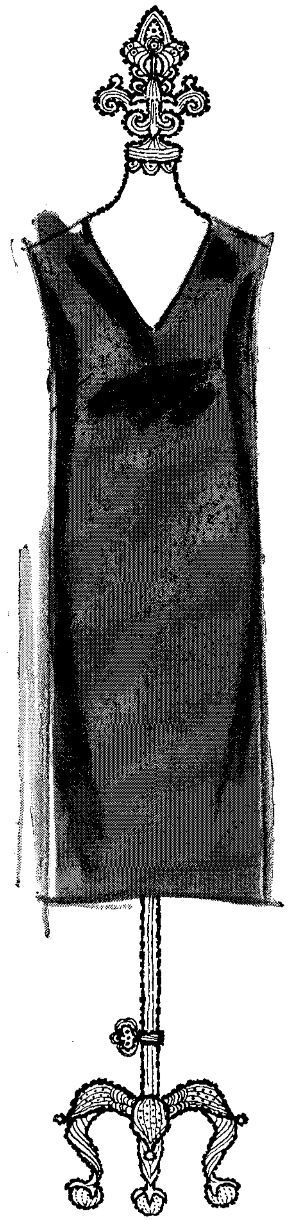

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comparably dishevelled Duchess of Brighton; Maggie Smith, as the devoted but not very pretty private secretary of a tractor manufacturer, played by Rod Taylor; and Orson Welles, as a tax-dodging, girl-collecting Middle European movie producer. All these characters are trapped, each at a moment of crisis in his affairs, by a fog that unexpectedly descends on the airport, grounding planes and discombobulating passengers, and it's one of the many peripheral figures in the picture—Richard Wattis, as the airport's official greeter of V.I.P.s—who comes within an ace of stealing the show. What a pleasure it is to watch an expert actor squeezing the last delectable drop from a small, juicy part!

SOME time ago, I commanded Jean Seberg not to appear in any more movies about young American girls who go to Paris to find themselves. Either my message failed to reach Miss Seberg or she had already embarked on yet another picture in the familiar vein, for here she is again, finding herself in a bittersweet romance called "In the French Style." Directed by Robert Parrish and produced by Mr. Parrish and Irwin Shaw, from a screenplay by Mr. Shaw that is based on a couple of his stories, the picture tells of a girl from Indiana who goes to the City of Light to learn to paint; who falls in love with a French boy as innocent as herself; who later becomes the mistress of an international journalist; and who finally chooses to return home as the wife of a respectable American doctor—an older, sadder, wiser, and, I suspect, duller girl than she began. Now, if this were the first time that Miss Seberg had essayed the role, I'd be practically beside myself with delight over her success, because she has never looked so pretty or acted so well, but I have to say that only the first half of the picture—the part that, with extraordinary delicacy, depicts the affair with the French boy—held my attention. Mr. Shaw has often publicly championed his own causes, and in respect to "In the French Style" he has been heard to complain that it isn't *his* fault if other people have written about, and made movies about, love in Paris. A true but idle argument; the fact of the matter is that particular subjects and settings lose freshness with use and must be put aside from time to time. I'm afraid that Paris, with or without the Eiffel Tower, is such a setting, and I recommend Rouen to Mr. Shaw. As for Miss Seberg, in her next picture she

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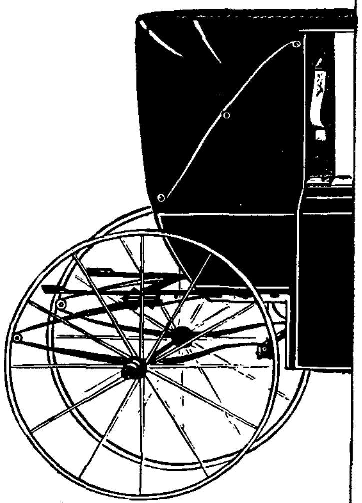

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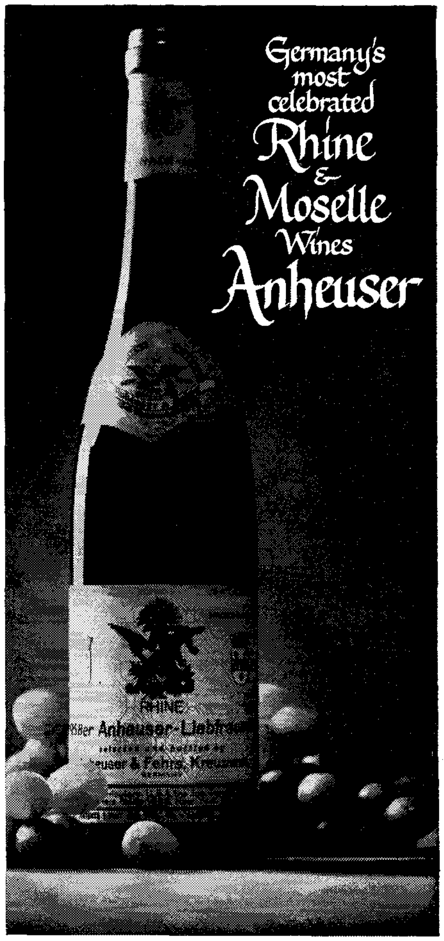

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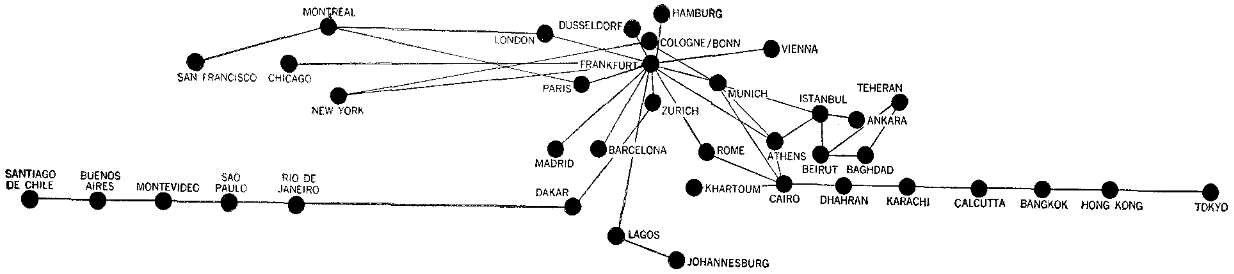
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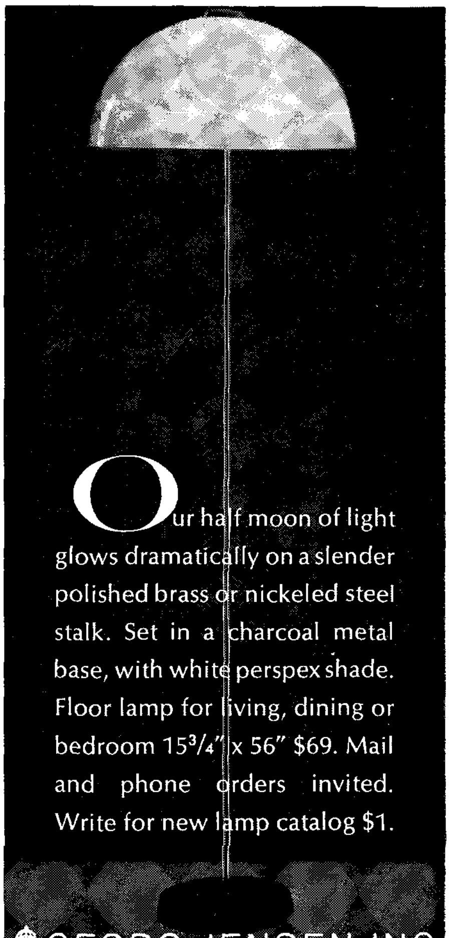
plays a lunatic girl on the Eastern Shore. I can hardly wait.

"THE HAUNTING" is based on a novel by Shirley Jackson, who always appears to be on extremely intimate terms with the supernatural, and who has, moreover, an eye for old houses—the darker and more bizarre the better. I wonder if any learned work has yet been written on the indispensable connection between ghost stories and architecture. It's obvious that certain styles are literally more hair-raising than others; ghosts go splendidly with panelled walls and stairs that creak and pitched ceilings and crocketed gables, but what a self-respecting ghost would find to do in Philip Johnson's famous one-story, flat-roofed glass house in New Canaan I can't imagine. In any event, Robert Wise, the producer and director of "The Haunting," has taken pains to provide a marvellous old Victorian Gothic pile for the scene of his extrasensory rumble, and it's no wonder that Julie Harris and Claire Bloom are scared out of their wits by what befalls them there. I wish I could say that "The Haunting" scared me, too, but alas!, since most of the devices it employed in trying to make my flesh creep go back to the days of "The Bat" and long ago lost their fearsomeness for me, I dare not recommend the picture except to children and architects.

THE First New York Film Festival wound up last week, having shown twenty-one pictures in ten days at Philharmonic Hall and ten more pictures at the Museum of Modern Art, as well as innumerable shorts. Three or four of the full-length pictures were remarkably good and three or four were of a boringness sufficient to give one pins and needles but not sufficient to put one to sleep; I understand that this is, by film-festival standards, a pretty high score. The chief discovery made at the festival was, of course, that a large and enthusiastic audience exists hereabouts for the so-called art film. The discovery may cause Lincoln Center to embrace movies in a rather less gingerly fashion than heretofore. (As the world's most advanced and most complete center for the performing arts, only the most perfunctory provision was originally made for showing movies.) Whatever its past opinion of movies may have been, the Center proved an admirable, easygoing host, and deserves our thanks.

—BRENDAN GILL



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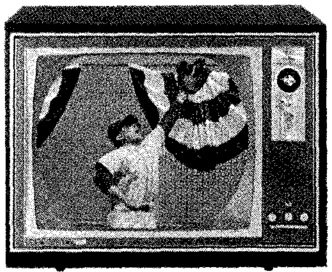

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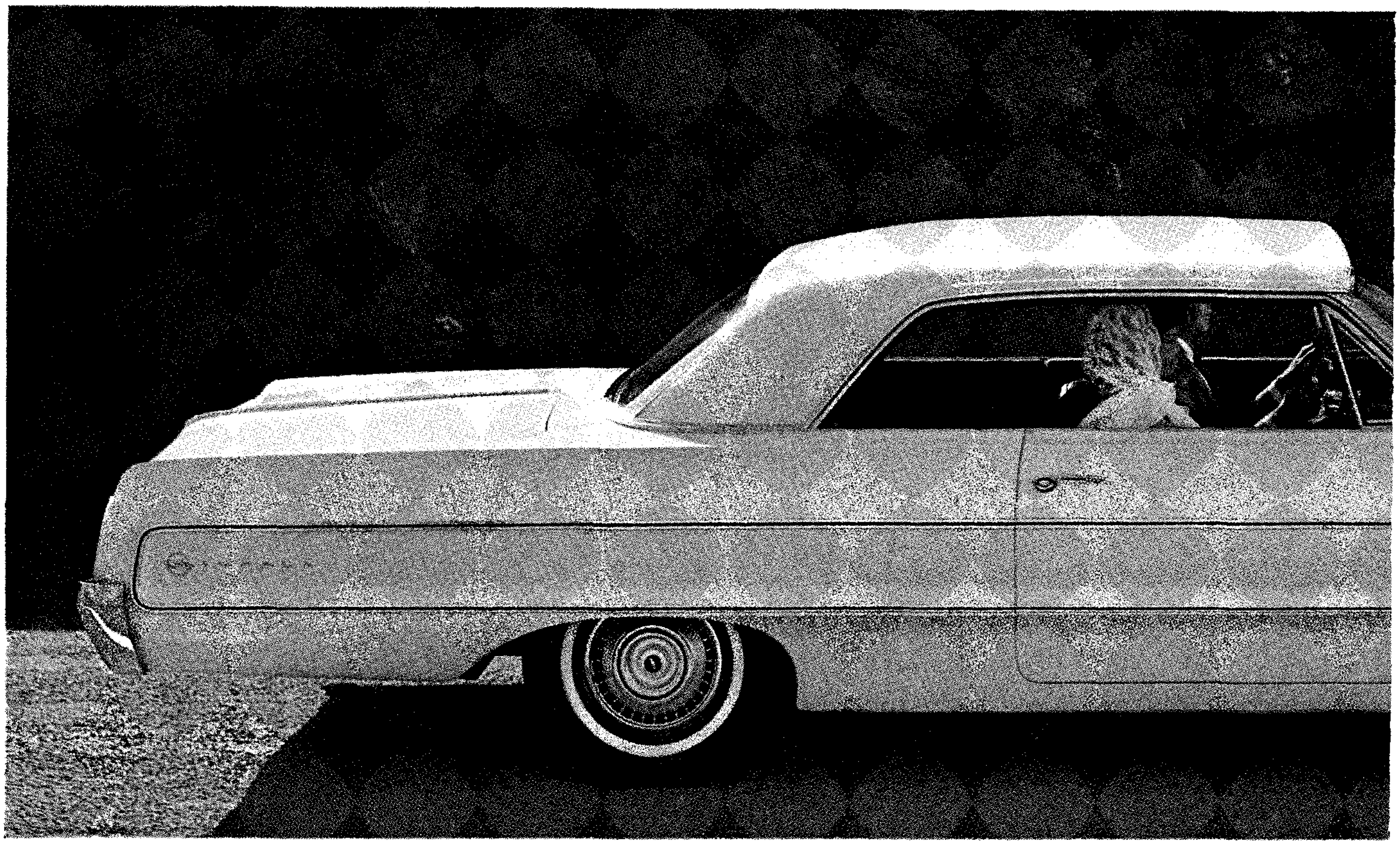

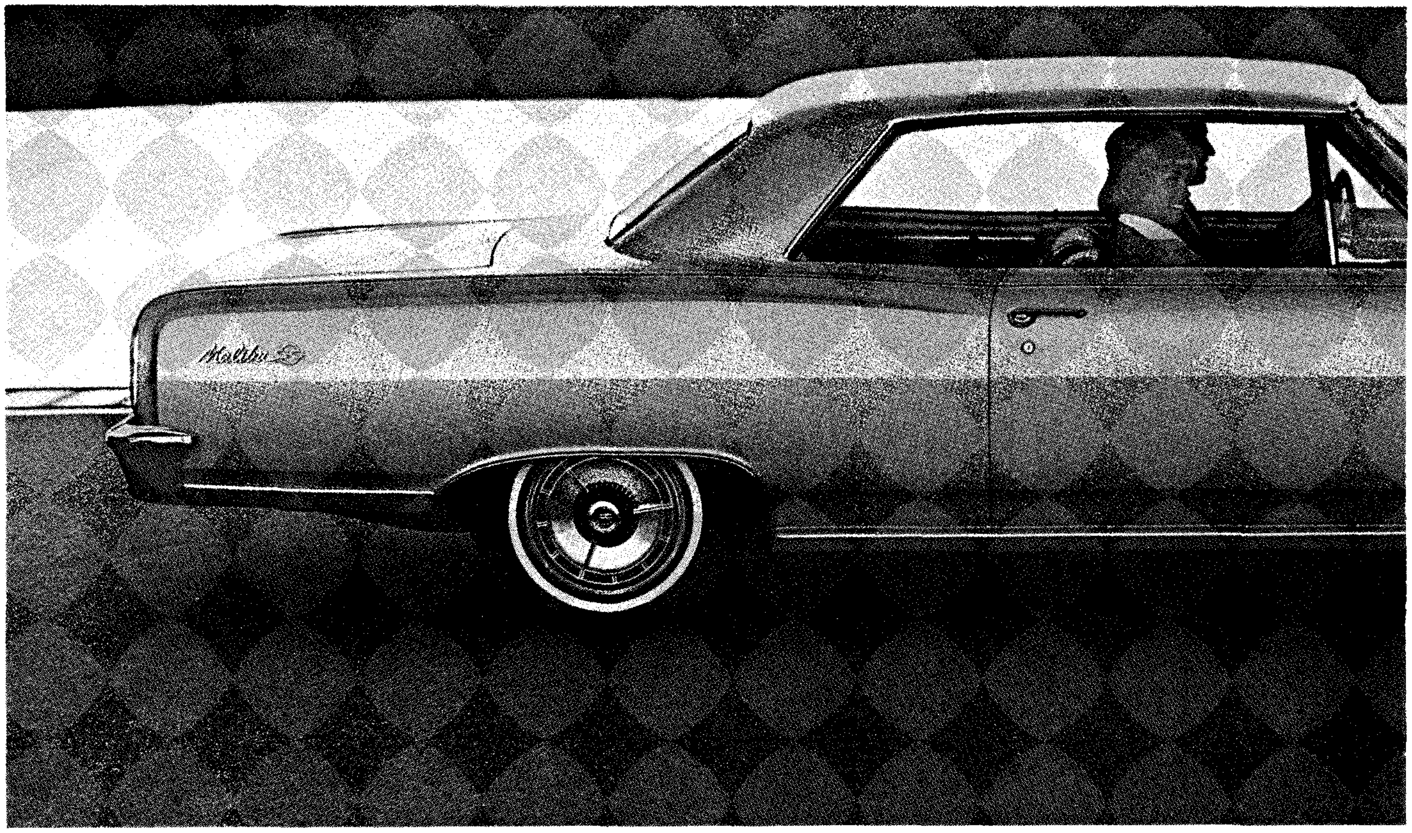

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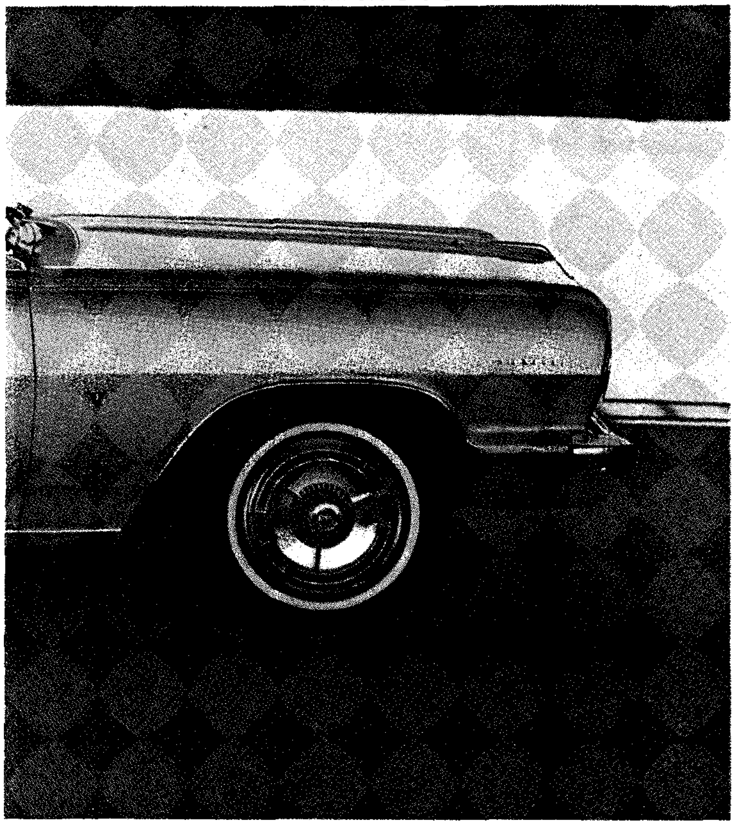

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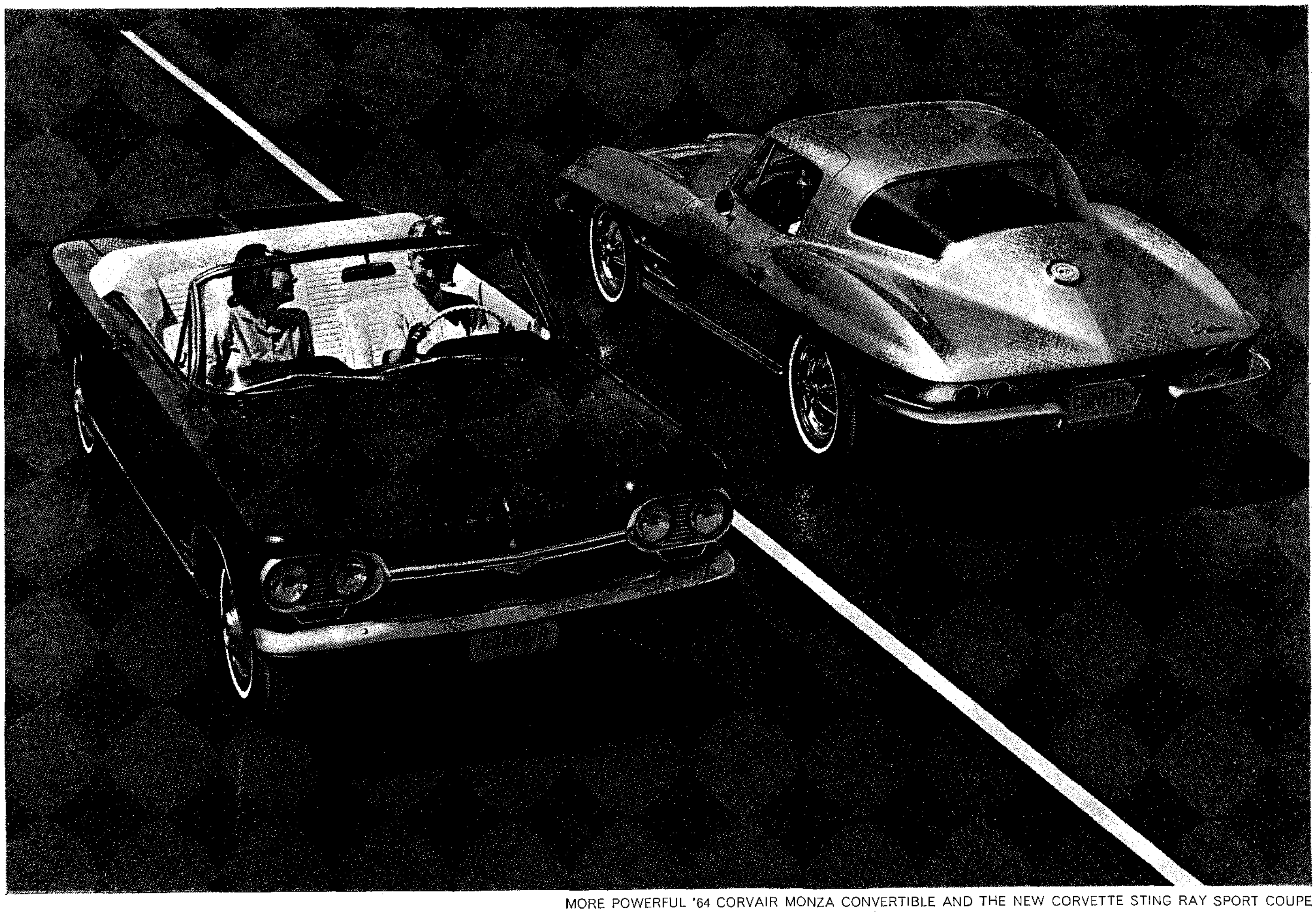

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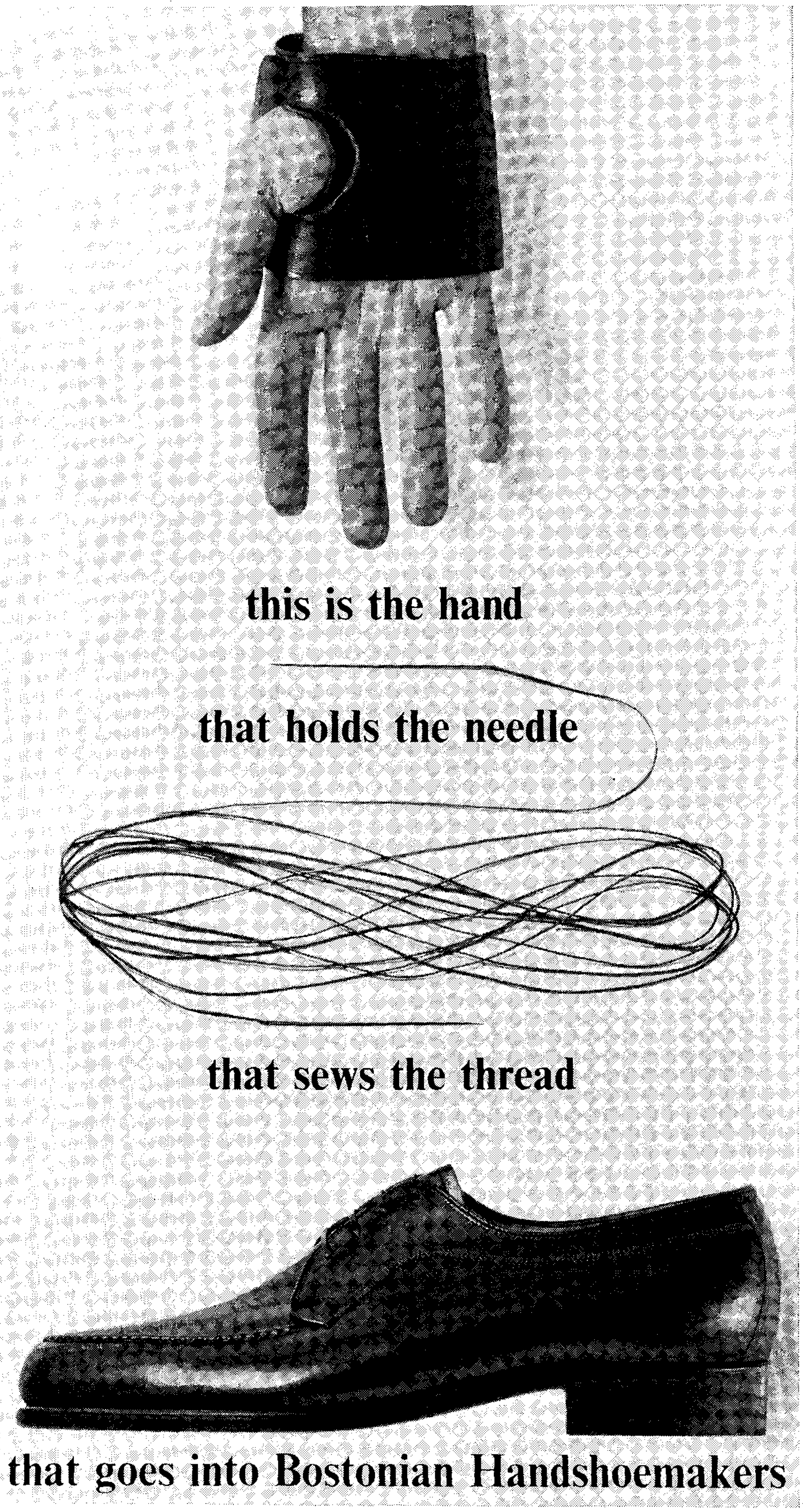
LETTER FROM BRIGHTON

SEPTEMBER 20

SIXTEEN hundred (we were told) delegates of the Liberal Party turned up in this prosperous, conservative seaside resort last week to hold what most of them felt, after it ended, was a highly satisfactory assembly—one that demonstrated the Party's strong points, and some of its built-in weak ones, to outsiders interested in finding out whether it is going to expand or lose influence in the coming months. This was, as usual, the first of the three political conferences that customarily take place at the end of summer to harvest rank-and-file opinion and to salt away new policies before the Parliamentary year begins. This time, the Liberals met knowing that a general election will be held sometime during the next twelve months, though even the most ardent supporters of a party whose capacity for belief with passion is perhaps its most valuable electoral asset can hardly imagine that the election will result in a Liberal administration for Britain. The idea was always hopefully in the air, of course, during the three and a half days of the conference. One or two of the delegates stoutly mentioned it as a Promised Land that is on the map, though it will take some hard slogging to reach, but the policies and reforms that were worked out called to mind, despite their excellence, someone's description of English dinner-party conversation as first-class exhibition tennis played without tennis balls. The energy, the technique, and the footwork were there, only the smashes were doomed not to arrive in the courts.

The Liberal leader, Mr. Jo Grimond, in a remarkable speech he made at the end of the assembly, spoke carefully of the restrained immediate objective of getting "a solid block of Liberals in the House of Commons," who could be the influential radical leaven, he said, in the lump of the next Government—Conservative or Labour—and of the country. Some of the professional observers at the assembly were of the opinion that even this limited expectation might turn out to be difficult enough. The proceedings were given a cheerful sendoff, it is true, by the announcement that the Party has doubled its paying



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membership and trebled its previous tiny shoestring of finances, and that whereas it fought the last general election with fewer than two hundred candidates, this time it proposes to put up four hundred and seventy, most of whom appeared to be present, chipper and vocal, on the rostrum at one time or another. But also on the opening day, the *Daily Telegraph* published its latest public-opinion poll on the state of the parties, which showed, rather more dryly, that the Liberals have been gradually losing popular ground—the first sign, some people think, of the expected falling away of voters who were attracted to them briefly but will return to the Conservatives or the Labour Party in the final, testing pinch. If Labour should lose the general election, Mr. Grimond and his followers would appear to many of Mr. Wilson's disappointed supporters as the best radical alternative in sight. On the other hand, the Liberal success in appealing to Conservatives who have become dissatisfied with Mr. Macmillan's Government might assist (as the Tories are worriedly aware) in bringing about a landslide of Labour gains in seats where hard-pressed Tory candidates will this time have young, untried Liberals taking votes away. The Liberals' dilemma is that if they help, in a backhanded way, to boost Mr. Wilson into power, their own situation will not be improved.

WHATEVER happens, however, the Liberals are out to make a vigorous challenge this time, and the Brighton holidaymakers who lay in deck chairs on the municipal sward, basking in last week's brilliant Indian-summer sunshine, gazed curiously (sometimes with expressions of bleak disapproval) at the delegates streaming cheerfully past them into the Dome—a building that ponderously repeats the playful Oriental fantasy of the Prince Regent's delightful Royal Pavilion, just across the way—for six hours or so a day of hard listening in a warm, pea-soup atmosphere of television lights, cigarette haze, and high Liberal thought. I had not been to a Liberal assembly for some years, and it seemed to me that the Liberal face has changed. There are still the elderly men who might be retired colonels or professors, and the deathless old ladies, keen-eyed under sensible hats, who tell you that their husbands worked under Winston Churchill at the Treasury or knew Mr. Asquith, and there are the eccentrics, like the tall, shaggily bearded old man who shuffled into the middle of a debate

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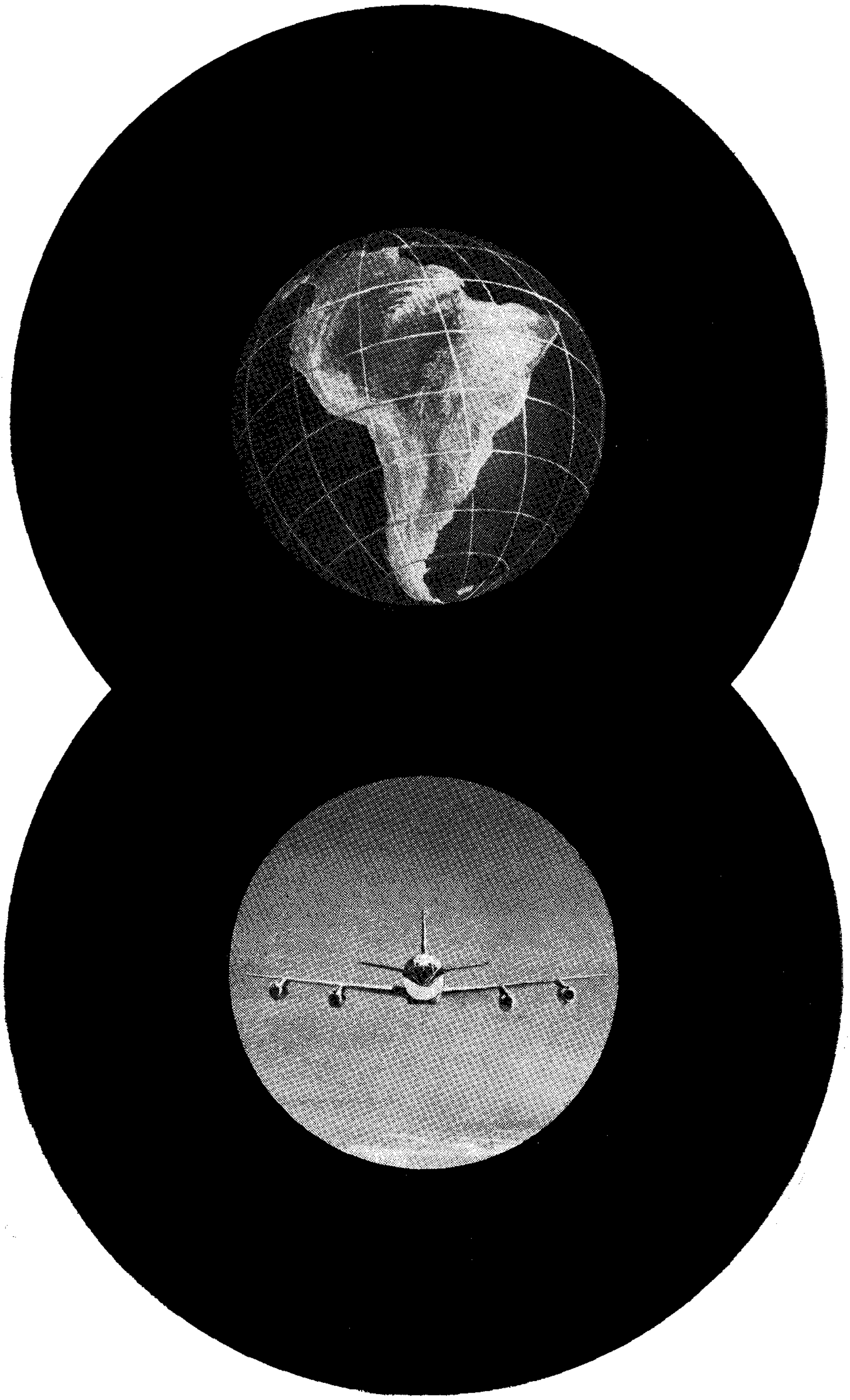

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on Parliamentary reform clasping a small suitcase largely labelled "Liberal Assembly," and looking like some Rip Van Winkle Gladstonian M.P. dug out from long sleep on the Westminster back benches. It used to be possible to look along the rows of listening faces and detect a sort of shared family look, as though Liberalism had been inherited by many of those present, like an unmistakable bone structure of the spirit or simply like a rather consciously stubborn air of being a character who would not happily fit in elsewhere. This year, the bulk of the conference was made up of businesslike young men and women who might have been Tory or Labour and who showed very plainly where Mr. Grimond has been making the greatest inroads—into the new professional and managerial classes, often highly educated, intelligent, disliking the old-fashioned conservatism (as delegates frequently put it) of both the Establishment and Labour, and anxious to identify themselves with a party without labels. These delegates seemed to wish to make it clear that they had not inherited Liberalism but that Liberalism had inherited them, and that they intended to be the tail that was going to wag the dog. They applauded telling points with enormous enthusiasm, but they were aggressive, loudly critical of the platform on occasion, and not very visibly awed by mention of one or two of the hierarchal figures whom the Party rank and file regard as reverently as a tribe of animists might survey the few last giant survivors of a grand old forest laid low by ignorant men. There were also a respectable number of tradeunionists, who showed up on the rostrum to speak in the debates on planning and labor organization, causing some gratification among delegates who lament that Liberalism has not exactly made inroads among the unions by even the most hopeful count.

The big, rather startling hole in the agenda was caused by the total absence of international affairs. The Liberals, who last year could say with pride that they were the European party that had all along urged Britain toward the Common Market, this year made little or no allusion to January's fiasco, or to Britain's future relationship with France, or to the nuclear deterrent, disarmament, or Berlin. Since foreign affairs never win votes in a general election, and this was the first pre-election *run-through* of the program on which Liberals will be fighting, the assembly concentrated mainly on the domestic problems that are causing

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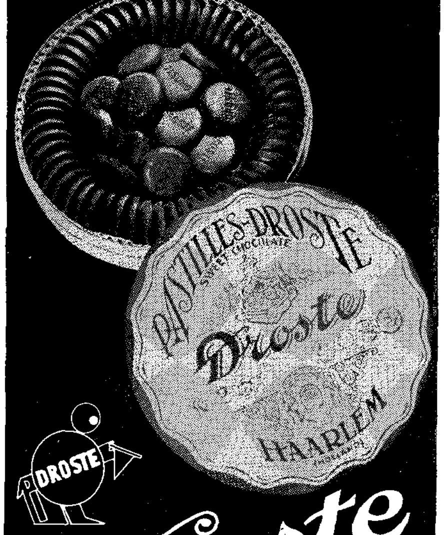

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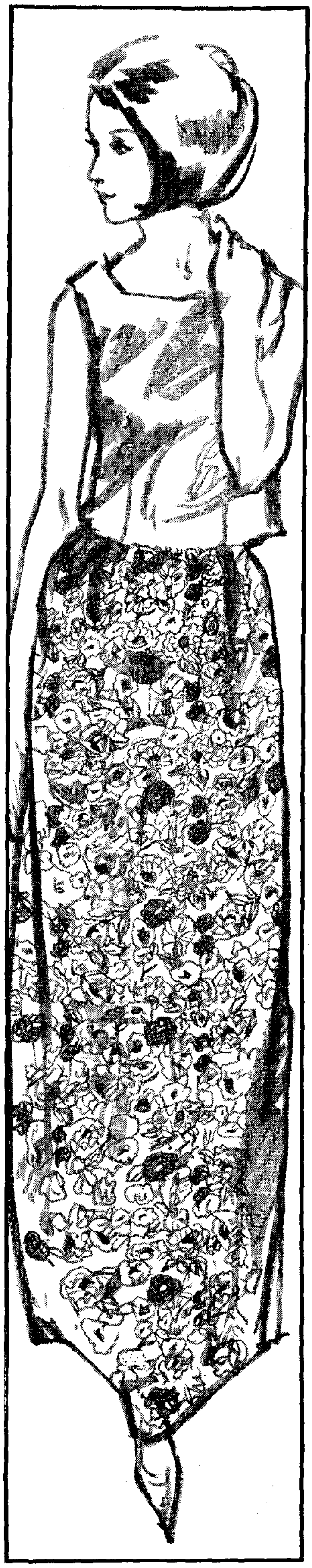

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simmering discontent up and down the country. The Labour and Conservative conferences have already served notice that they, too, plan to give most of their time to home affairs when they meet early next month at Scarborough and Blackpool. Brighton was thus the first big sampling of what has been going on uneasily in people's minds ever since the events of the past eight months acted as harsh but perhaps, in the end, beneficial shock treatment—first the dashing of national pride and prospects in January, when the European door slammed, and then the sensations and eyeopeners of the summer, which did indeed, in some curious way, appear to focus the country's inquiring gaze on what may be wrong here with both the governing and the governed. The Liberals were loud in demanding changes in all the important walks of British life, some amounting to revolutionary rearrangements of ways of thought, which could take longer to bring about than the reforms themselves. Many of the items in their program will doubtless appear on the agenda at Scarborough and Blackpool, *too, but at Brighton they* had their own special, impatient Liberal flavor.

The Party organizer, Mr. Frank Byers, defined the Liberals' aim early in the proceedings as "replacing privilege by participation," and delegate after delegate declared, to thunderous applause, that nothing would shift the malaise in Britain but the cracking open of the old class structure and the doing away with snobbery in all sections of public life. Starting at the top, there were proposals for the reform of Parliament, local government, and the electoral system—the last a particularly wistful hope for Liberals, who would stand to gain very many more seats in the Commons than their present tiny group if a proportional-representation system of voting were adopted. The Party Executive's statement on the debate pointed out what many British of all parties worry about—the steady shifting of power away from Parliament and into the hands of the Prime Minister of the day and the anonymous, secretive giant of the Civil Service; the nonsense that the clamping down of Party whips often makes of important national debates; and the consequently increasing public cynicism over politics and politicians. The assembly urged that the latter should be better informed and better paid, voted for the House of Lords to be re-established on non-hereditary lines, and only narrowly defeated an amendment

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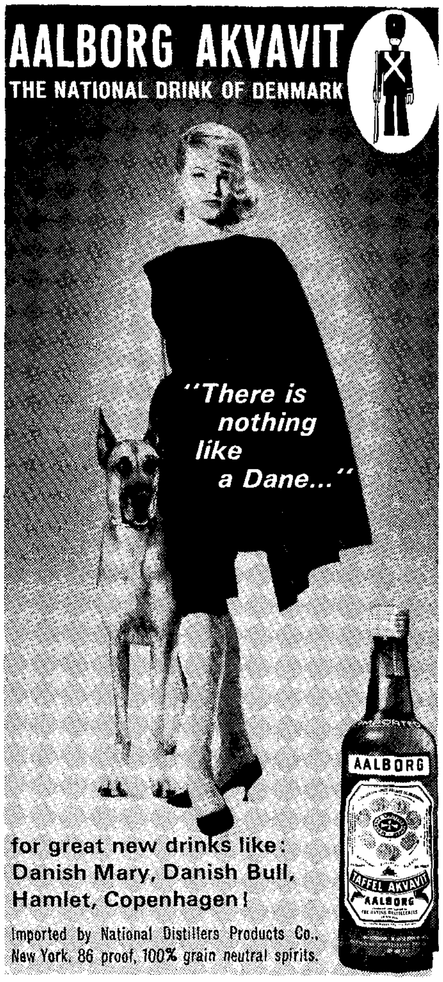
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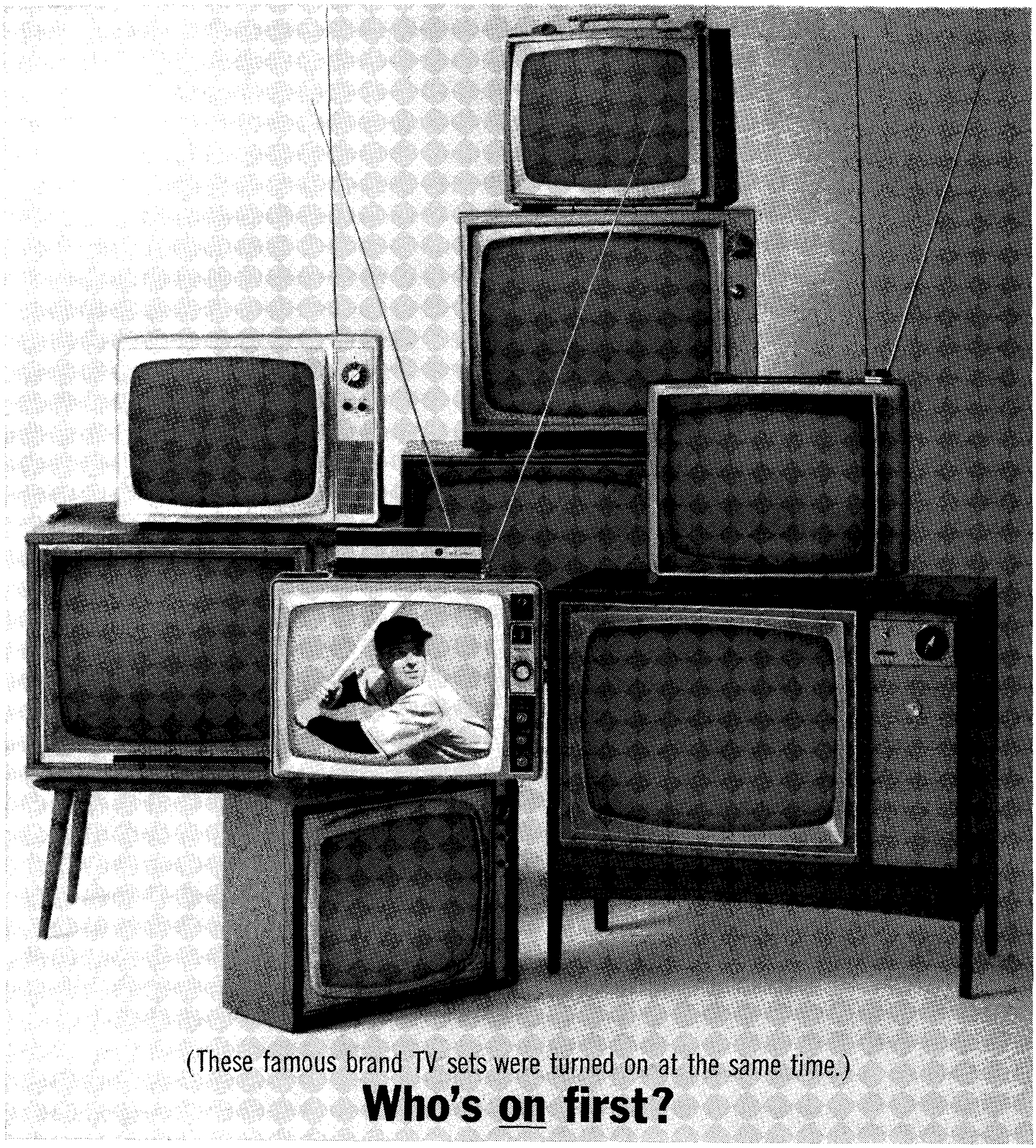
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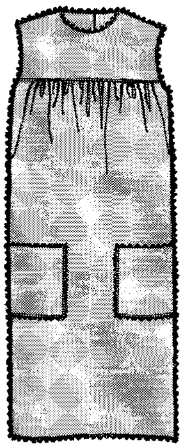

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proposing that the national voting age should be lowered to eighteen—an age, as several young delegates marched to the rostrum to remind us with heat, at which you are deemed responsible enough to be a married wage earner, to pay taxes, and to be hanged.

The debate on education was a good one, for the Liberal Party contains many teachers, and a long procession of delegates spoke with first-hand resentful knowledge of trying to teach children in classes containing well over thirty pupils, of the more than seventy per cent of the primary schools in the country that were built before 1914, and of the weaknesses in the much disliked eleven-plus examination system, which decides which educational stream a child is to be steered into by testing him at the not often industrious age of eleven. The public schools came in for scathing attacks from all sides as "the kindergarten of the Establishment"—not, as many speakers hastened to point out, because they do not provide a first-rate liberal education but because they segregate their pupils for life in what one member of the Executive (who spoke with some experience, having been educated at two of the segregating establishments—Eton for a brief spell and then Prince Charles's school, Gordonstoun) described as "the Old Boy net of privilege." A lady in a lampshade hat who said something mild about parents' being possibly allowed to pay for the education of their choice was heckled with cheerful shouts of "Tory!," after which the assembly voted to bring all independent schools into the state system. This is one forehand drive over the Old Boy net that the Labour Party program may duplicate at Scarborough, using real tennis balls.

The debate on housing was also a good professional affair. Liberals are always at their best when the cause is a deeply emotional one, and many of the delegates were speaking not as prospective candidates of this or that constituency but as active local-government councillors (a field where the Party has done very well), who could talk knowledgeably of the miseries of slum overcrowding and unscrupulous property deals. The platform only just managed to induce the assembly to throw out an amendment that called passionately for five hundred thousand new houses. (The Government's present target is three hundred and seventy-five thousand.) This was considered a prudent move by those who would undoubtedly have accused the Liberals of dangling a typical bit of wildly

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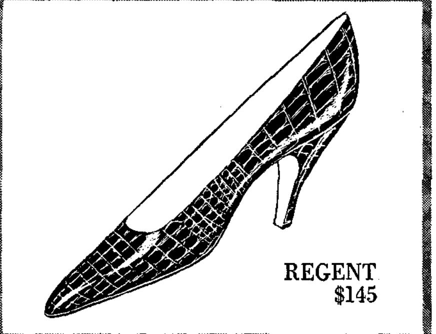

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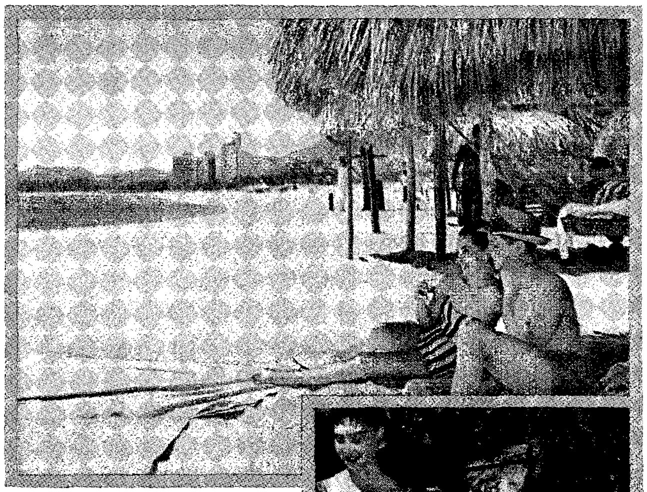

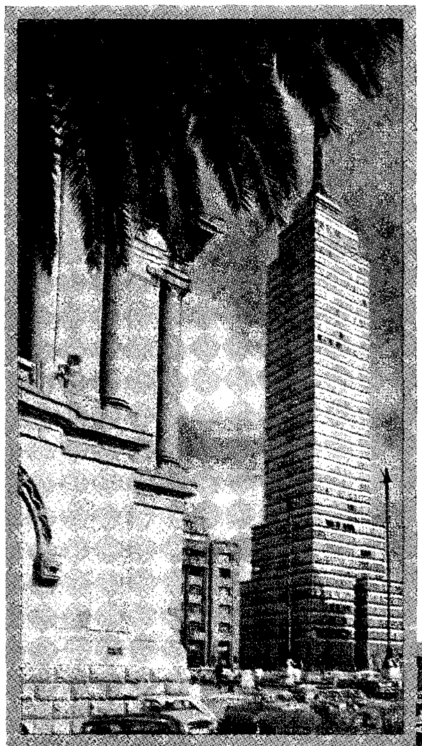

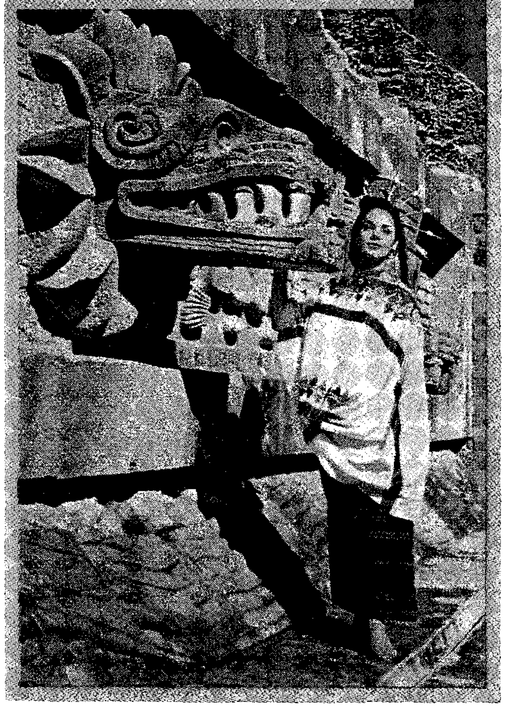

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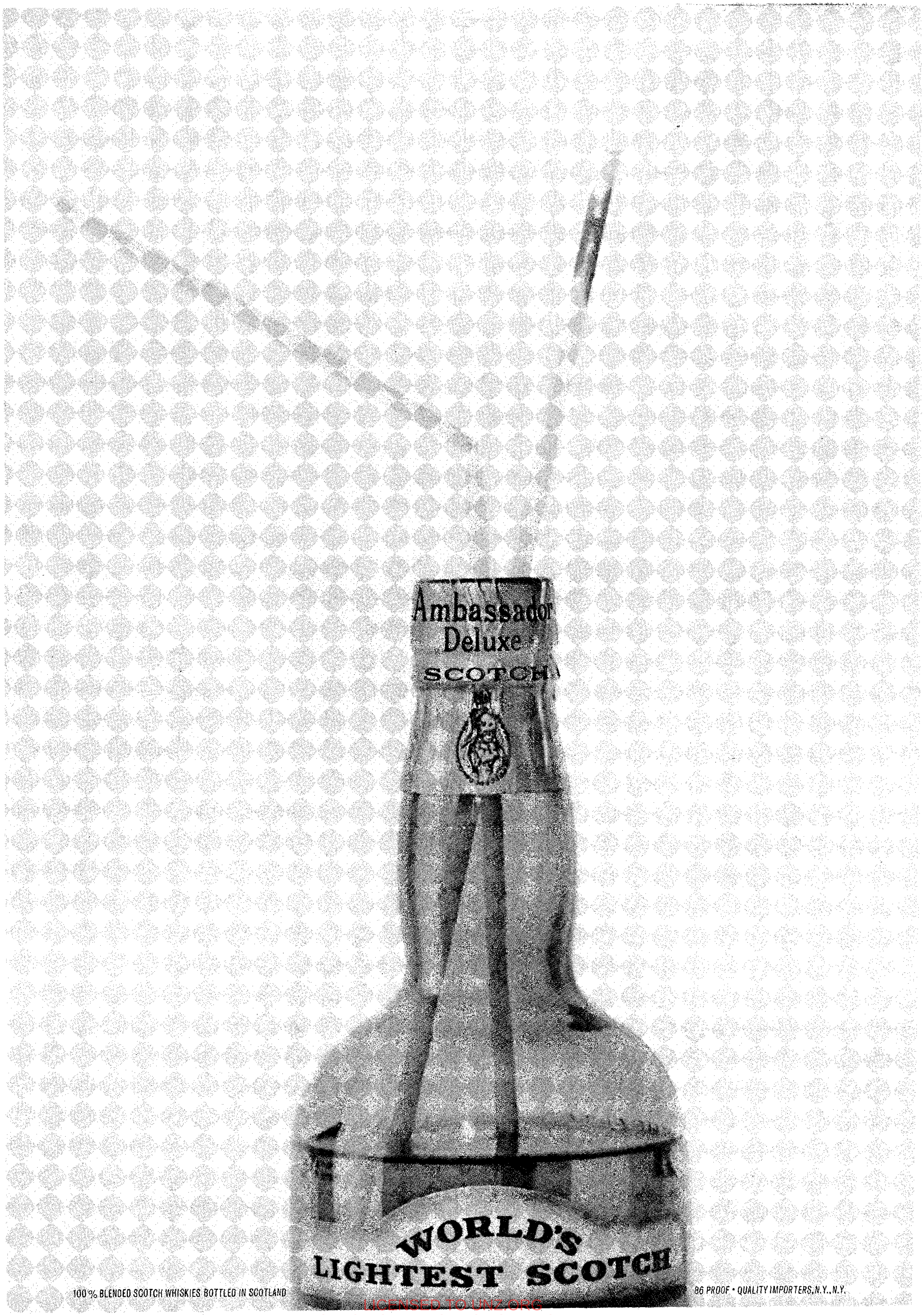
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unrealistic, starry Liberalism in front of voters before a general election. In subsequent out-of-conference talk, though, lots of disappointed delegates seemed to think that with the use of new techniques, new designs, and a new all-out drive (plus, they pointed out tartly, as much money as other European countries allot to their building programs) the figure was not so wild, or unrealistic either.

ON Saturday, Mr. Grimond sent his supporters cheering on their way, and the assembly was over after the delegates had hailed him with democracy's queer laudatory dirge "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow" and passed the hat to collect another twenty thousand pounds for the cause. He spoke of complacency and inertia in high places in the face of incompetence and injustice, and he was bitterly funny about Lord Denning's much criticized "roving commission" to inquire into "whether we are behaving ourselves or not." (Could they contemplate Mr. Gladstone requiring advice on the subject? he asked the assembly caustically. Or Mr. Disraeli? Or Mr. Asquith? And what could Mr. Churchill—giving him the styling of his old Liberal days—be thinking now?) It was a fine, rousing speech, more inspired, perhaps, than anything that the delegates at Scarborough or Blackpool are likely to hear. There are those who think that the Liberals ought to give up hope of chasing power and accept the honorable radical role of unhampered idea men to the Government of the day—permanent naggers at the public conscience. It seems unlikely, though, from what was said at Brighton, that Mr. Grimond and his followers will ever see it that way, or that, if they do, it could mean anything but the death of the Liberal Party, which, in spite of what the other parties say, is like no other political entity in Britain, and like nothing but itself.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

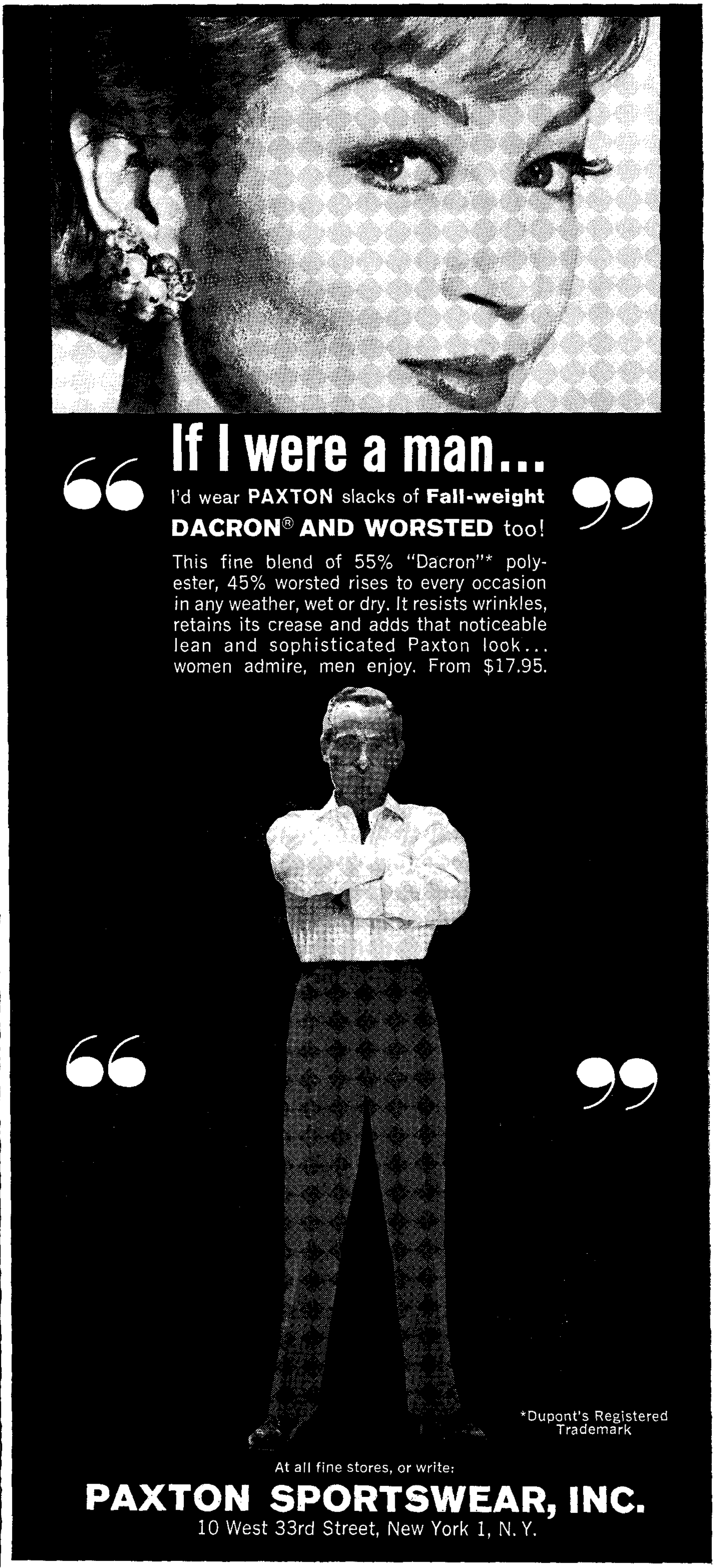
◆

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the San Rafael (Calif.) Independent-Journal]

An assortment of personal items plus three books were found abandoned near McNear's Beach last night, Deputy Sheriff John O. Goff reported.

He was on patrol at the end of a dirt road near the beach about 7:30 p.m. when he came upon a kite, croquet holder, suitcase, coat hangers, record player, a meat slicer, and three books: "Principles of Business Law," "The Power of Positive Thinking," and "Learn to Ski."



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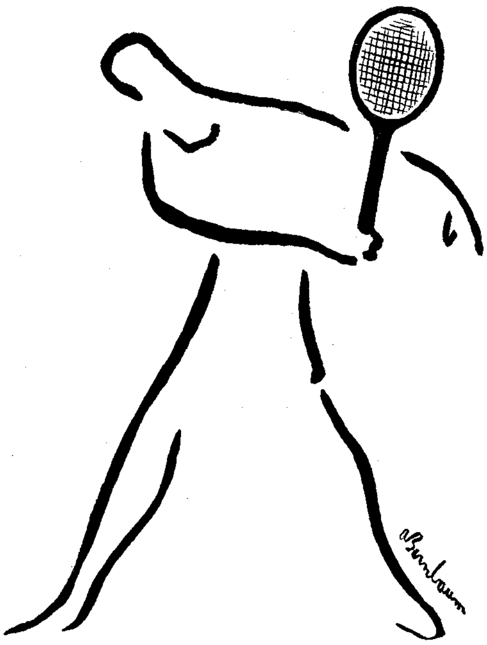
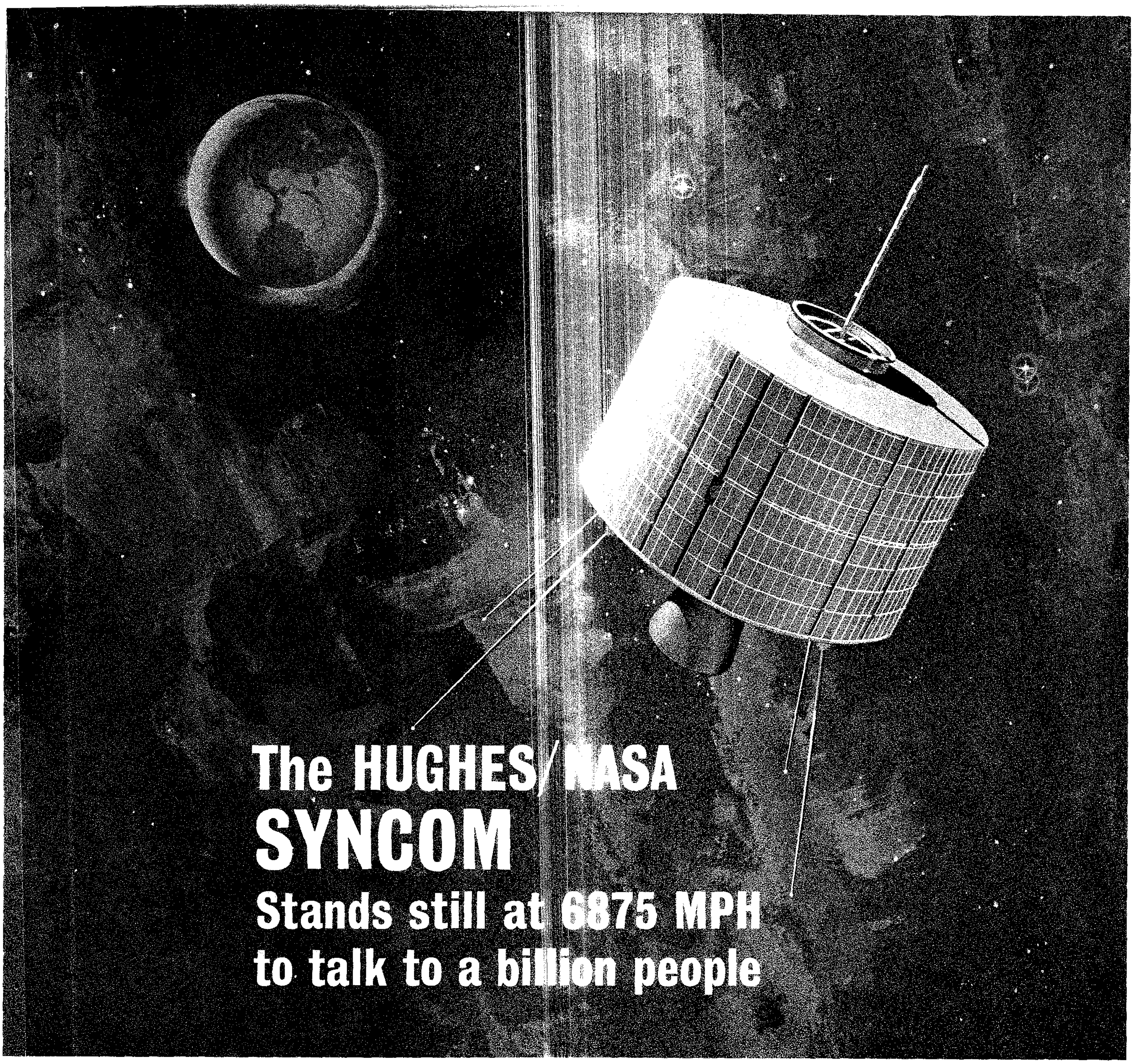
THE SPORTING SCENE

THE LATIN-AMERICANS' YEAR



LATE this December, if form holds true, the United States should meet Australia, the defending nation, in the challenge round for the Davis Cup at Adelaide, and Australia should win a very tight match, largely because of the presence on its team of Roy Emerson, the world's finest amateur tennis player. However, if matters should work out differently—that is, if the American team should lose to England in the interzone semifinal in Bournemouth this week, or to India in the interzone final in India next month, or if, on the other hand, the Americans should go on to *defeat* Australia—no one, I think, would be very much surprised. While tennis is usually the most form-abiding of games, this year has been one of those strange ones when previous performances have meant almost nothing—particularly in the major events. At Wimbledon, for example, where the men who concocted the seeding list seem to have been victims of the celebrated haze of fuzzy thinking that scandalized England this past summer, no fewer than five of the eight seeded players were eliminated before the quarter-final round, and so epidemic were the upsets that the eventual winner, Chuck McKinley, of St. Louis, who was seeded fourth, made his way through his seven matches without bumping into another seeded player—and without dropping a set. In the United States championship, which was concluded at Forest Hills earlier this month, the seeding list took another beating: of the eight seeded players, four were dispatched before the quarter-finals, and, as happened at Wimbledon, two unseeded players reached the semifinals and one reached the final. (Incidentally, it was not until 1938, fifty-seven years after our championship was inaugurated, that an unseeded player became a finalist—Gene Mako, who lost to Don Budge.) The principal reason for this absence of the old predictability is that today, following Rod Laver's entrance into the professional ranks, amateur tennis is left with many good players but, with the possible exception of Emerson, no players of the first class, and, of course, it is only first-class players who can be counted on not to blow hot and cold from week to week—indeed, from match to match—and to produce regularly something reasonably close to their best game. On top of this, and adding to the general confusion, is the fact that this season Emerson has been playing his spottiest tennis in quite some time. At the beginning of the year, he was regarded as having a fairly good chance of duplicating Laver's 1962 grand slam and winning the four major championships—the Australian, the French, the Wimbledon, and the American. The prospect of his bringing it off was, it should be added, a pleasant one to contemplate. Twenty-six years old now, and considerably more poised and articulate than he was in 1956, when he made his first foreign tour, and yet with the same direct, genial country manners he learned as a boy in his home town of Blackbutt, a village a hundred and fifty miles northwest of Brisbane, Emerson had been waiting patiently in the wings for five years while his slightly more brilliant countrymen—first Neale Fraser and then Laver—held the stage. At Adelaide last January, he started his quest auspiciously, winning the Australian championship (he had won it before, in 1961) from his fellow-Queenslander Ken Fletcher. In June, he added the French championship on the red clay at Roland Garros, beating Pierre Darmon, who is that proper rarity, a French tennis player in sterling physical shape. At Wimbledon, however, with everyone rooting for him, he was put out in the quarter-finals—in a long, five-set match—by Wilhelm Bungert, of Germany, a big server, who was having one of his good days while Emerson was having one of his poorer ones. With his hopes for a grand slam gone glimmering, Emerson arrived at Forest Hills not at all keyed up for our championship, being obviously weary after four months overseas on the tournament circuit and far less concerned about his tennis than about getting home and seeing his new son, who was only two weeks old when he left. On the eve of the tournament, with the favorite in something less than top form and top mood, and for once with no other Australian of intimidating reputation to worry about (the delegation this summer consisted of Fletcher, twenty-three, Australia's third-ranked player; John Newcombe, nineteen, the very grown-up junior champion; Tony Roche, just turned eighteen, a sandy-haired left-hander who looks a lot like old John Bromwich; and Owen Davidson, nineteen, another left-handed youngster), there was a definite feeling in the air at Forest Hills that this could well be the year for the first American victory since Tony Trabert carried the day in 1955. (In fact, with the lone exception of the 1959 championship, in which Alex Olmedo, of Peru, was runner-up to Fraser, the Australians have had the final round of our championship all to themselves since 1955.) The two chief American hopes were McKinley, of course, and Dennis Ralston, from Bakersfield, California. After being our finest prospect and biggest disappointment for some years, Ralston, a tall, lean stylist who many observers think possesses the best strokes of any amateur in the world, had suddenly come into his own in August as the hero of our Davis Cup triumph over Mexico, and he had looked little less impressive when he later teamed up with McKinley to win the United States Doubles Championship at Longwood. And not only had McKinley and Ralston been playing well, they had also been behaving well—a significant consideration in their particular cases. Far too often in the past, when a key point or a close call went against them, both these young men (McKinley is now twenty-two and Ralston twenty-one) have acted up like few performers before them in the golden annals of tennis temperament; they pounded the net with their rackets, they flung their rackets around, they



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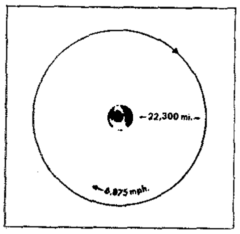

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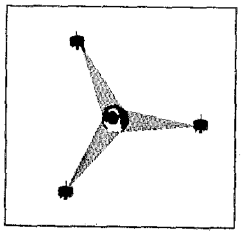

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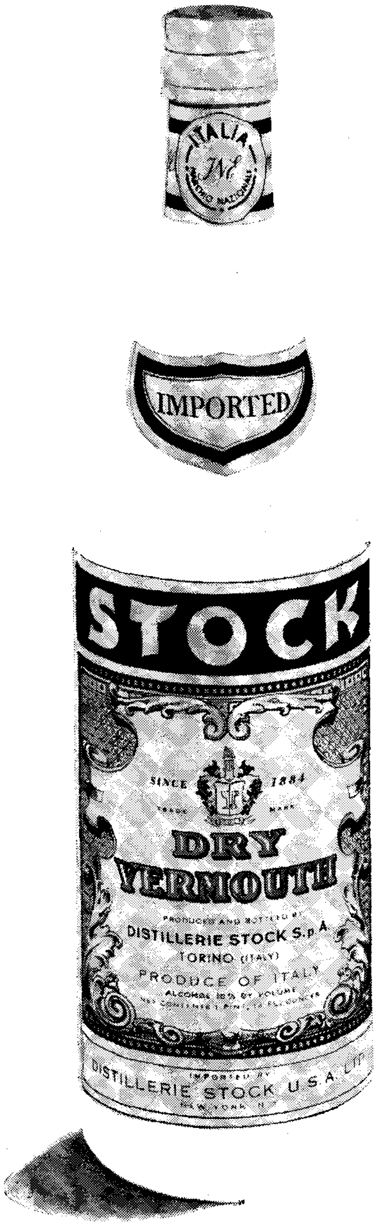

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challenged critical spectators to come down onto the court (and, presumably, meet them in the doubles alley), they argued with linesmen, they banged balls over the grandstand—the whole bit. The odd thing was that it never seemed to get through to them what was wrong with their conduct—why, they were simply fighting their hearts out to win, they frequently explained, as if this were sufficient justification—and, equally important, they never seemed to understand that once they lost control of themselves their concentration was shot, and with it any chance they might have had of pulling out a difficult match. Well, this summer, apparently, they had finally matured, to use the word that McKinley has favored. While most old tennis hands wanted to watch this reformation over a longer period before accepting it as the real thing, they were naturally hopeful that it was, and they believed that if it was verified at Forest Hills, then both McKinley and Ralston had the equipment to go all the way, and that one of them probably would.

NO sooner had the championship started than McKinley was subjected to a dramatic test of his new maturity. In the first round, he came up against Eduardo Zuleta, a deeply bronzed, wavy-haired veteran from Ecuador who had never caused any top-notch player a single moment of alarm. Just before going onto the court that afternoon, Zuleta had winked playfully at an old friend and said, "I wreck de tournament." He almost did. Midway through the first set, McKinley, who had been cracking the ball smartly and racing around the court like a terrier—he is a stocky five feet eight—abruptly, and mysteriously, slowed down almost to a walk and began to pat the ball softly on all his shots. The only logical explanation was that he must have hurt himself somehow or other, but if he had, he gave no indication at all of what the trouble was. He dropped the first set, 6–4, and the second, 6–3, and then, accelerating his footwork and his strokes a tiny notch, he just managed to pull out the third set, 8–6. During the ten-minute rest period before the start of the fourth set, it was learned that McKinley had suffered a muscle spasm in his back when he lunged for a running backhand in the sixth game of the first set. After being doctored during the interval, he came back to take the fourth set, 6–3, and the fifth, 6–1, hitting out a shade more freely, but only a shade. He walked

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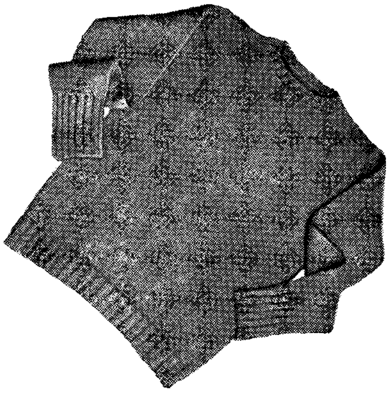

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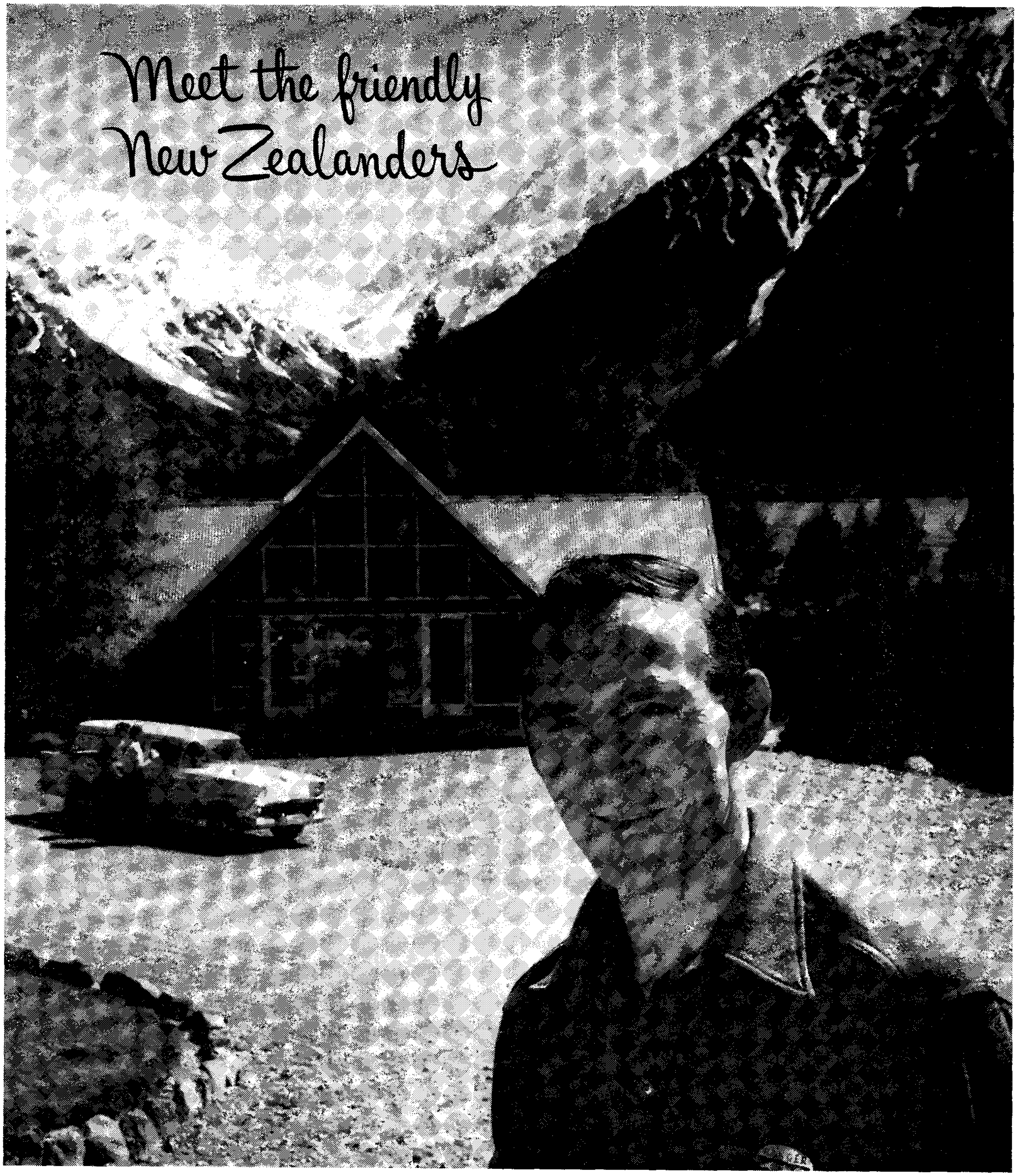

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off the court to a swelling round of applause, eminently deserved. At no time had he called attention by a word or a gesture to the handicap under which he was laboring, nor, apparently, had he ever considered defaulting, which many players would have done in those painful circumstances. It had been a terrific exhibition of grit and character, and was doubly affecting coming from a fellow who had so often dramatized the agony of having to put up with butterfingered ball boys and similar trifles. Anyway, McKinley made a lot of new friends that afternoon, including me, and I made it a point to be on hand for all his subsequent matches, however long he might stay in the tournament. In the second round, fortified by a full day's recuperation, some painkilling pills, and a light corset, he defeated Jiri Javorski, of Czechoslovakia, in straight sets. In the third round, still serving at half speed and hitting his other strokes at about three-quarters his usual speed, he took three straight sets from Lex Wood, of South Africa, who is not at all a bad player. By the time McKinley had faced, and defeated, Larry Nagler, a young Californian, in the fourth round, to arrive safely at the quarter-finals, his gradual recovery had brought him to a point where he was back to eighty-five or ninety per cent of his normal efficiency, and it looked as though he would be able, if the need arose, to go all out in the matches ahead of him. His precarious timetable had worked out just right. It had been very instructive, to say the least, to watch a player like McKinley, who customarily digs for the net at every opportunity, being forced to work out his salvation from the baseline by producing well-placed ground strokes. Those early-round matches of his were educational in another, fascinating way, too. I think we are all agreed that a main factor in determining the various levels of athletic competence is the much greater speed that superior players can generate and control—and, furthermore, cope with. In the opening games of the Zuleta-McKinley match, for example, before McKinley hurt himself, Zuleta looked like the second-string tennis councillor at a girls' camp. However, when McKinley was forced to slow down his pace, Zuleta all of a sudden was transformed into a solid, dashing player. He retrieved the ball tirelessly, chopping it back deep, and when he moved on to the attack he inserted some neat little drop shots and volleyed with uncommon adroitness. It was almost a textbook demonstration of how speed separates the men from the boys. Back in Quito, where Zuleta probably looks

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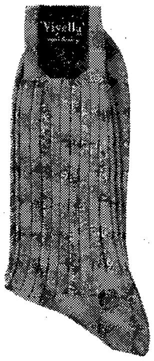

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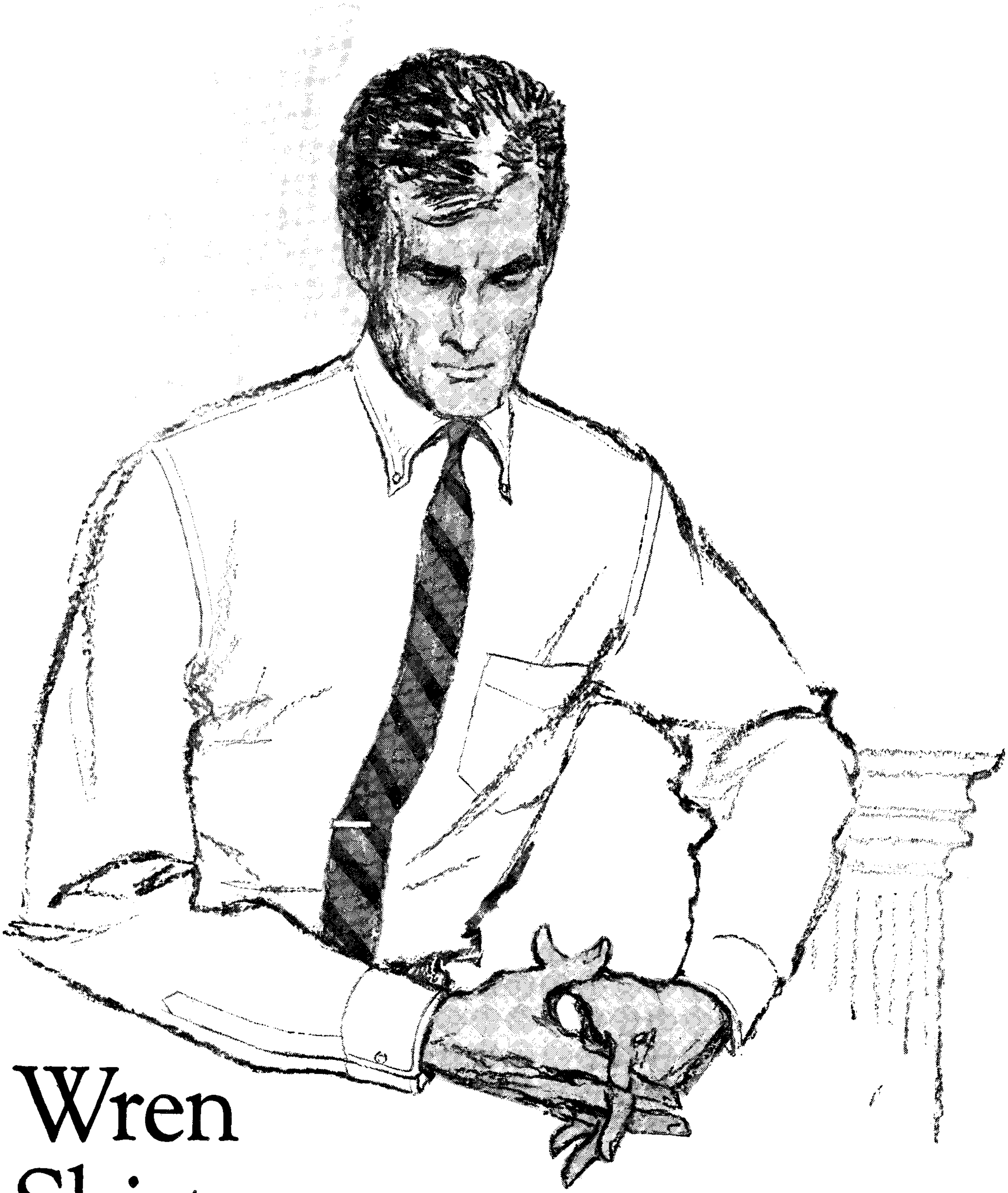

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even more effective against the local opposition, the gang at his club must throw their hands in the air and muse aloud, "How does *anyone* beat Eduardo?"

Late in the afternoon of the fourth round, while McKinley was advancing against Nagler on the stadium court, the grandstand court nearby was the scene of a major upset, which changed the whole complexion of the tournament: Emerson was eliminated by an unseeded player, twenty-one-year-old Frank Froehling III, of Coral Gables. A big, rawboned fellow, six feet four inches tall, who walks with a plowboy lurch and rarely smiles, Froehling is not a polished player, and essentially is only as good as his service. It is a real cannonball. He delivers it, as he does most of his strokes, in an awkward, highly unorthodox fashion. He starts by turning his wrist over so that the racket faces the ground; then, almost a full second before he tosses the ball up, he tips his head far back, and he keeps it there during his toss, gazing soulfully at the heavens until the ball appears in view, at which moment his racket reaches the peak of its powerful, windmill arc and slams the ball with such velocity that it is no easy job to follow its flight. (Mike Sangster, of England, is the only amateur whose serve compares in speed with Froehling's.) In the quarter-final round at Forest Hills last year, Froehling's big service enabled him to give Rod Laver a good battle—he took a set from him—and largely on the strength of that performance he was ranked second among our players. This year, however, he had done absolutely nothing in the summer tournaments, and it came as no shock to most tennis people when he was not seeded in the championship. It came as a shock to *him*, though, and he was further chagrined when he learned at Forest Hills on the day of the third round that he had not been named to our Davis Cup team for the autumn matches. There is nothing like a little righteous indignation to bolster a man's sense of purpose, and Froehling, resolved to show the Davis Cup selection committee how mistaken it was, went out and crushed his third-round opponent—Antonio Palafox, the Mexican internationalist—in three quick sets. Up against Emerson next, he started in the same assertive frame of mind, hitting not just his service but everything all out. He won the first set, at 6–4, but this did not portend much against a player with Emerson's tenacity for scrambling hard on point after point in a tough, protracted match and gradually raising the pitch of his game until the

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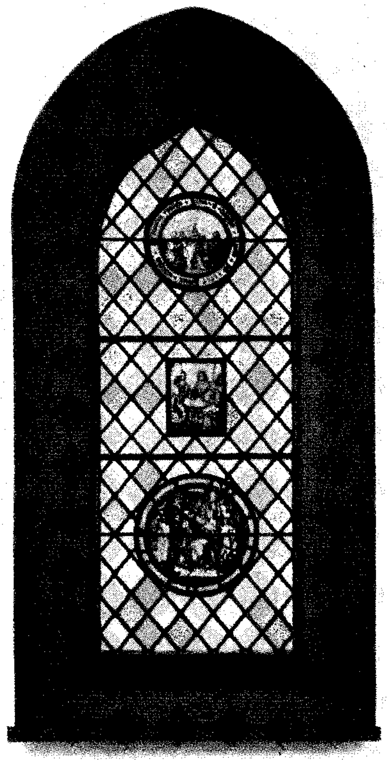

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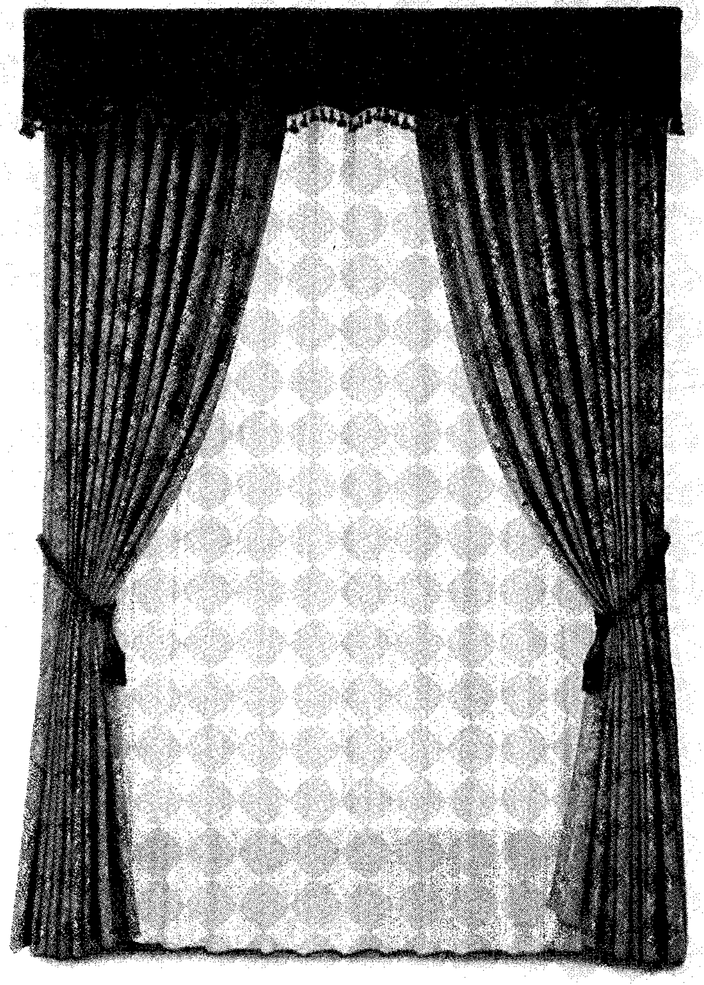

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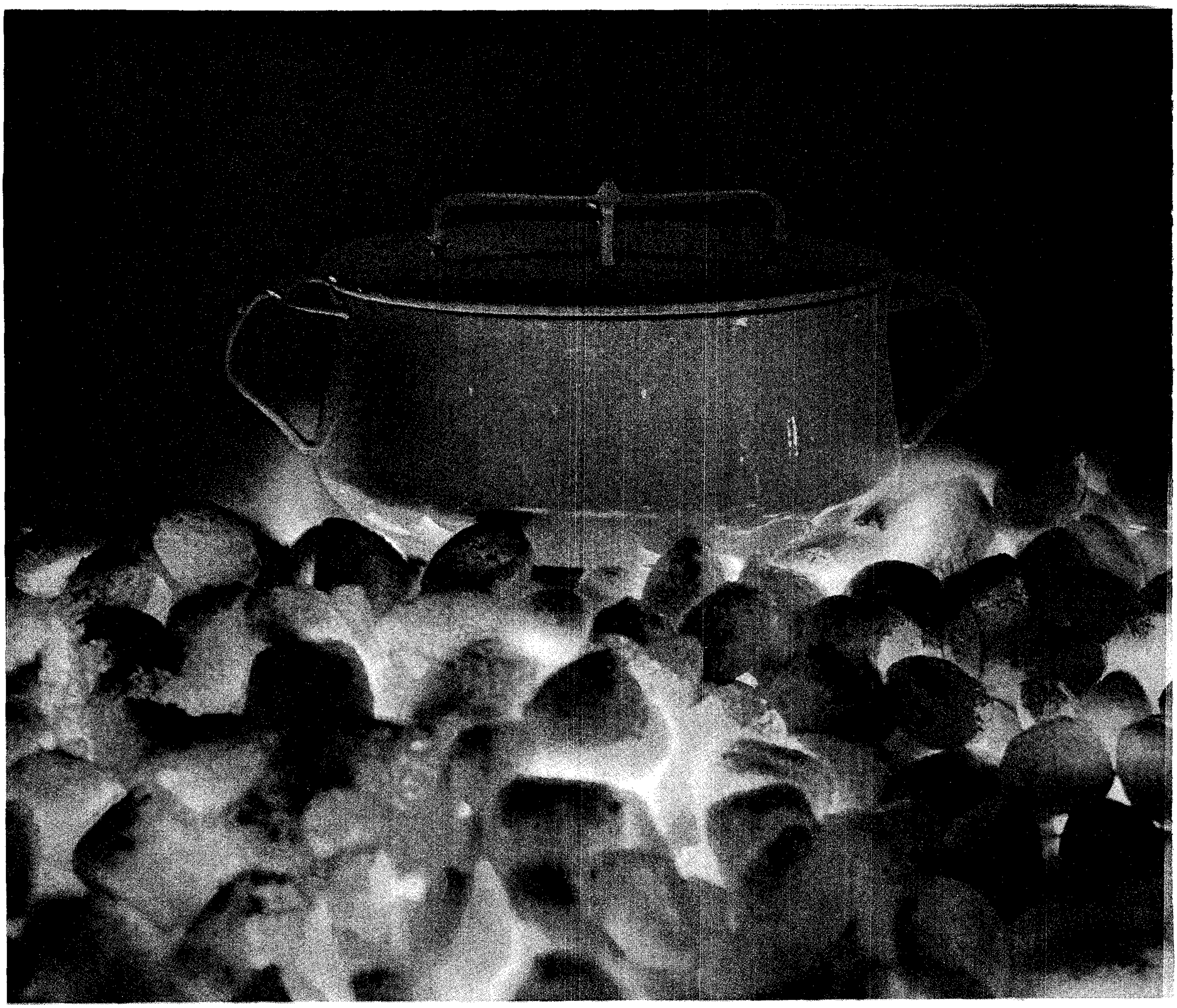

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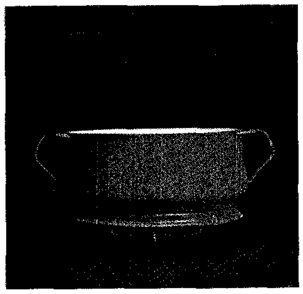

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situation is under control. Sure enough, after losing his service early in the second set, Emerson soberly went to work. He put more zip into his service. He returned Froehling's service much more crisply, his wonderful reflexes allowing him to take the cannonball on the rise. He moved around the court faster, came up to the net more often, punched his volleys more decisively, and in no time at all had broken Froehling's service twice and taken the set, 6–4. This was just what one had expected, and from this point on, if the usual pattern obtained, Emerson would, we thought, encounter only sporadic resistance. In the third set, he had far less trouble winning his service games than Froehling had. It wasn't that Froehling was playing poorly. He was still smacking the ball hard, and scoring many pretty winners with his forehand drive, which he hammers with heavy top spin, and a surprising number with his backhand drive, a vastly improved stroke, which he was executing with a suspicion of fluency. Nevertheless, Emerson was definitely in charge of matters, biding his time until Froehling should strike a spell of erratic serving and give him the opening he needed to wrap up the set. However, with the games at 7–7 and Emerson serving, Froehling unleashed a tremendous flurry of placements, and before anyone quite realized what was happening he had broken through Emerson, the game-clinching point coming on a beautiful down-the-line backhand off a high-bouncing serve. Then the astounding Froehling, really smoking the ball, held service with the loss of only one point, to take the set, 9–7. After that, he could do no wrong. Down 0–40 on Emerson's serve in the first game of the fourth set, he rattled off five stunning points in a row for the game, then went on to break Emerson's service twice more, and ran out the set, 6–2, and the match. Froehling had had one of those dream days, and he had made the most of it.

EMERSON's expulsion gave the tournament a most unusual aspect. For the first time since 1950, no Australian had reached the quarter-finals. However, a rather felicitous situation had shaped itself, for in each of the four matches an American faced a foreign player. Against Thomas Koch, a talented eighteen-year-old left-hander from Porto Alegre, Brazil, McKinley, physically fit but very rusty in the forecourt after his enforced habitation on the baseline, had to fight off one match point in the fourth set before winning in five. Marty Riessen, an undergradu-

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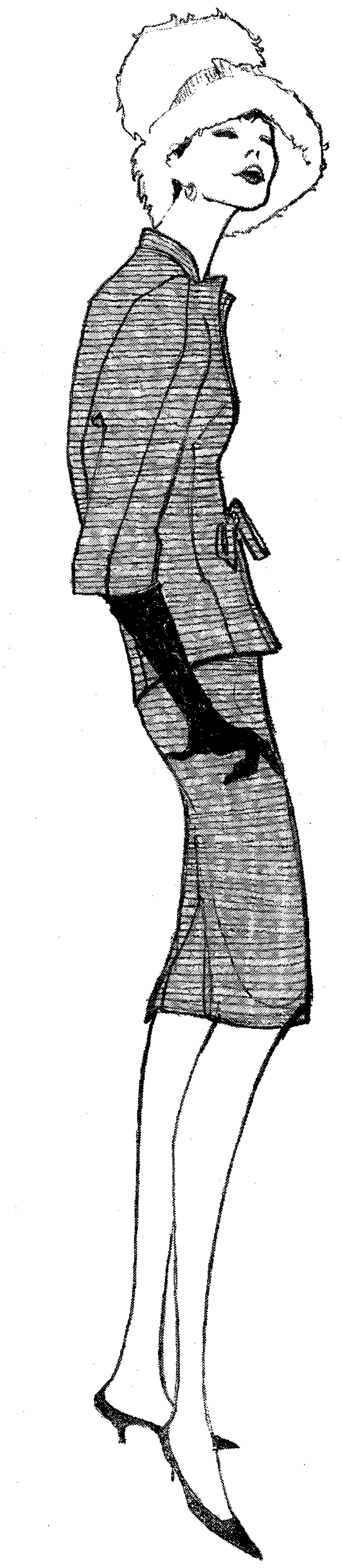

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ate at Northwestern University, where his father coaches the tennis team, went down in four sets to Rafael Osuna, of Mexico, after taking the first set and outplaying Osuna throughout most of the second. Froehling, his feet back on the ground again, was nowhere near as devastating against Bobby Wilson, of England, a sort of road-company Bunny Austin, as he had been against Emerson, and just got past him in five sets.

In the other quarter-final match—the most interesting by far, and the most surprising—Ralston was defeated in straight sets, 6–4, 7–5, 6–3, by Ronnie Barnes, a twenty-two-year-old Brazilian from Rio. Before the championship play began, Gerald Patterson, the old Australian star of the nineteen-twenties, had astonished a group of tennis insiders by nominating the relatively unknown Barnes as the best prospect he had seen this year, and Barnes' exhibition of all-court play against Ralston made Patterson look very acute indeed. A mild, serene young man of medium size, who packs only moderate power but has a fine touch and the instinct for playing the right shot at the right time, Barnes had a cool answer for every maneuver by Ralston. In addition, he had the assistance of his opponent's unfortunate perturbability. He is an incredibly intense young man, Dennis Ralston. For one thing, he is far too much of a perfectionist about his tennis; even when he is simply working out with friends at the close of day, he scowls elaborately every time he hits anything less than a first-rate shot. Furthermore, he seems to overreact to every situation; for example, when he was seated in the stands watching his good friend McKinley play Lex Wood, he could not restrain his annoyance when a spectator gratuitously shouted "Foot fault!" while McKinley was serving, and snapped back angrily in the spectator's direction, "*You* don't call them, buddy!" In his match with Barnes, he made a series of tactical errors at the outset. First, he underrated his opponent. Second, he had come out so determined to play glittering, withering, almost errorless tennis that he could not adjust himself to the necessity of scrapping unregally for hard-contested points. Then, bewildered by his continuing inability to gain the upper hand, he let his concentration wander and was fully prepared to contest only one point in every four. He held himself well in check, though, until halfway through the first set; then, after he had been legitimately aced, he took it upon himself to straighten the officials out, marching

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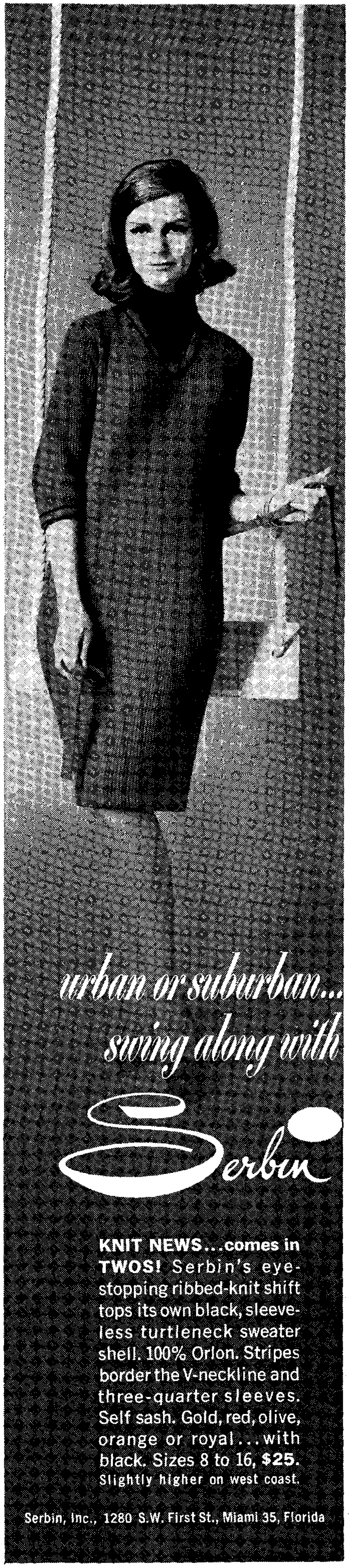

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up the court and ceremoniously planting the handle of his racket on a spot an inch or so beyond the sideline, in the alley. It was clear at that point that he was beginning to go, and when, changing courts after losing the second set, he embarked on a slow, morose semicircular walking tour halfway across the stadium, he was all done.

If Ralston's display of petulance was disappointing—he's such a talented young man that one would like to see him grow up and do himself justice—a needless tantrum by McKinley in his semifinal match with Osuna was even more so, considering his exemplary stoicism during the early rounds. After dropping the second set to Osuna when a backhand volley overshot the far sideline by inches, he hurled his floppy hat to the ground, jumped up and down, and finally whacked both his hat and the ball away with a furious swipe of his racket. McKinley and Ralston have been playing competitive tennis most of their young lives, but they still pay far too much attention to the gallery. To compound their problem, each of them, in his own fashion, misunderstands the gallery. Somewhere along the way, McKinley seems to have picked up the idea that flareups of temper amount to Color, and he appears oddly surprised, even today, when the spectators do not react sympathetically to his antics. He generally underestimates their intelligence. If he could realize that most spectators, having played a little tennis themselves, are fully cognizant of, say, his fine fighting qualities, he would probably feel less compelled to dramatize this message. Ralston errs in trying to show the gallery how little he needs it—as if it were composed only of cranks, like the self-appointed foot-fault judge. His primary misconception, though, is the belief, which he has often expressed, that blowing his top acts as a wonderful safety valve. It doesn't at all. As many observers see it, it works precisely the other way; it sets Ralston, a sensitive young man, to brooding aimlessly, and quickly clouds his concentration. Oh, well, I suppose that discussions like this about the emotional vagaries of young athletes are a waste of time, since it finally comes down to the individual. Either he genuinely means to control himself or he doesn't. There never was a more hotheaded kid than Bobby Jones (my apologies for going to golf for chapter and verse, but it is the classic text) until he "picked up" during the 1921 British Open in a fit of pique and then became so thoroughly disgusted with himself for quitting under pressure that the ever-rankling memory of the inci-

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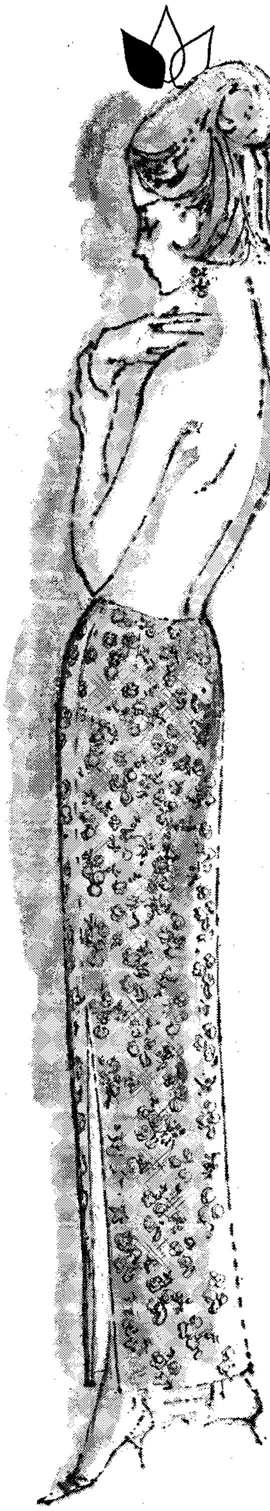

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dent drove him to set new standards of self-discipline and sportsmanship for athletes in all fields.

In any event, McKinley, unable to maintain his play at a high level except for brief periods, was eliminated in straight sets in the semifinals by Osuna. Considering that it brought together the two most agile men in tennis, it was not a particularly interesting match, nor, for that matter, was the other semifinal, between Froehling and Barnes. Barnes simply could not begin to handle Froehling's service, and never for a moment did he resemble the precise craftsman who had taken Ralston apart in the quarter-finals. The finals, however, produced two very exciting and possibly memorable matches—Osuna vs. Froehling and, in the women's division, Maria Bueno vs. Margaret Smith.

THE big question in the men's final was whether or not Froehling would be able to blast Osuna off the court, as he had Palafox, Emerson, and Barnes. To do so, he needed to be in top form, for Osuna, the genial, sleepy-eyed, twenty-five-year-old son of a well-to-do Mexico City oilman, has become quite a tennis player. The last two years, he has reached the semifinals at Forest Hills. This year at Wimbledon, he was ousted in the third round, but by Manuel Santana, of Spain, the most accomplished player in Europe today, and only after they had battled through five spectacular sets in what was generally regarded as the best match of the tournament. Osuna's game has a few conspicuous weaknesses—his ground strokes are not especially forceful, and his spin service is neither fast nor well placed nor varied—but, lithe as a panther, he gets around the court like no one else in tennis today, and in the forecourt, where he loves to play, he is an amazingly sure volleyer. In his match with McKinley, he had been magnificent at the net, lunging wide time after time to cut off a drive or a volley that seemed to have him beaten cold, and then not only reacting quickly enough to handle McKinley's next thrust but frequently putting it away with a sharp, stupefying volley. Osuna has one other important asset—a reliable temperament. He does not rush himself, and at difficult moments he maintains his sense of proportion and his sense of humor. (The night before the final, when he was given an award for sportsmanship by a vermouth company, he replied wryly that he probably seems more gracious than he really is, since he does his swearing in Spanish.) Froehling began their duel, on a hot, muggy

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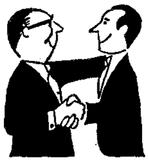

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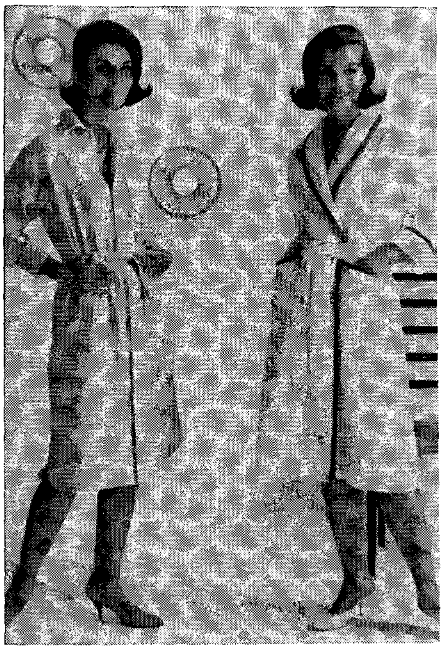

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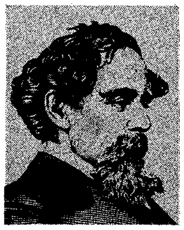

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day, by winning four straight points on his service—scoring one clean ace and unleashing two other thunderbolts that Osuna barely got his racket on. He won his next two service games with hardly more exertion. Osuna, for his part, was struggling to hold service. He is a notoriously slow starter, but, with Froehling attacking on every point and slamming forehand drives down the line like Vines, it began to look as if he might never have a chance to get started at all. With games at 3–3 and Froehling's service coming up again, Osuna decided to try an experiment. In 1960, when he beat Barry MacKay, another prodigious server, in a Davis Cup match, he had taken the sting out of MacKay's first ball by standing four yards or so behind the baseline to receive it. Before the Froehling match, he had considered invoking this tactic if things began going badly, and now he did. It gained him two points—nothing more—in that seventh game. He persisted with the tactic, nonetheless. It had certain obvious dangers; if he returned service with a lob that wasn't deep enough, Froehling could put the ball away without much trouble, or, with Osuna necessarily stationed behind the baseline waiting for a smash, Froehling could simply drop the ball over the net for an easy winner. Osuna, however, was gambling on doing three things: first, by standing so far back to receive service he might lead Froehling into attempting to cross him up by taking some speed off his cannonball, in which contingency he was prepared to move in fast on the changeup service; second, no matter how Froehling served, he meant to exploit the tall Floridian's ponderous footwork by trying to pass him, as he followed straight in to the net after serving, with high drives down the lines; and, third, he meant to lob him continually—particularly when Froehling was serving in the north court and staring up into the sun—with a view to breaking down Froehling's smash, a vulnerable stroke, since he does not hit the ball directly overhead, at twelve o'clock, but, rather, at ten o'clock, with a mongrel blow that is half smash, half top-spin forehand. It is one thing to devise a strategy that should work and another thing entirely to have the ability to make it work. Osuna had it. With games at 5–5, he went ahead 0–15 on Froehling's service by throwing up a beautiful deep lob, which Froehling smashed into the net. Osuna moved to 0–30 when, after he himself had darted back and forth across the backcourt to make three sensational defensive lobs, Froehling's fourth smash car-

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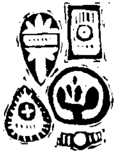

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ried over the baseline. Froehling drew up to 30–all when Osuna netted two backhand drives, but then he fell behind again when he mis-hit another deep, twisting lob off the top of his racket. On game point, Osuna came back with still another perfect lob, and when Froehling, visibly disconcerted now, belted it six feet out, Osuna had broken through. It was the significant moment in the match. Osuna served out to win the set, 7–5, and then, staying with the strategy that had proved so successful, broke service in the fifth game of the second set and eventually won it, 6–4. Serving only adequately himself, Osuna had to work hard on a number of occasions to hold service, but he always managed to, rampaging around the forecourt and regularly making that impossible "second volley," the one that his opponents never expect him to get—the one that breaks their hearts. All this galloping exacted an enormous toll, even of Osuna's exceptional endurance, and he was so weary at the end of the second set that if Froehling had had the stamina to launch a counterattack he might still have turned the match around. However, the third set had no sooner started than it became clear that Froehling was far more exhausted than Osuna. That long barrage of indecently accurate lobbing had undermined his timing, and now his cannonball had lost all its fire. Osuna broke through it at love in the very first game, and went on to win the set, 6–2, and with it the match—the first time that anyone from Mexico had captured our championship. Osuna's resourceful conquest of Froehling reminded me of nothing so much as the Dempsey-Willard fight, in which Dempsey, who at the outset could barely reach his mountainous opponent without leaping off the ground, kept flailing away, his blows bringing Willard down lower and lower, until at length the sagging giant was at his mercy.

THE Latin-American triumph was complete when, in the women's final, Maria Bueno, of Brazil, at last came out of the shadows to remind us that there was a time, not so long ago, when we all thought of her as a potential Lenglen, who would reign for years and years. That was in 1960, when the trim, graceful Brazilian, then only twenty, carried off her second straight Wimbledon title. The following spring, though, she was beset by a severe case of hepatitis and a string of personal problems. After that, she hadn't won another major championship, and it began to look as if she might never win

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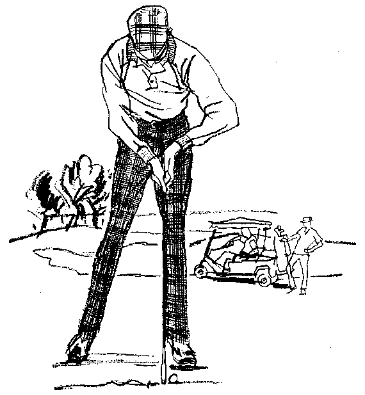

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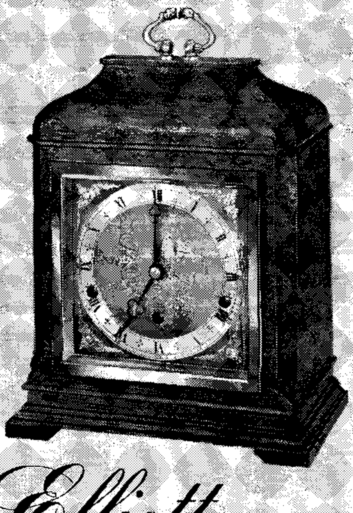

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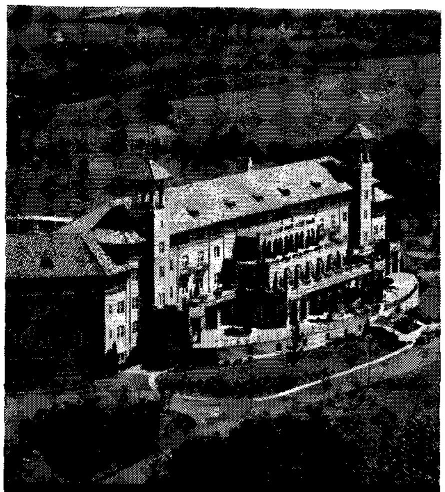
one again. At Forest Hills, in defeating Nancy Richey in the quarter-finals, Miss Bueno produced the finest sustained tennis I had seen her play over the last three years, but in scraping past Ann Haydon Jones in the semifinals she was, as she so often is, unsure about all her shots, even her excellent serve, and few observers gave her much of a chance against Miss Smith, the big, nice-looking, earnest Australian girl who has been the No. 1 woman player since Miss Bueno's game went into its decline. Miss Smith has nothing like Miss Bueno's natural ability, but there is no one in tennis more dedicated than she is, and no one in better physical condition (she usually runs a mile and a half each morning), and even after she had dropped the first set, 7–5, the consensus was that she would ultimately prevail, as she had done last September, when she defeated Miss Bueno in a rousing three-set semifinal.

In the second set, Miss Smith quickly took command. After winning her opponent's serve in the second game with a succession of forceful forehand drives—she hits a very heavy ball—she moved to a 4–1 lead and in the next game barely missed breaking Miss Bueno again. Then, in a twinkling, everything changed. In the seventh game, Miss Smith, trailing 30–40 on her own serve, had apparently saved the next point—a critical one—with a fast, angled volley, but Miss Bueno, flying over the court, not only got to the ball but passed her opponent with an absolutely superb low cross-court backhand. Back in the set again, her confidence restored and her serve really crackling now—at its best, it is the finest since Alice Marble's—the Brazilian ripped off her third straight game. She was now at 4–4. Moving to the ball faster and faster, and hitting her shots with such exquisite timing that they were exploding off her racket, she swept four points in a row on Miss Smith's service. At 5–4, she served for the set. She went to 15–0 on a kicking service deep to the backhand, to 30–0 on an overhead smash off a backhand lob, to 40–0 on a running volley off a forehand drive. Then she was passed by a forehand down the line, but on the next point she won game, set, and match with a whipping cross-court backhand volley that Miss Smith could not handle. In reeling off those five straight games against a very good and very determined player, Miss Bueno had lost only six of the last twenty-seven points. As she raised her game higher and higher, you could sense her delight in coming into her full powers at precisely the right moment, then her qualms that her



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inspiration might desert her, and finally her growing realization that it would last and that everything lay within her capabilities. She had waited a long while for her day, and we shall wait a long while before we again see a woman play such brilliant tennis.

THE most noteworthy speech at the presentation ceremonies after the finals (not that the speechmaking competition was exactly tournament class) was delivered by U Thant, the Secretary-General of the United Nations. After expressing his pleasure at the rich international flavor of the championships—in this second year of the renaissance at Forest Hills the field, thanks to the good offices of the People-to-People Sports Committee, included players from thirty-three foreign countries—U Thant had a few unhackneyed remarks to make about sportsmanship. "One rule which we observe in the General Assembly," he said, "is that if you win you must behave as if you were used to winning all the time, and if you lose you must behave as though you enjoyed it, for a change." As he spoke, I was reminded, possibly because I spotted the defeated finalist Margaret Smith standing equably by, first of the unexpected shutout that Australia had suffered and then of the immense contribution that Australian players have made to our tennis since Frank Sedgman first broke through in 1951 at Forest Hills, to be followed by so many engaging countrymen—Rosewall, Anderson, Cooper, Fraser, Emerson, Laver, Miss Smith. (Hoad never did win our championship.) They and the lesser luminaries from Australia have certainly shown us how to play tennis, and, moreover, how to compete. They have been businesslike, unstudiedly courteous, and, in both victory and defeat, calm and pleasant. Whether this is merely a brief interregnum for the Australians or—what with so many promising players now sprouting all over the world—the end of their era of almost uncontested supremacy, it seems an appropriate moment to acknowledge all the wonderful afternoons they have given us.—HERBERT WARREN WIND

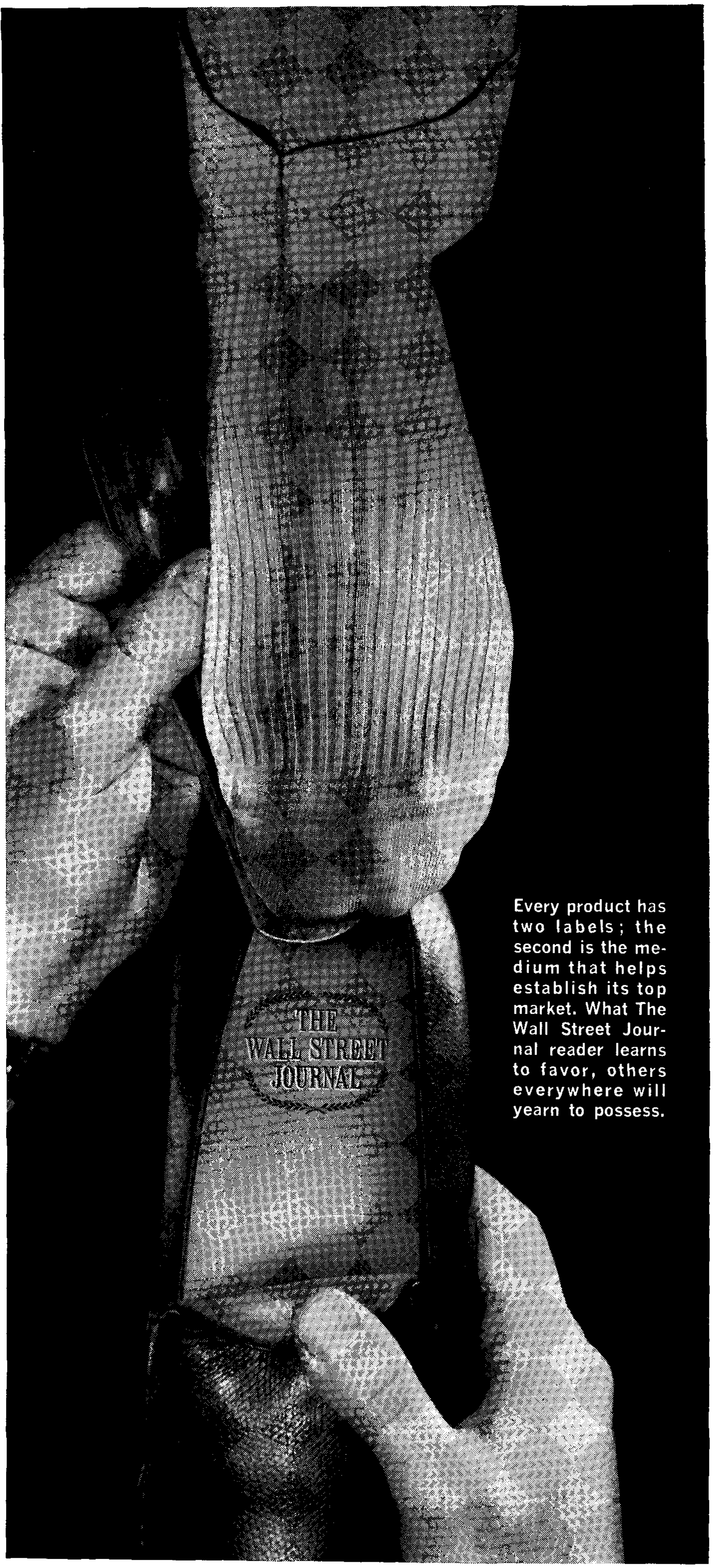
* * *

LETTERS WE NEVER FINISHED READING

INTERIORS
NEW YORK CITY

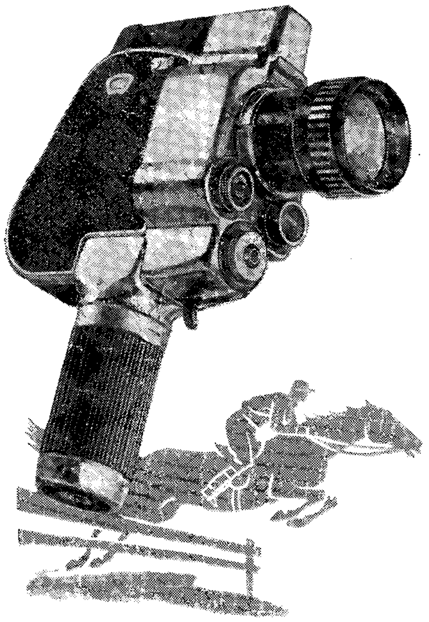
DEAR READER:

500 years ago, when John Donne composed his immortal passage that begins, "No man is an island unto himself alone . . ." his thoughts were quite pertinent to today's Interiors Market. . . .



Every product has two labels; the second is the medium that helps establish its top market. What The Wall Street Journal reader learns to favor, others everywhere will yearn to possess.

FOR THE THRILL OF HANDLING A THOROUGHBRED...



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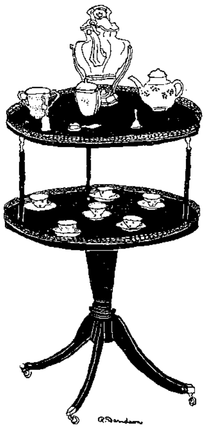
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

ABOUT THE HOUSE

BEING an implacable foe of the artificial-plant-and-flower blight that has descended upon us of late years, I was immensely heartened recently to receive an announcement that two courses of instruction—one on the selection and care of house plants, the other on the making and training of indoor bonsai—were being offered by Hollis Mitchell, the presiding botanist of The Planters, a concern dealing in unusual house plants, at 385 Bleecker Street. To make this news especially encouraging to friends of the losing side (a lot of good my embittered attitude has done either me or the forlorn cause of natural flora), the announcement included the information that the classes were being given by, as they say, popular demand—that is, at the insistence of people who wanted to know how to do well by plants they already had or meant to acquire. Naturally, I lost no time in attending—or, rather, I didn't lose *much* time, and arrived for the second lesson of the course on the choice of plants and their care. (I took up the cause of bonsai and their partisans last winter.)



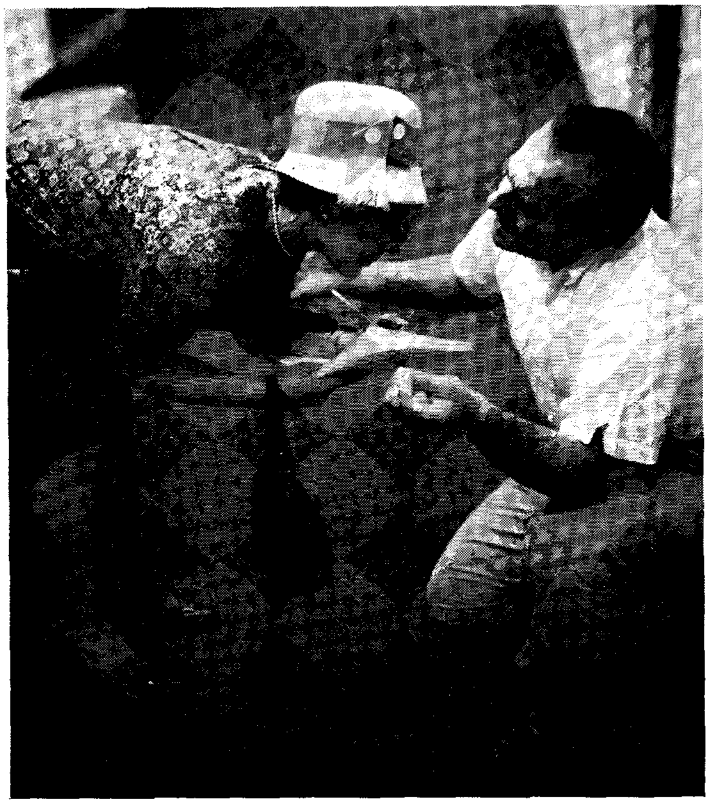
Either because of that missed first lesson or because of natural horticultural ineptitude on my part, I found myself far behind the other members of the class, who seemed extraordinarily knowledgeable—coming up with impressive questions about soil mixtures and nodding intelligently when Mr. Hollis referred to something or other at the Brooklyn Botanic Garden. The lesson I attended was mostly given over to the characteristics and seasonal requirements of various families of plants, but there were digressions into such matters as how much moisture is required for what, which types can do without much light, how to use artificial lighting, what plants can be left to hibernate in the basement, how to keep plants in good shape if you are away from home for a fortnight, and how important it is to maintain the right room temperature (right for the plants, of course, not for you). The next lesson, I was told, would be held in the back yard of the shop, where practical instruction would be given in potting, transplanting, how to start cuttings, and so on, and the pupils would take an active hand in the proceedings.

Curious about all this thirst for horticultural instruction (everybody present, except me, seemed to have as much knowledge already as any living-room gardener could possibly need), I asked an attractive English girl sitting next to me what floral problem had brought her there on a rainy autumn night and how she came to be so well informed. (It was she who had contributed a number of what sounded to me like valuable reflections on moisture.) It turned out that she hadn't known a darned thing before the first lesson (the one I missed), and that she had joined the class because some friends had lent her their apartment and it was full of potted plants, all of which had begun to show signs of acute distress under her stewardship. Since Lesson One, she reported, things were taking a turn for the better. Another young woman who was present told me that she was there to protect an investment, having impulsively bought an expensive fern, which was getting alarmingly out of hand, and a man—easily the star of the class—said he had twenty-five plants in his living room at the moment and hoped, after this course, to be able to cope with fifty.

The courses consist of ten lessons each, held twice a week—usually Mondays and Wednesdays but sometimes Tuesdays and Thursdays, the schedule depending mainly on the students' convenience. There's also a choice of afternoon or evening classes—two-thirty to four or eight-thirty to ten. Each class is limited to six people, so that everybody's problems may be given consideration, and the fee for each course—the one on bonsai as well as the house-plant course—is $35.

I HAVE often been told by householders who presumably know what they are talking about that a convertible bed is a safer proposition than a guest room. They don't mean, of course, that it is safer for life and limb but that the convertible bed is productive of fewer guests—or, at least, of fewer long-term guests. I had accepted this as a reliable axiom until recently, when I became acquainted with a paragon among convertibles, which I can't imagine anyone, once bedded down in it, giving up voluntarily. This combination of comfort

®Wool Carpets of America



We surveyed 900 carpet cleaning specialists. What kind of carpeting do 68% of them own? What will 79% buy next time?

Duraclean is the world's oldest and largest, on location international carpet cleaning organization. Recently, a survey was conducted among their specialists. When asked about the main carpet fiber used in their homes, 68% answered wool. When asked what their next carpet purchase would be, 79% answered wool! Why? Because wool carpets clean like no others! But cleanability alone didn't sell these men on wool. Soil-resistance, long-wear and outstanding resiliency did. They are highly trained experts who work closely with carpets of all fibers. They handle carpets of all ages and can measure performance in terms of years of wear. The Duraclean men can relate carpet wear to climatic conditions (heat, dampness, exposure to light) because they work all over the world. They spend a lifetime cleaning carpets, and inevitably compare them. Small wonder that, for them, **the answer is wool.**

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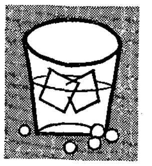
The pearl diver comes up with a pearl—sometimes. Smart diners can always end up with a pearl—a Cointreau On-The-Rocks Pearl. It's the new way to enjoy Cointreau Liqueur—the crowning touch to a perfect dinner.

The Cointreau Pearl: Pour 2 ounces of Cointreau Liqueur over ice cubes in an old-fashioned glass. *Et voila!* Watch Cointreau Liqueur's subtle change from crystal clearness to an elegant, delightfully appetizing pearly opalescence when you serve it the modern way . . . on the rocks. You may choose to add a squeeze of fresh lime for extra zest. The Cointreau Pearl is only one of the many popular, palate-pleasing drinks made with Cordials by Cointreau. For other fascinating food and drink recipes to help you entertain the modern way, write for your free copy of "Gourmet's Guide" to Dept. 29.

Cointreau Ltd., Pennington, N. J.



SPECIALTY
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Cordials by Cointreau, 50 to 80 Proof

and beauty was designed and is constructed by Harvey Lowe, who has a shop called Bedcraft, at 227 Sullivan Street, in the Village. The specimen I saw was built on a solid walnut frame, seventy-five inches long and twenty-nine inches wide, which, when closed, gave no hint that two foam-rubber mattresses were stacked together to form the seat. When the bed was opened, the top mattress and the section it rested on slid out on casters and dropped into place so neatly that the two mattresses, fifty-four inches wide together, lay absolutely flush, on a panel base that eliminated all possibility of sagging. Also eliminated was the danger that the mechanism would get out of order, because the moving parts were simplicity itself, and, furthermore, were handmade of wood—an innovation that means no more sheets need get torn on all that metal machinery. The foam rubber used in the mattresses on display was almost as hard as horsehair, which suited me to a T, but there are two softer grades available, and since the Lowe beds are all custom-made, you can pick out whichever one you want.

In the matter of woods, too, the customer has a wide choice; in fact, the number and beauty of the unfamiliar woods on hand make the choice almost embarrassing. Besides old friends like cherry, teak, rosewood, walnut, chestnut, and mahogany, there are samples of brown ebony, bubinga, primavera, zebra wood, padouk, limba, and a lot of other splendid exotics—most of them from Africa. The walnut-framed couch-bed I examined, upholstered in an extremely handsome heavy rayon-and-cotton material (it looks like wool) in a color called char brown, costs $316—a price that may be considerably lowered if the frame is of a less expensive wood, like maple, birch, hickory, or oak, or if the upholstery is of a less exalted fabric.

This good-looking and practical convertible bed is by no means all that is to be admired in the Sullivan Street showroom. There is, for example, an unusually lovely sofa (seventy-eight inches long and thirty-one inches deep) with arms of a graceful openwork design, priced at $290 in the rich-textured, gold-colored rayon-cotton-and-linen fabric in which it is shown, and another, slightly shorter, with exquisitely curved arms, in magnificent zebra wood and upholstered in charcoal-gray rayon-and-cotton, at $280. There are also several good armless designs. Although the easy way these custom-made pieces can be adapted to the clients' needs

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COTTON OXFORD. TAPERED BODY.
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GREY OR GREEN ON WHITE GROUND.
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OR WHITE. SIZES 14-16½,
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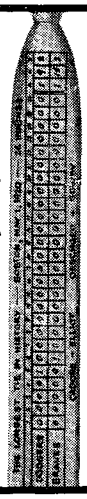
The longest tie



Taylor is the world's most stubborn tiemaker. We refuse to make our ties from mass-produced fabrics. Instead, we design the patterns, cut the screens and handprint the cloth ourselves. Example: inning by inning score of baseball's longest tie, on fine cotton, $2.50. See Taylor "Studio Ties" at MEN'S TOWN & COUNTRY, N.Y.; POGUE'S, Cinn.; MORVILLE-BLUM, Phil.; YALE COOP, New Haven.

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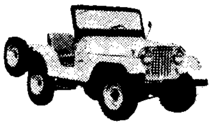
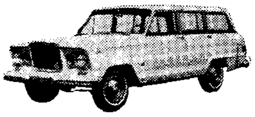
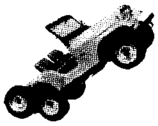
I can do better"

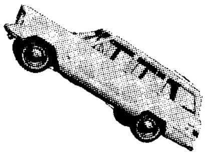




"I can do anything
better than you!"

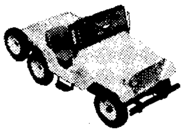
"can you climb
a hill?"

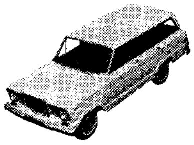




"65% grade"

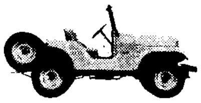
"go off the road?"

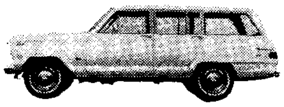




"anywhere! and
with a load too."

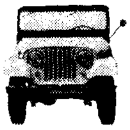
"go in snow?"

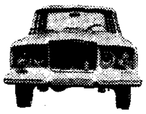




"up to my bumpers!"

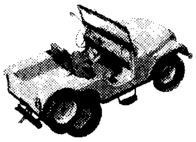
"got
4-wheel drive?"

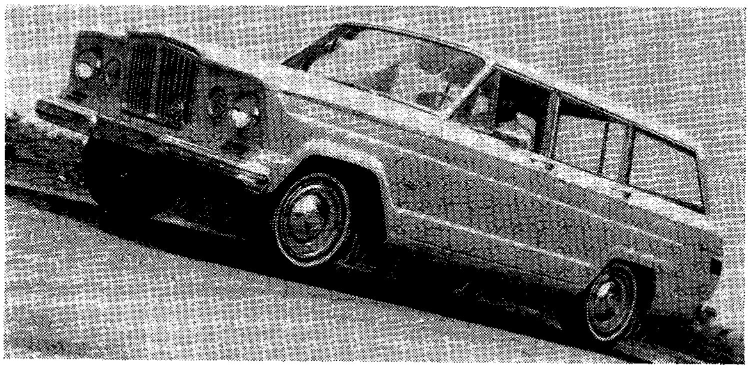




"sure as you're alive! I've got 4-wheel Drivepower*–the easiest working, quietest running 4-wheel drive system ever, more usable cargo area than any other wagon in my class, and America's only automotive overhead cam engine, the high torque Tornado-OHC. Plus I got optional independent front suspension, power steering, power brakes, automatic transmission and a real passenger car ride. I also got—"

"oh"





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ALL NEW 'JEEP' WAGONEER

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It's called a we-drive-it elevator and you'll find it at Delmonico's Hotel in New York.

There are no buttons to push—no feeling of faceless anonymity as you ride. Instead, it has an *operator* who greets you courteously by name—and chauffeurs you personally to your floor.

Actually, it isn't a new idea at all. Just an old one that, more's the pity, seems to have fallen into general disuse. It's called *service*. In the grand tradition. We specialize in it at Delmonico's.

As you would expect from the New York counterpart of the Colony Hotel in Palm Beach.

If you remember pre-war hotel life—World War I, that is—you know the pleasure that awaits you. If you don't, discover how wonderful fine hotels used to be. Our Rolls—the one with the built-in bar and telephone—stands ready to show you what it's like to be catered to by servants who take *pride* in their vocation.

All it takes is a call to your travel agent. Or a letter to us.

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V. Alexander Polich, Vice-President & Gen. Mgr.

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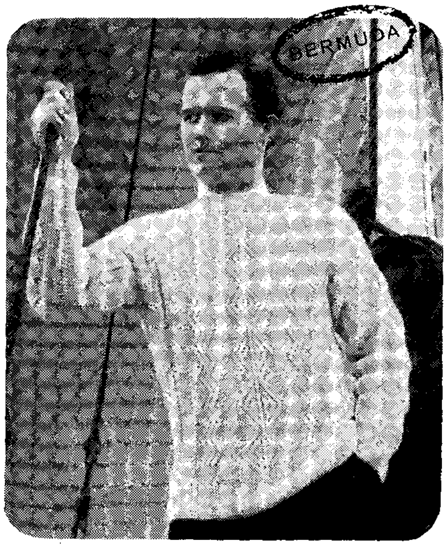
or whims (one wood substituted for another, the length altered to fit into a certain space, a square leg made to taper, and so on) is, of course, a great advantage, it is the skilled work in the beautiful woods that gives Mr. Lowe's collection its real distinction—and gives us all reassuring proof that craftsmanship has survived the do-it-yourself kit. And, by the way, Bedcraft keeps conventional Village hours, opening at 2 P.M. and closing Monday through Thursday at 10 P.M. and Friday and Saturday at 8 P.M.

TALK of beds gives me an excuse—although a slim one—to get around to hospital beds and their occupants, whose needs (non-therapeutic) I have lately had under consideration, with special regard to the sort of present that is likely to bring pleasure to the beloved invalid. What *not* to send him or her would make a formidable list, but here I propose a less negative approach by giving a high priority—way above the television set, or even the potted plant—to a small bar-type refrigerator, capable, without cluttering up the sickroom, of housing all that lovely wine jelly and all those grapes sent by solicitous friends. Dreaming up this perfect hospital offering was one thing and tracking it down was quite another, since my specifications called for something rentable and, at the same time, something with the look of an inconspicuous piece of living-room furniture, rather than the chilly austerity of white enamel. This admirable addition to hospital comfort was run to ground at Hertz Rent-All, 444 Madison Avenue (49th), and, the management having obligingly lent me the thing for a couple of days' testing, I am in a position to say that it is a perfect little wonder. Made of steel with a mahoganyish-looking enamel finish, it has a capacity of three cubic feet, but since I always suspect that few people understand cubic feet any better than I do, perhaps I should explain that it stands twenty-five inches high (without its eleven-inch detachable screw-in legs), is twenty-one inches wide and twenty inches deep, and has a freezing compartment five and an eighth inches high, nine and a half inches deep, and six inches wide. There are two pull-out metal shelves in the cabinet, and a shelf built into the door can accommodate four quarts of milk. The rental is $25 a month or any fraction thereof. The same little refrigerator can be run on storage batteries—for use on a boat or on a camping trip, presumably—but it is only its plug-in performance that



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Irish Sweater

. . . yet fitting for THE QUIET MAN. A sweater hand knit in Ireland (the pattern identifies the village of origin) . . . of unbleached wool (natural oils are left in to keep water out) to please the man-of-action or man-of-leisure. The knitter signs a friendly certificate of performance; the sweater provides all the warmth you want. Color: Natural, only. Price: $27.80, postpaid, plus duty. Satisfaction guaranteed. Please specify sizes.

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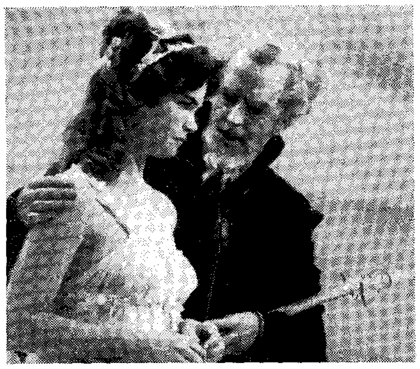
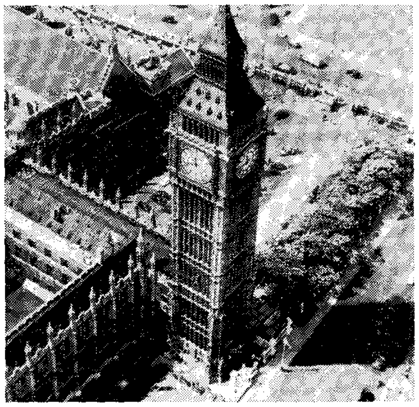
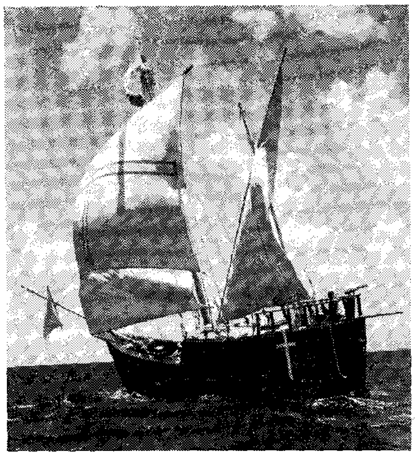
In October, television:



enchants

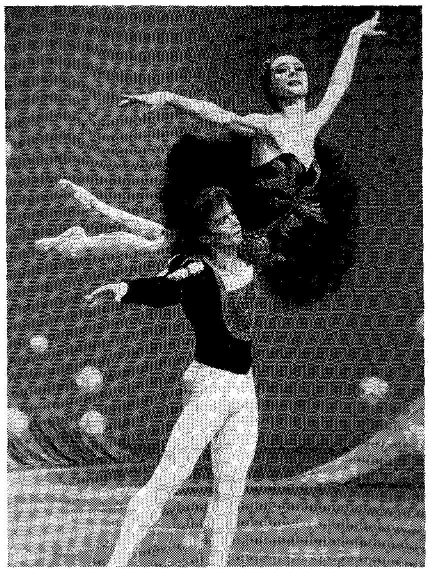


guides



rediscovers

warms



delights

contrasts

Drama. History. Ballet. The sights of London. Social change. Woman's infinite variety. With comedy and folklore, science and art, literature and sports, and whatever makes news the world over . . . these and more will enliven October. Why not make your television viewing plans now?

Some programs of special interest

Apollo—A Journey to the Moon
Report on the U.S. manned lunar mission.
Tuesday, October 1 (10-11 PM)

The French: They Are So French
Literary impressions of the national character.
Wednesday, October 2 (7:30-8:30 PM)

Directions in Israel
A 5-part study of Israeli art and culture.
Sundays, October 6-13-20-27 (1-1:30 PM)

Elizabeth Taylor in London
A guided tour by a native daughter.
Sunday, October 6 (10-11 PM)

Telephone Hour
Robert Preston, Nureyev and Beriosova, Anna Moffo, Richard Tucker, and Grant Johannesen.
Tuesday, October 8 (10-11 PM)

Do You Know?
Children's series based on books.
Saturdays, beginning October 12 (12:30-1 PM)

The Voyage of Christopher Columbus
Documentary narrative for children.
Sunday, October 13 (12:30-1 PM)

1492
A decisive year in the saga of Western man.
Wednesday, October 16 (10-11 PM)

The Tunnel
On-the-scene report of an escape from East Berlin.
Sunday, October 20 (3:30-5 PM)

The Tempest
Maurice Evans, Richard Burton, Roddy McDowall, Lee Remick.
Sunday, October 20 (6-7:30 PM)

Crisis: Behind a Presidential Commitment
A study of Executive decision-making in the University of Alabama confrontation.
Monday, October 21 (7:30-8:30 PM)

Oh, Be Joyful!
Reflections of England's changing institutions.
Wednesday, October 23 (7:30-8:30 PM)

The World's Girls
Women in their many roles.
Friday, October 25 (10-11 PM)

Vincent Van Gogh: A Self-Portrait
Sunday, October 27 (3-4 PM)

Keep It Cool
The YMCA rehabilitation program for Chicago's troubled youth.
Sunday, October 27 (6-6:30 PM)

Regularly scheduled programs

Monday to Friday: Today/Sunrise Semester

Wednesdays: CBS Reports/Chronicle

Fridays: The Great Adventure

Saturdays. Do You Know?/Exploring/Watch Mr. Wizard

Sundays: Sunrise Semester/Camera Three/Discovery '63/Face the Nation/Issues and Answers/Sunday/Wild Kingdom/College Bowl/The Twentieth Century/Meet the Press/Walt Disney's Wonderful World of Color.

NOTE: Times (current New York time), programs, titles, and casts are subject to change. Please consult local listings.

Television Information Office
666 Fifth Ave., New York 19, N.Y.

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creates a casual mood
with this hooded greatcoat
in Crompton Wide Wale Corduroy
with Everglaze Minicare® performance.
Completely reversible
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Platinum, chestnut, loden.
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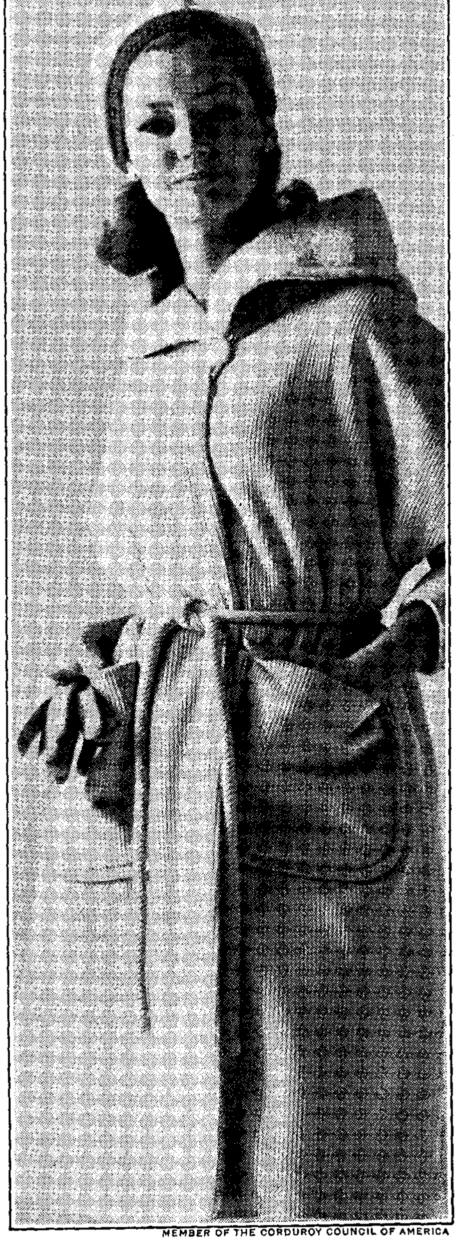

MEMBER OF THE CORDUROY COUNCIL OF AMERICA

I can report on, and, as I say, that is excellent.

IF I may judge by the amount of correspondence on the subject that has lately reached my desk, everybody in the parish has suddenly discovered that his Oriental rugs have gone to pot. Tough as this wholesale deterioration is, the owners of ailing carpets couldn't have addressed themselves to anyone more bubbling over with newly acquired information than I am about what to do for this kind of damage. I acquired all this information during a recent visit to the West Side residence of Mrs. H. M. Klemm, a lady who was trained by an eminent German practitioner in the art of reweaving and who now devotes her talents to repairing Oriental rugs and European tapestries that might well give up the ghost without such ministrations.

As you probably know, Oriental carpets have, after a long period of disfavor in American homes, become enormously fashionable, young householders having discovered—what anybody could have told them all along—that antique Orientals set off modern furniture admirably. Just when an Oriental rug can properly be called antique is debatable, but it is more or less safe to put such a label on any work made of wool yarn dyed with vegetable and insect pigments—dyes that went out of common use some sixty years ago, when synthetics took over throughout the Near East. The old dye mixtures produced incomparably subtler colors than anything found in the modern weaves, which, even when the patterns are identical, are likely to be strident and crude. Matching the exquisite shades of the old rugs makes Mrs. Klemm's work especially laborious, since in many cases it entails dyeing the yarns herself in the old manner. For that matter, even the quality of the yarn presents a problem, because much of it has to be imported—wool from England, silk for an Aubusson chair-seat from France, and so on.

At the time of my visit, Mrs. Klemm was engaged in reweaving several holes burned by cigarettes in a small Bokhara, and she had perfectly matched the predominant deep burgundies of the rug. I was also shown a repair job in which the delicate pink and beige shades of an exquisite Tabriz (Persian) had been duplicated with great skill. Cigarette burns, moth holes, and scuffed places caused by inept cleaners or the careless shifting of furniture are, as you might expect, the ailments that Mrs. Klemm is oftenest called on to treat, though the heavy hand of time alone brings her a lot of patients suffering from frayed edges,

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missing fringes, and threadbare patches, with all of which misfortunes, as well as many others that rugs are heir to, she is prepared to cope.

Most of Mrs. Klemm's repair work is done in the home—the customer's home, that is—so the nuisance of a bare floor over a protracted period is avoided. As for prices, it's impossible to give any over-all scale, and since a telephone call (PL 9-3400) will bring Mrs. Klemm herself to assess the damage and estimate the cost of putting it right, there wouldn't be much point in doing so anyway. —S. H.

•

THE TRIP DOWN

(The Great Swamp, Rhode Island)

In search of swans or some
more lost, inhuman thing,
we left that shaven ring
of time, with its monument,
and into the Great Swamp went
due south by rule of sun.

At first the pools lay round
like blooms from darkness' root,
then, oozing underfoot,
made sweat the leaves and stones,
then, slicing the black loam,
islanded the ground

and left fat tufts we feared.
Above, the swamp grass curled—
trapdoors into that world
of underwater space
where dreams might swim the face
slimed with an emerald beard.

No swans or frogs or snakes—
and even the water bugs
lay like abandoned tugs
by rotting piers. We spoke
as if our tongues broke
some pact no wise man breaks.

The sky was blue and bare,
but sun and sky were lost
in that intense morass.
From the black pools beneath,
bubbled the yellow breath
of age, fouling the air.

The sun at willow height,
we struck the railroad tracks—
our shirts glued to our backs,
mud to the waist, our hips
crisscrossed by the brambles' whips,
into the fading light.

The ground rang like a bell,
and all the way home we sang
till the rails and sleepers rang,
and, when the express plunged by,
we waved our shirts half dry,
wishing those travellers well.

—Paul Petrie

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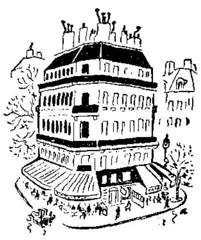
LETTER FROM PARIS

SEPTEMBER 18



PRESIDENT DE GAULLE, in his late-July press conference, declared, "France is advancing in great strides along the road to prosperity, and thus to power." "And thus to inflation" was the immediate corollary he should have drawn, to judge by the present hasty efforts of his Ministers to halt France's dangerously high prices, up sixteen per cent over the past three years, and six per cent in the current twelvemonth. Paris has now been finally appreciated by its own government as the most costly capital in Europe. Because the French people are gourmets and skeptics, what first caught their national eye in the elaborate Gaullist price-stabilization project announced last week was the government promise to hold down the price of beefsteak; their immediate second reaction was to doubt that it could or would be done. To the free-spending French of today, the daily beefsteak has become what Henri IV had in mind when he optimistically talked of a chicken in the pot every Sunday. Other popular general promises are to cancel the rent raise scheduled for January and to punish the scandalous speculators in housing-project real estate by heavily taxing their capital gains. The Communists regard the whole stabilization program as *vernis*, or varnish, meaning eyewash—a cover for the major inflationary cause, which to them is de Gaulle's astronomically costly *force de frappe*, resented not only by Washington but by Moscow (and by a great many pro-NATO French, too) and loyally excoriated by the Communist Party here. The Socialists have called the government inflation-control plan a "*chef d'œuvre de duplicité*." *Le Figaro*, the breakfast newspaper of the well-heeled bourgeoisie, merely called it "coherent but timid." This complex plan to check some people's spending and other people's profits from manufacturing what those purchasing people will buy cannot hope to succeed unless it is backed by the majority of the French population. It is taken for granted that no estimate of the plan's possibility of success can even be approximated until de Gaulle appeals to the nation on television, in what may be one of the most important addresses of his Presidential

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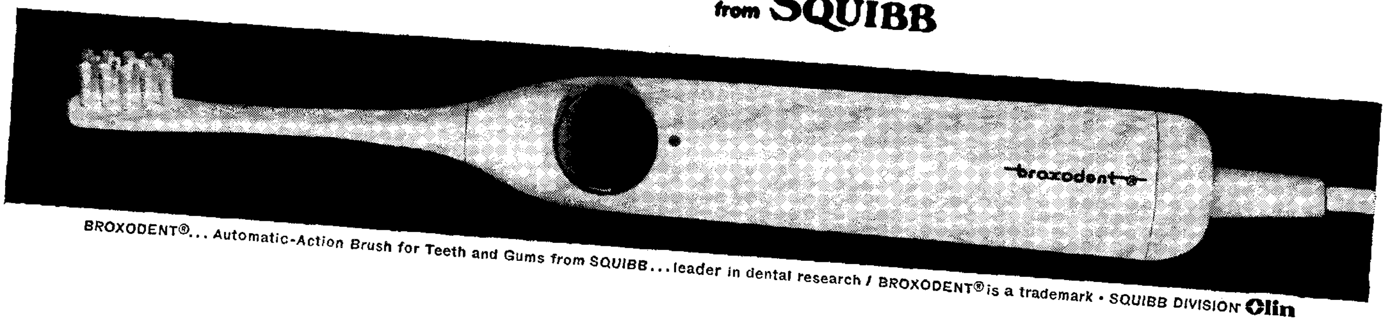

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Some of the price cuts have been justly mocked at as microscopic. Gauloise cigarettes, France's most popular cheap smoke, which rose fifteen per cent in the spring price-sprouting, are now to be infinitesimally cut by five centimes to Fl.35—about twenty-seven cents—a pack. (They have now perforce become semi-popular even among Americans here, with American filter brands like Kent selling at F3.30 a box.) The peak of unpopularity is attained by the projected six-per-cent tax on the pari-mutuel *tiercé*, a favorite triple horse-race betting lure. One journalist acidly commented, "It may be preferable to smoke rather than to play the horses, but it is hard to see how such a change can have a profound effect on the national economy." To discourage installment purchase of cars and TV sets, the percentage of the down payment on them has been raised slightly, and the date for the final full payment slightly advanced. Renault and Peugeot are to cut the autumn price on their cheaper models. However, the real backbone of the stabilization plan is the determination to hold down production costs of all manufactured products—to put them under *"liberté contrôlée,"* in the government's euphemistic phrase, semantics and psychology being intelligently basic to this Fifth Republic fight against inflation. In it, gasoline plays a significant, if minuscule, part. The price of gasoline here—almost the highest in the Western motoring world—will be cut by two centimes a litre as soon as Parliament, which meets October 1st, turns this picayune cut into a law. The price cut in gasoline is so far the only one to demand this legalistic touch, which is sure to remain one of the very few contacts that the nationally elected Assembly will have with the settlement of the Republic's grave inflationary problem. As *Le Monde* factually explained, "Parliament was kept apart from the elaboration of the stabilization plan except for sporadic contacts between Premier Pompidou and the representatives of the two major Parliamentary groups"—naturally, both dyed-in-the-wool Gaullists. Everyone else was left out. All that has been projected and set into motion over these past weeks to save the financial stability of overprosperous France has come solely from and through the Ministers, who have an orbital force in de Gaulle's Republic.

What President de Gaulle is not facing is the problem that spread like a plague in the Fourth Republic, where

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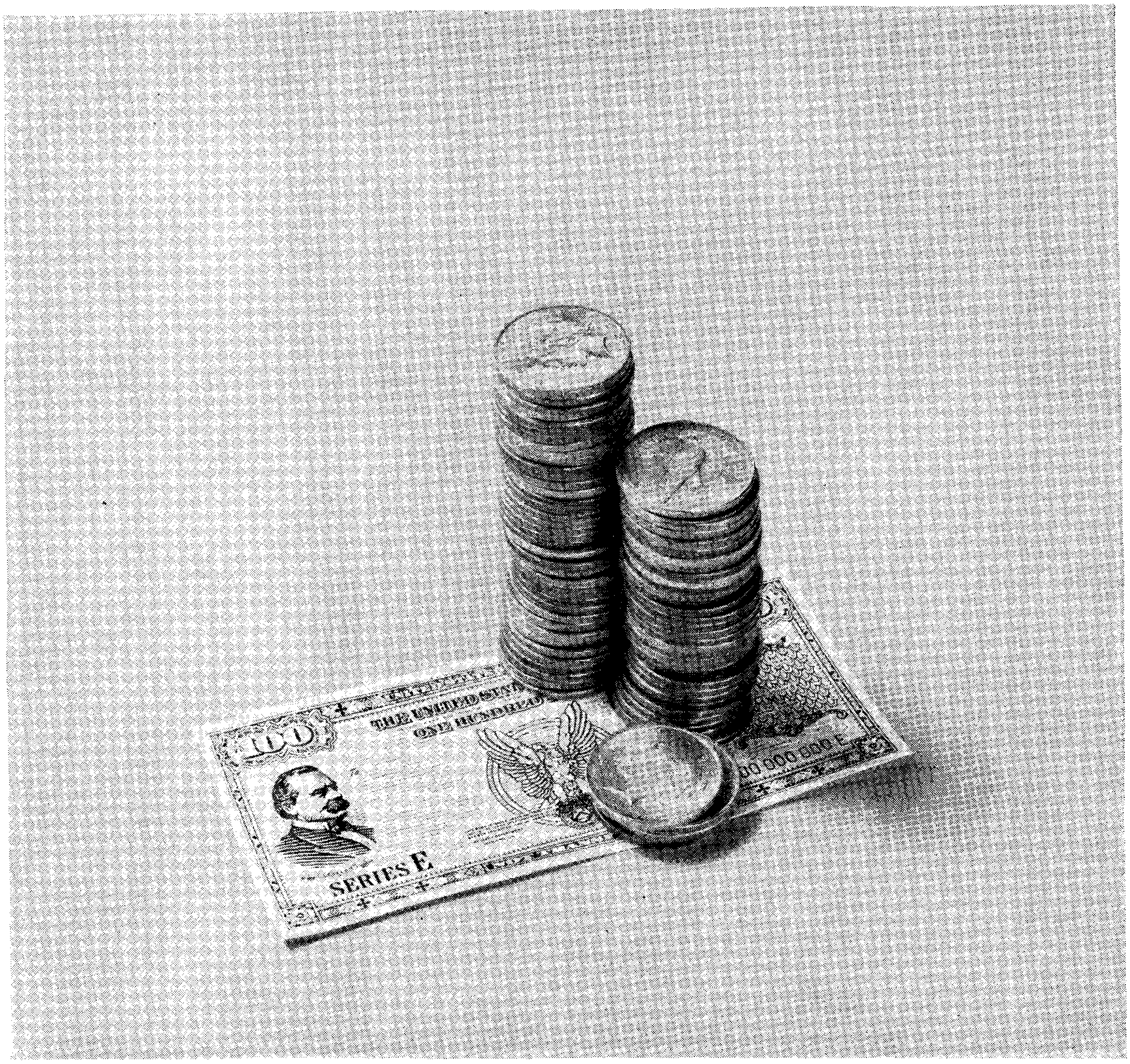

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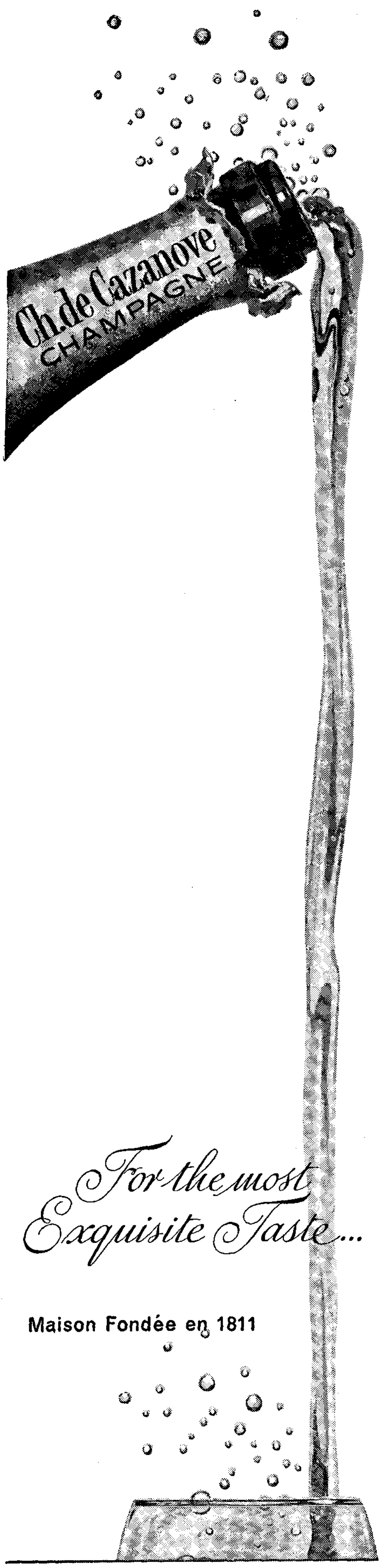

CHAMPAGNE
CH. de CAZANOVE
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there was no political stability, where governments and Premiers fell as if politics were only a fatal kind of fever. The fact that de Gaulle governs with his special version of prodigious success without help and, above all, without harm from Parliament (which he has put in a sort of immobile exile in the Palais-Bourbon) is unquestionably a source of dissatisfaction to millions of those Frenchmen who, urged on by an endless political heritage that is still pulsing in their brains, have been believing in the inspiration of French Parliaments ever since the Revolution—those millions of good, untroubled, usually elderly patriotic Frenchmen who speak out fairly frankly against de Gaulle's autocracy when his Fifth Republic is going at its best. But in a vital national crisis like today's they stay mum (unless they are doctrinaire Leftists) and are apparently grateful for the country's providential leader. If they are old enough, they can remember the tragic, cutthroat, unpatriotic follies and stupidities of the Third Republic's Parliamentary governing; if young, they can recall the Fourth Republic's disaster and demise—the most recent disheartening Parliamentary legend. Right now, for two days at Sanary-sur-Mer, on the Mediterranean, a group of about fifty young deputies (around forty years old, or even younger) are attending a new variety of extracurricular seminar on the solemn theme "Parliament: Its Work and Its Relations with Government." These fledgling solons are a mixture from all the Assembly's present political parties except the Communists and the Socialists. The most often repeated question here and around the Atlantic is: Who will succeed President de Gaulle? It might eventually be one of those young French politicos down there now, busy studying to find out how France can ever be democratically yet successfully governed.

THE new film "Muriel," created by Alain Resnais, who made his name and fame with "Hiroshima Mon Amour" and ornamented and aggrandized his importance as a new maestro with "Marienbad," has had a preliminary private showing here. The movie seems, unfortunately, to retain little but the themes of his creative interests, which he brought like inventions to the French cinema: fascination with the passage of time, with the opposing contortions and accuracies of memory, and with what seems the dual aspect of truth—as recollected and as lived. These are obviously

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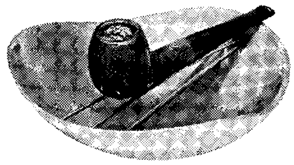

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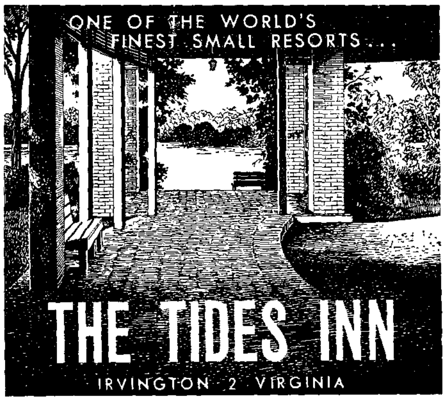
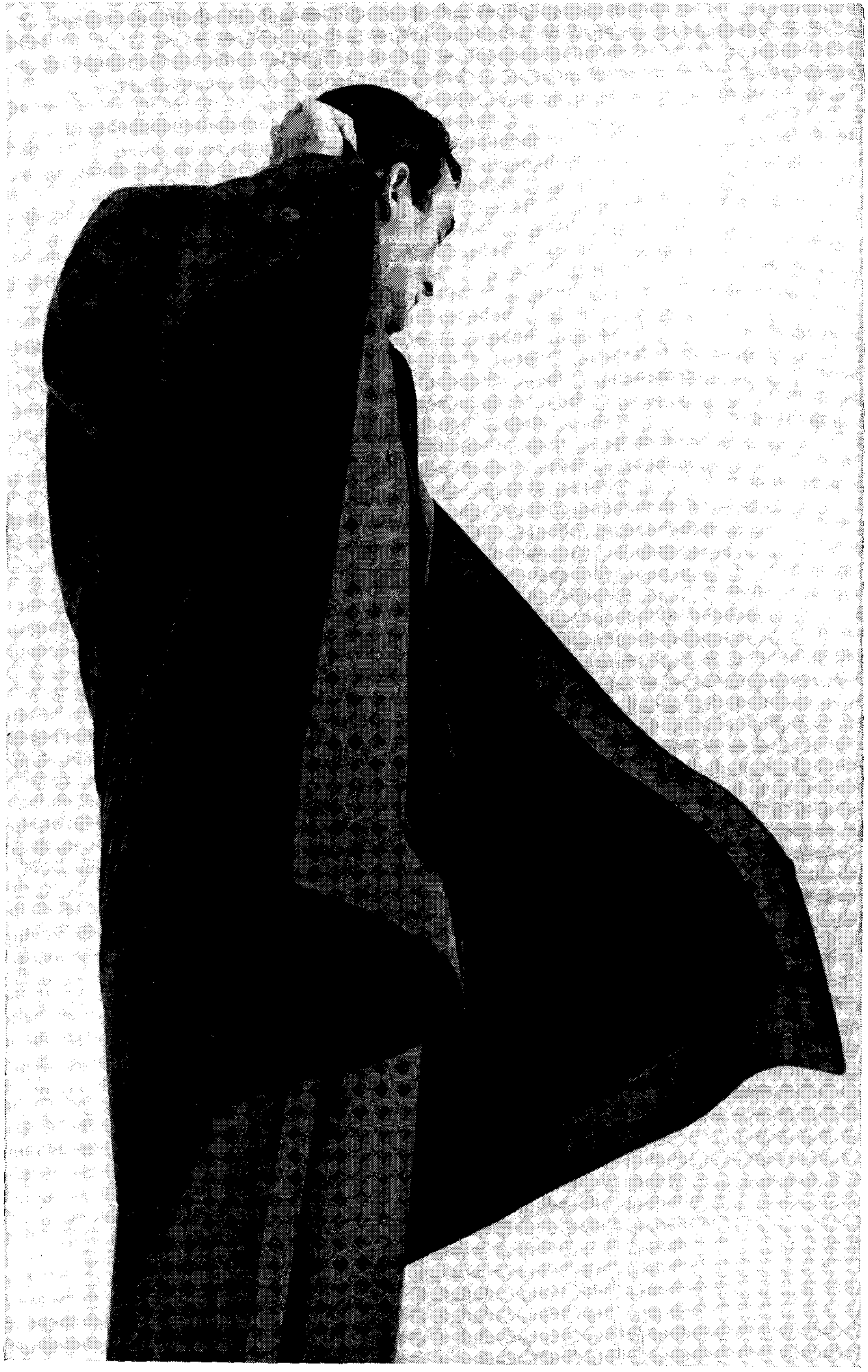


intelligent and subtle life elements that perhaps he alone so far has injected into the movies, and they are fascinating to see, when you can make head or tail of them. "Muriel" is not easy to follow or enjoy. At the recent Venice Film Festival, the prize for the best actress was awarded to Delphine Seyrig (the star of "Marienbad") as "Muriel's" leading lady—not that she played the title role. Muriel herself, an Algerian girl, is dead from torture by French soldiers before the film begins, and is so minor (except for her posthumous influence on one character among the plethora of characters involved) that the film seems named after her merely to give her a deliberate arbitrary offbeat importance. The woman whom Mlle. Seyrig plays is a handsome, civilized neurotic in Boulogne, no longer young, who runs a successful antique shop during the day and ruins herself at the casino at night by gambling—another Resnais fascination. It is her stepson by a former marriage who, as a soldier in Algiers, loved Muriel. The technical dexterity in the use of stale Army shots from the Algerian war, in which the soldiers in barracks are merely romping while the former lover recites, as an interior monologue, the details of Muriel's death, is brilliant, masterly. That he should discover Muriel's torturer in Boulogne and shoot him down without being seen or caught is all made by Resnais to seem curiously unimportant. The one new technique that Resnais employs in this film is conversation spilling over from one scene into another. His film is like a turgid psychological-suspense novel written by a camera. The color photography of Boulogne and its environs is often gorgeous. The interruptive modern music by the German composer Hans Werner Henze is—toward the last, at least—both lyric and emotive but would probably have been better omitted from this already confusing over-cerebral film.

Another extraordinary film here, shown late in the summer and still attracting a straggle of admirers, is "Harakiri," earlier given a special jury prize at the film festival in Cannes. It is a depiction of physical and social tragedy, of remarkable aesthetic beauty and classic purity, made by the Japanese *metteur en scène* Masaki Kobayashi, and deals with the decline of the samurai warriors and the ritual suicide of two of them. There is no way to describe what it is nobly concerned with and grandly shows except in these terms, which could apply to the themes of ancient tragedies, original or re-created,



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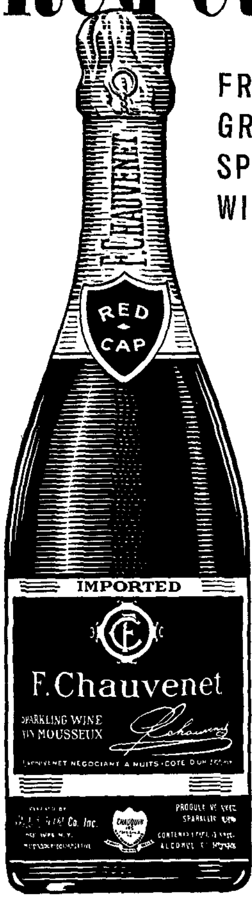

in any land. This is a medieval Japanese version—as thin, hard, and restrained as the outlines of a skeleton beneath armor and embroidered robes. The warrior protagonist is played by an exceptional Japanese actor, Tatsuya Nakadai, who is as tall as a giant. What has interested the cinema connoisseurs here (the Paris film intelligentsia are a special group) is the superior cutting of the film: how close to the bone of action and characterization it has come, revealing the human heart inside. The four really great scenes, which have to be borne, are all bloody. Two are the lengthy act of harakiri, inflicted with a sword in the stomach. Two are combats—one of the giant warrior against a whole palace troop, which is almost like a comedy ballet in its finesse, and the other a long sabre duel in a mountain meadow during a storm, where the weapons clang like gongs. In its pauses, the scene of the duel looks like an eighteenth-century Japanese landscape print.

THE annual Paris philatelic exhibition and market has just been held here before weekend crowds of stamp lovers in a Second Empire ballroom in the Hôtel Continental. Among the most interesting stamps politically—a quality that true philatelists consider inconsequential—were two four-kopeck Soviet stamps, which, if used together, are decoratively connected by a colored rainbow arched over the two portrait heads—one of Valentina Tereshkova, the first woman to circle the world in space, and the other of Valery Bykovsky, her male companion, both smiling victoriously under bright-orange casques. The touching Freedom from Hunger stamps, sponsored by the United Nations, were doubtless as varied as possible in their pictorial subjects, considering that most hungry human beings are hungry for bread, which means grain. Among the new Algerian Republic stamps in this category, the most startling and unusual was a cartoon of a thin child in profile, mouth as wide open as a cavern, holding in his skinny hand a big spoon. Another, more conventional, showed the world as a green globe sprouting three heads of yellow wheat just where Algeria lay on its map. Ghana's fourpenny stamp displayed a colored hand grasping the mystical three heads of ripe grain. The Kingdom of Burundi showed merely a filled hand, open for sowing the next crop. Kenya, Uganda, and Tanganyika combined pictured the dark torso of a hunter grasping a cob of corn. Indonesia and the Sudan

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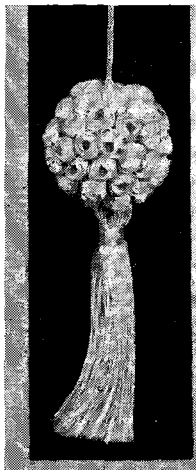

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The Sign of the Dove

Dr. Joseph Santo and his staff
wish to thank all those
who have helped make today,
our first Anniversary, possible

showed edibles that might be breadfruit. Iceland's contribution was Nordic and personal, the stamp showing the three heads of wheat floating upright in the sea beside a fishing boat laden, presumably, with herring. Federal Germany's stamp was the most complicated by symbols. Beside the three heads of wheat, it showed in silhouette, in strict modern-art style, the Christian Cross dripping blood, and, in large black letters, the word "*Misereor*"—like an echo from the region that under its Führer had so shrilly called itself a have-not nation.

In Brief: Paris looks more than ever like a parking garage, with all the vacationers back in town, and their cars with them—inert on the boulevards, the avenues, the Concorde, the Place Vendôme, and by the riverside, like tramps. Work is under way, and being hastened as an emergency, on a giant subterranean garage (to be operated for profit by the municipality), which will be situated invisibly beneath the enormous, bare Esplanade des Invalides. . . . Another proposal, which the city doubtless will not accept, is the construction of an underground garage, plus a modern-art gallery (which sounds an absurd mixture), beneath the long patch of playground along the Rue de Rivoli, stretching from the back of the Orangerie down to the Louvre. . . . The Département of Seine-et-Oise, just outside Paris, has been declared *sinistré*, or a disaster area, by the Minister of Agriculture because of the loss of its harvests, rotted by the recent diluvian rains. Farmers will be compensated to the extent of having their current social-security taxes annulled—not a drop in the bucket compared to what they have lost on their drenched grainfields. . . . An astonishing advertisement appeared last week in *Le Monde*, announcing: "Land for sale in Arizona. Offered for the first time in Europe. Lots of 640 acres. Bargain at $125 the acre. In sunny Valley of Walapai, near the very lively town of Kingman, *siège du Comté de Mohave*. Modern school equipment. Accessible by jet plane. Our representative will be in Europe in November to take orders."

—Genêt

◆

Today's Quiz

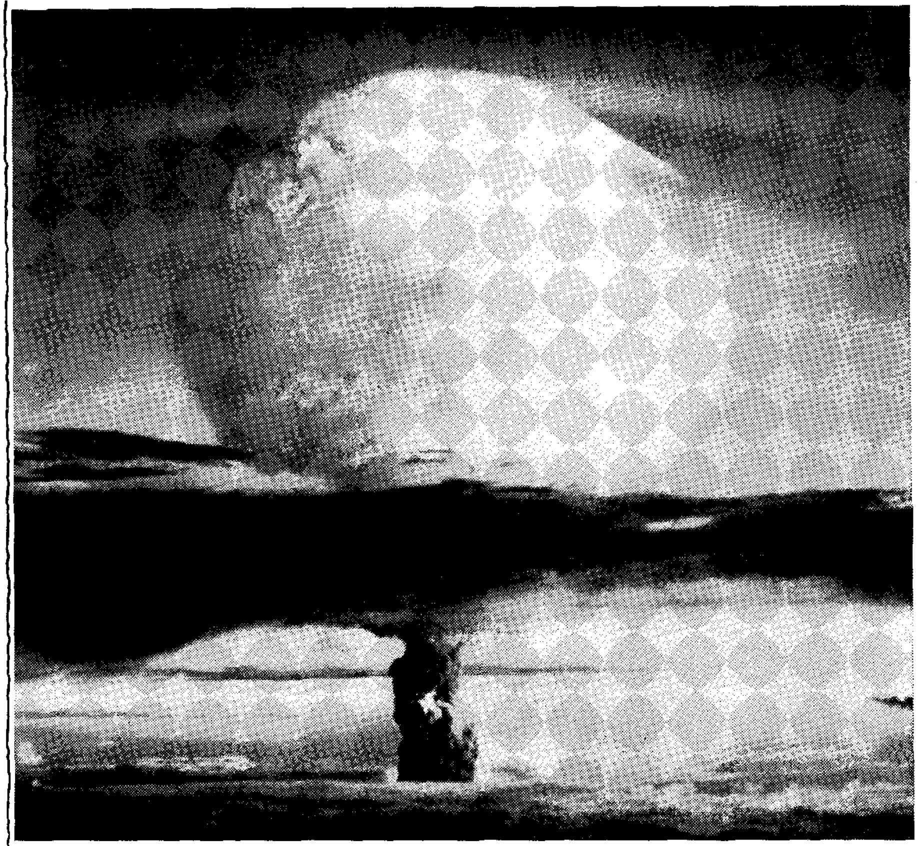
1. In what country is effendi used as a title of respect?
2. What is faience?

Answers to Quiz

1. In Turkey.
2. Decorative earthquake.

—*Kingston* (*W.I.*) *Daily Gleaner.*

Next question.



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MUSICAL EVENTS

Say It with Music

THE general state of anarchy that has characterized the technique of musical composition over the past half century has recently brought forth a reaction in the shape of a number of thoughtful books that have sought to analyze the precise nature of the art of music. I have reviewed several of them in these columns, including Leonard B. Meyer's "Emotion and Meaning in Music" and Donald N. Ferguson's "Music as Metaphor." There have also been a number of others, among them "Les Fondements de la Musique dans la Conscience Humaine," by the famous Swiss conductor Ernest Ansermet, which examines music from the mathematical and theological standpoints, and which is now in the process of being translated into English. These books all ask the question: Is music merely a matter of notes put together according to one mathematical formula or another and making their effect solely as sensations of sound perceived by the ear? They all answer this question in the negative, contending that there is something in music behind the sounds—an expression of human emotion—and that music is thus in some degree analogous to language. This point undoubtedly seems obvious to the majority of concert- and operagoers, but the proof of it is a highly complicated affair and inevitably (as well as unfortunately) involves the authors in deep technical discussions, which are obscure to people who have no musical training. This does not mean that the books do not make their point very convincingly; it means only that they are not likely to become best-sellers among those who like music but are unacquainted with its structural principles. The books also answer the question: What, precisely, is it that the great masters of the past had and that seems to be lacking in most contemporary "highbrow" music? It has been a long time since such questions were last asked; ever since the broad revolution against nineteenth-century Romanticism took place, it has been fashionable to consider them irrelevant and pointless. Music, it has been thought, is a purely abstract art, expressing nothing and consisting

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merely of the manipulation of sounds.

Another book of the sort, Deryck Cooke's "The Language of Music" (Oxford), has been lying on my desk for some time. (It was published in 1959.) I have not previously mentioned it because a cursory inspection of it showed that Cooke was promoting what I then considered the dubious idea that music is *literally* a language, with an identifiable vocabulary expressing concrete moods and emotions—a position that was once maintained, courageously but not altogether convincingly, in Albert Schweitzer's monumental book on Bach. Lately, however, I have had time to study Mr. Cooke's book more thoroughly, and though it leaves a great many things unexplained, some of it now seems to me fairly persuasive. To begin with, Mr. Cooke is an immensely learned musician, who can call to mind thousands of examples, ranging from about 1400 to the present, to prove his points. His method is apparently inductive; that is, he cites great numbers of instances in which composers have used specific melodic, harmonic, and rhythmic patterns to express identical emotions, and draws from them laws that might constitute a sort of dictionary, or phrase book, of musical language. I say "sort of" because even Mr. Cooke does not regard music as a language of actual concepts—just as a language of emotion. In pinning down the precise emotions conveyed by given sequences and combinations of notes, he has gone further than any other writer I have read. Some of his more obvious conclusions—for example, that bugle-call figures have a joyful, courageous, and stimulating sound, and that minor formations express sadness, while major ones are more apt to convey feelings of elation—are fairly familiar. But he goes far beyond these, taking apart the details of musical structure to show that certain movements between notes or certain harmonic combinations have been used by the great masters to express specific psychological states, and that this has been done with extraordinary unanimity. Putting these psychological states into words is, he admits, a task fraught with ambiguities and haziness, but that is not because music is either ambiguous or hazy. It is because literary language is too ambiguous to express the enormous variety of emotional meanings that music conveys, and his literary equivalents—longing, grief, inertia, heroism, brooding, despair, pathos, anguish, consolation, triumph, serenity, and so on—are only crude approximations of these richer and subtler meanings. Mr. Cooke

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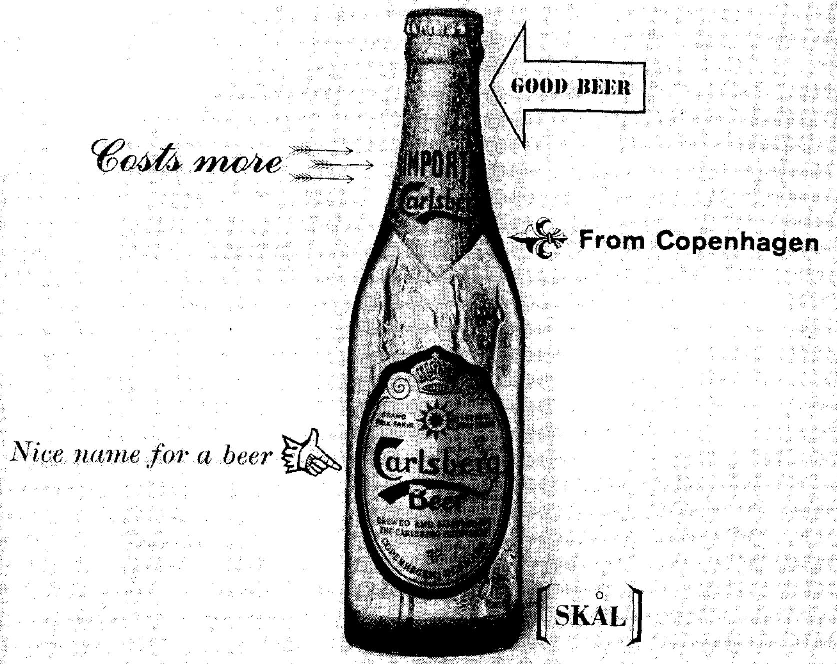

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also suggests that music has a moral as well as an emotional aspect—something that Mr. Ansermet devotes a great deal of attention to in *his* book, which I expect to discuss when its English translation comes out. I am not invariably convinced by Mr. Cooke's rather positive emotional definitions of musical patterns, and even he concedes that there are exceptions to his rules. Moreover, he is unable to account for the emotional appeal of the great polyphonic masterpieces, dismissing them—somewhat airily, I think—as "architecture." Still, his book is a brave foray into extremely complex territory, and, with the others, it may go a long way toward helping the composers of the future express themselves, instead of piling up more or less "interesting" but emotionally meaningless combinations of sounds. In Mr. Cooke's view, music grows out of memories of other music, and is worthless unless it adheres to a commonly understood tradition. Thus, a revolution against the basic system of musical meanings is a revolution against the art itself.

THE only public event I could find last week that merited a note here was a new ballet, called "The Chase; or The Vixen's Choice," choreographed by that admirable performer Jacques d'Amboise, and performed on Wednesday night at the City Center by the New York City Ballet. This turned out to be a romp rather than a ballet, in which Allegra Kent, a lady fox with a very large, furry tail, was pursued by various more or less comic fox-hunting gentlemen and ladies, to the accompaniment of Mozart's Third Horn Concerto. Miss Kent finally lost both her tail and the rest of her fur (I suppose she was skinned), but since the end result was still alive, kicking, and very pretty, no harm seemed to have been done. I was irritated by a terribly busy set—the work of David Hays—which clashed in color with the costumes, distracted my attention from the dancing, and looked as if it were made of faded bathroom tiles. "The Chase" was, I am afraid, not exactly a milestone in the choreographer's art.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

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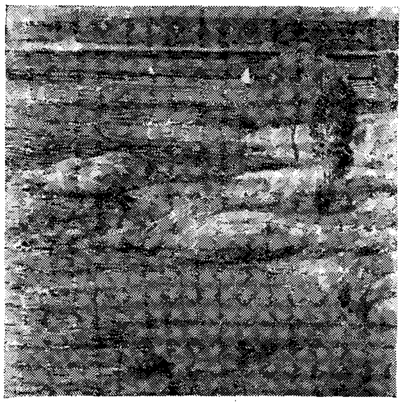

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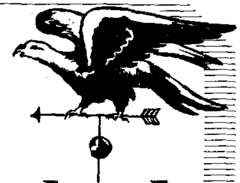

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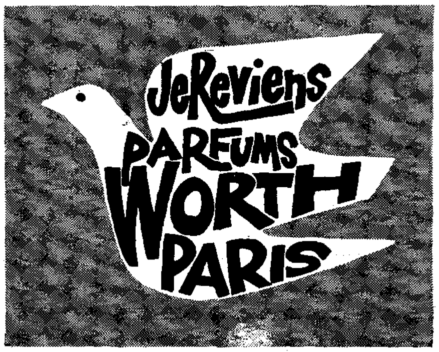

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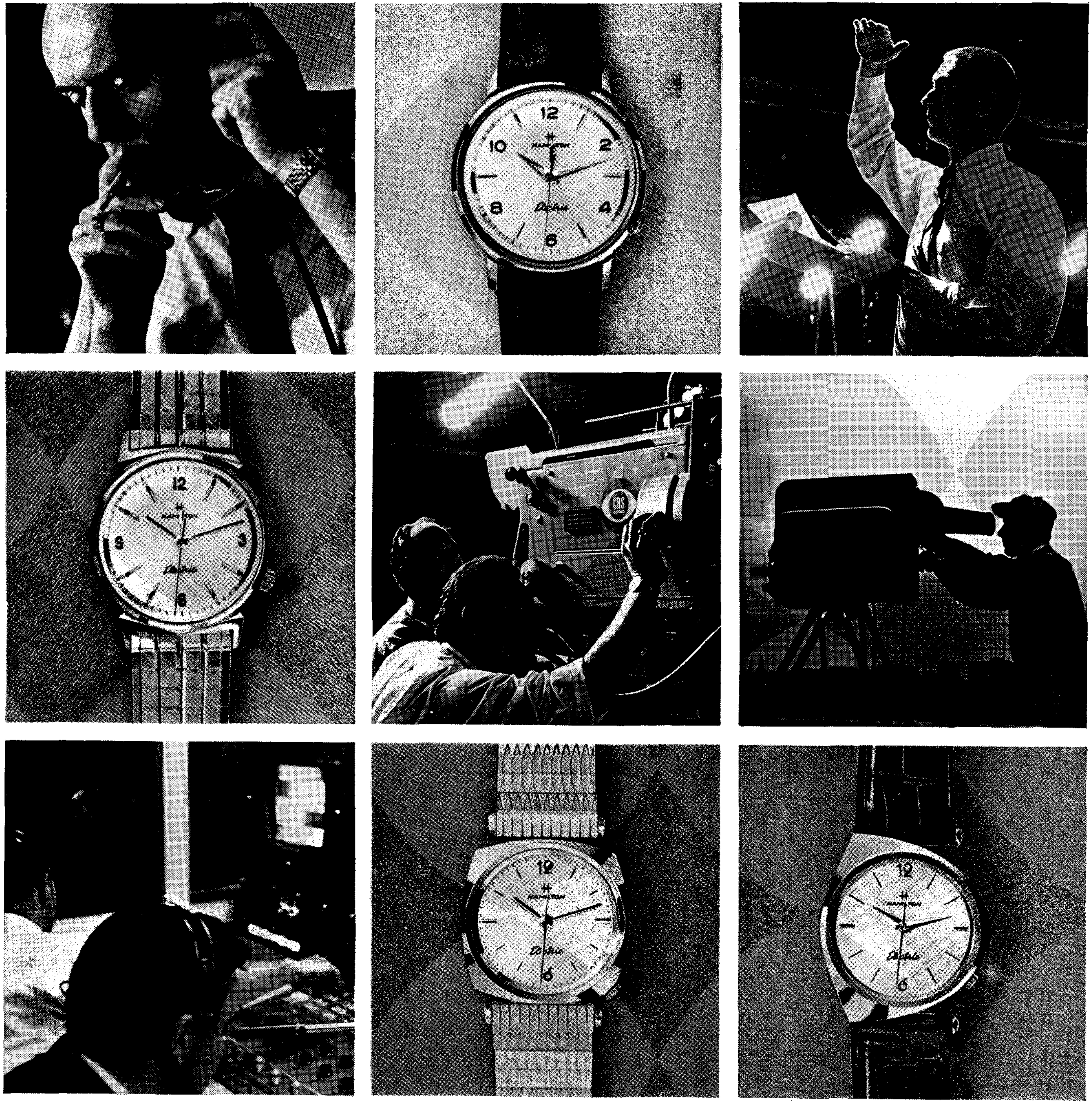

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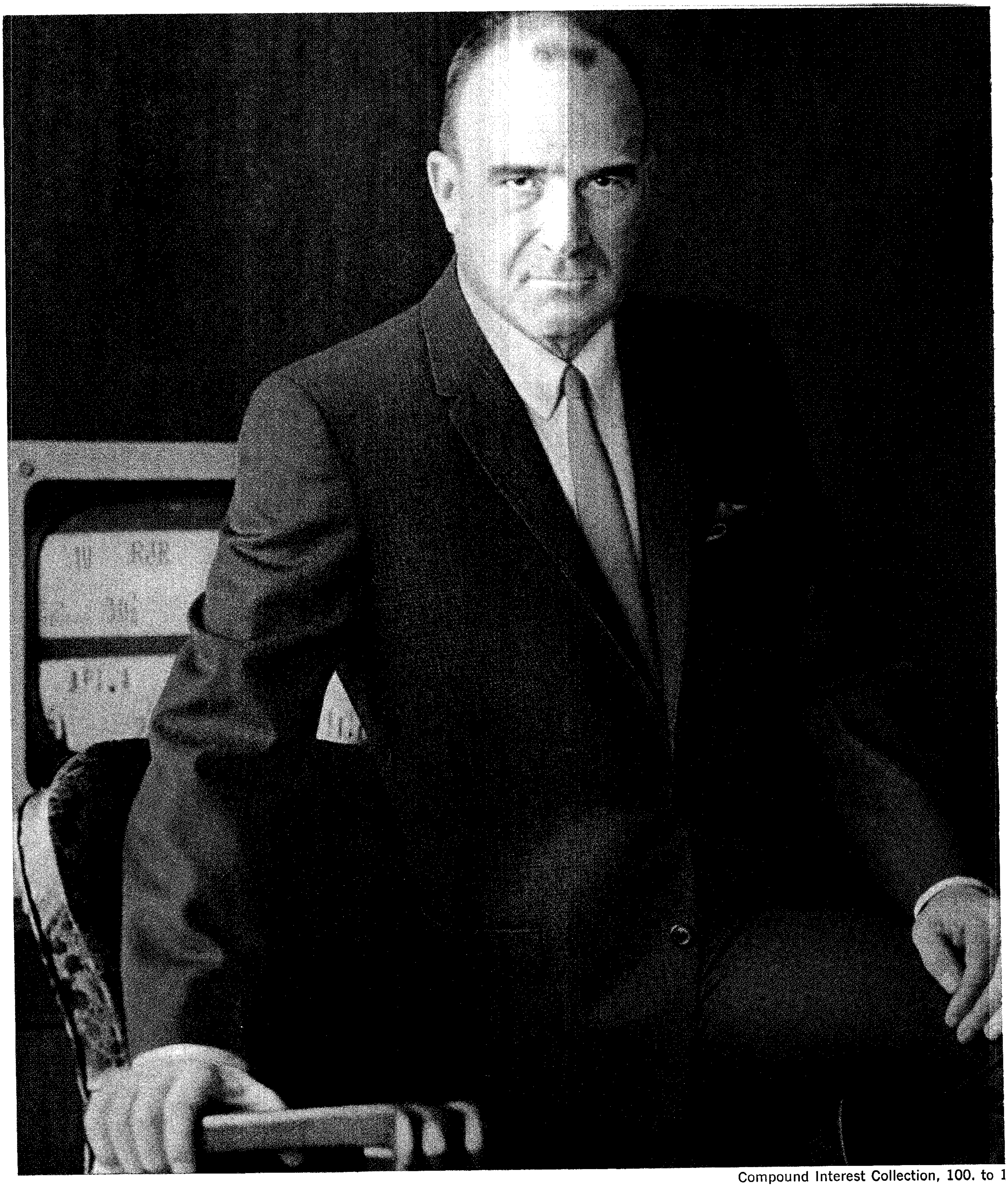

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STILL, I have a certain ramshackle charm. So that when I took her young hands in mine across the restaurant table she did not immediately withdraw from my grasp, nor from the larger, bolder plan of action, which I now proceeded to sketch out for her benefit.

"What I'm going to do is, I'm going to declare moral bankruptcy," I said. "I mean, we keep using the term in that sense, why not follow it through? When a man can no longer discharge his financial obligations, we let him off the hook. Why not when he can no longer meet his ethical ones? I have too many emotional creditors hounding me, I tell you! That's all there is to it. A man simply cannot meet all the demands made on his resources, simply cannot be expected to keep his books balanced. It's too much. Everybody keeps talking about moral bankruptcy but nobody does anything about it. Well, I'm going to. I'm going to declare it. I'm going into receivership. I'm going to pay everybody so much on the dollar."

"In other words, Duxbury," she said, calling me by my last name as people affectionately do, "you want to tell your wife about us."

"I do," I said, "and I've spoken those words only once before in my life."

She gazed thoughtfully into her post-luncheon mint, stirring the icy sludge around a bit with her straw.

"How will you go about it?" she asked, at length. "I mean, how much will you pay everybody on the dollar, as you put it?"

I frowned into my third brandy as I mentally reviewed the scale of figures I had already more or less worked out. Proclaiming to the world that one is materially insolvent is a serious enough step; posting notice that one is no longer ethically liquid is an even graver one, especially if, as appeared to be true here, one is the first man in history to be doing so in a formal sense. The case would be precedent-setting. It might even become a *cause célèbre*, with all the attendant widespread publicity that I must be prepared to shoulder and to shoulder alone. I therefore weighed my words carefully.

"I figure I can pay fifty cents on the dollar," I said at last. "That will be all told and across the board. It will be divided up as fairly as I know how among the claimants. That is to say, half of what is expected of this man on all fronts is really all there is of him

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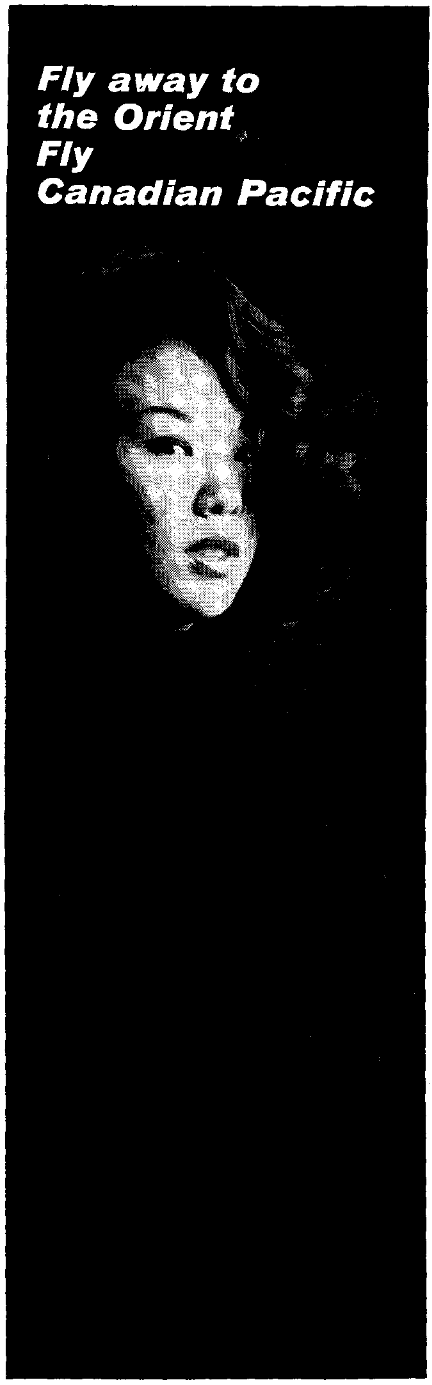

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to go around. That's all there is, there ain't no more." Here I paused to ask, "You understand that I am talking about the *moral equivalent* of money, in the mart of human relationships." She nodded, sucking up the bright-green cordial with lips pursed into a scarlet bud. "All right, then," I went on. "I shall continue to make my disbursements—of loyalty, coöperation, et cetera—at that level; I mean, I intend to stay in business as a human being. There will never be any question about that, nor that my wife and family will come first, my friends next, and then such things as obligation to community and whatnot, in the ever-widening circles of responsibilities as one sees them—and prorated as I say."

"What about your parents, Duxbury?" she asked, looking up. "You admitted you haven't been back home to see them in over a year. I don't like that in a man. A man should be thoughtful and considerate about things like that."

"All right, I'll throw in another nickel for them, so to speak. I mean, I'll stretch a point in what I'll give, so the others concerned won't get less of my time and devotion. But that's my top figure. More than that can simply not be squeezed out of the orange."

"What about me? What do I get?"

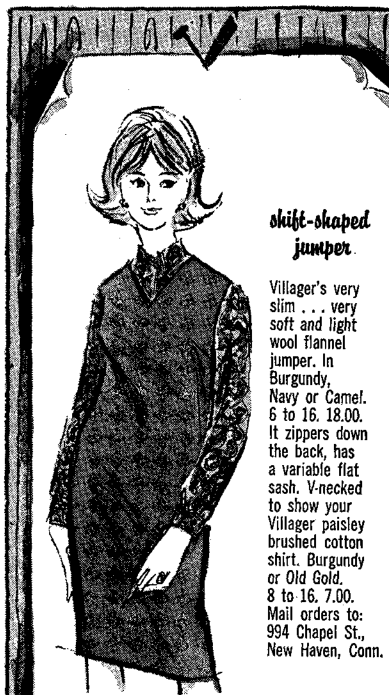
"You get me. A man out from under at last, ready to make a fresh start free and clear. How's that? Ah, *macushla* . . ."

There was a silence, broken only by the hydraulic sounds of the last of the mint going up the translucent straw, which was finally put by with a dainty crimson stain on its tip. "Well, all right," she said. "I expect you'll want to get home early tonight and have it out. I'm glad I won't have to be there," she added with a little shudder. "I just hope it won't be like the sordid blowups you can hear through the walls of apartments. The couple next door to mine actually throw crockery at each other."

"Love is a many-splintered thing. Heh-heh-heh. Ah, baby, the fun we'll—"

"So why don't you call for the check?"

I flagged the waiter, still brooding over the various aspects of this thorny problem, which I am sure vexes every man from time to time—just how much of him there is to go around. "As for one's country," I said, "that's all well and good, but I doubt whether in peacetime a man owes it any more than is extorted from him in taxes to maintain God knows what proliferating bureaus



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9. **Store underground.** Once bottled, Bollinger is laid down in chalky subcellars where the temperature never varies from 50° F. – ideal for aging. Bollinger's cellars spread out under the entire town of Ay.

10. **Be patient.** In France, law decrees Vintage Champagne must age at least three years. Bollinger keeps their Vintage wines in their cellars at least five years before marketing them. You can buy Bollinger Brut 1955 now. Bollinger Brut 1959 is still aging in their cellars.

11. **Riddle faithfully.** Natural sediment forms during aging. So Bollinger turns each bottle clockwise ⅛ of a turn by hand every two or three days during the last three months of aging. (A good worker can riddle 30,000 bottles a day.) Special racks hold the bottles vertically, necks down. Sediment settles in the neck, against the cork.

12. **Disgorge the sediment.** This is tricky. After riddling, the neck of each bottle is frozen. The cellar cork is released and takes the frozen sediment with it.

13. **Examine the foam.** After disgorging, Bollinger makes sure the champagne has a perfectly clean bouquet. Another caution for quality.

14. **Drive home the shipping cork.** Secure it with the familiar wire retaining cage. (Steps 12, 13 and 14 take less than a minute. No sparkle is lost.)

15. **Rest the wine.** Before shipping, Bollinger Champagne is permitted to rest from the strain of disgorging by aging further. Then it is labeled and shipped to the four civilized corners of the earth.

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and agencies going to make up what is still essentially an eleemosynary goddam government."

"You don't have to swear to show how limited your vocabulary is," she said, reaching for her gloves and bag with a hauteur well supported by the patrician profile that had from the very first struck me to the heart. She is a tawny girl with long legs and hair like poured honey. In her brown eyes is a vacancy as divine as that left in the last motel available to the desperate wayfarer. My knees turned to rubber as I read the check and produced the forty clams necessary to discharge my immediate obligations. "Keep the change," I told the waiter in a voice hoarse with passion.

"If you do have it out at home, then you'll be able to make it for dinner tomorrow instead of lunch, I expect?" she said, rising as the waiter swung the table aside for her exit.

"Name the place," I said, trailing in her wake.

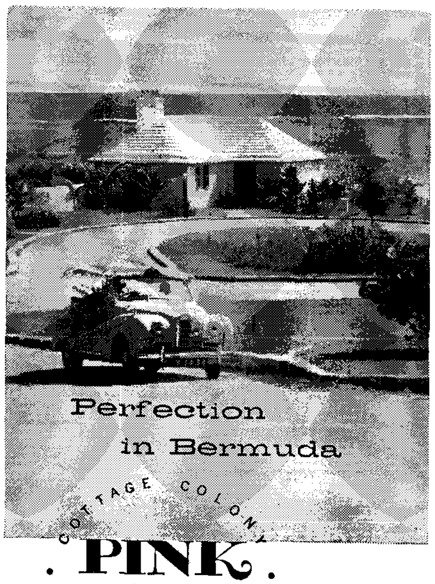
"The Four Seasons is nice."

WHEN I got home, after the usual grimy and spasmodic ride on that awful railroad, my family were already at meat. My wife looked up from a gardening magazine she was reading as she ate, and waved cheerfully. Our sixteen-year-old son was paging through a motorcycle pamphlet over his own heaped plate, while his ten-year-old brother pored, fork in hand, over a comic book. The latter wore a switchman's cap with the visor behind. Dented beer cans were clamped to the heels of his shoes, and his bubble gum was on his wrist. It seemed as good a time as any to make my declaration. My eighteen-year-old daughter, a free spirit now apparently touring Europe or something, would, I knew, heartily applaud my action, if I could only locate her.

I helped myself to some food from a casserole keeping warm in the oven and joined them at the table. But I could not eat. Finally, I shoved my plate aside and said, "I have an announcement to make."

There was a rustle of turned pages and a nod or two.

"You have all no doubt read Ibsen's 'The Wild Duck,' " I said. "That anti-morality play, perhaps his best, in which he makes the point that we cannot always be pressed with the claims of the ideal. That we should not be forever dunned," I went on, consulting a frayed cuff on which I had jotted what I could remember of Relling's crucial speeches in that drama, "forever dunned for debts we cannot pay. Isn't that



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fine? Doesn't that make reasonable sense? All right, then. I take this to mean, therefore, that a person who has reached a certain point in the general drain on his resources may with impunity say, 'I herewith formally declare myself bankrupt. I am going into moral receivership. Creditors, take note—you will henceforth get so much on the dollar,' said creditors to include all those reasonably embraced by that corporate term 'society,' on whose Accounts Receivable we are all permanently enrolled: family, friends, community, and so on. Now then for the figure I am prepared to give you. The absolute maximum disbursement I can manage is, roughly, fifty cents on the dollar. Put in plain English, this means that in future I shall be half the husband I was, half the father, half the friend, and so on down the line. Well, there it is. What have you to say?"

My wife dropped her magazine and passed a plate of homemade rolls around the table.

"Why, if she's what you want, go to her," she said. "Go away with her even, for a while, if it will help get her out of your system."

I rose and shoved my chair back with a force that sent it clattering to the floor behind me.

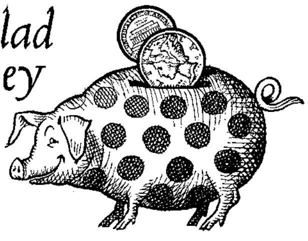
"I wish you'd stop treating me as an individual in my own right," I exclaimed. "All of you! Nothing is more irritating than that, or more demoralizing. As though a man has to be humored like some damn kid!" With that I flung out of the room, slamming the door after me.

My resolve to leave was by now quite firm. I marched to my bedroom and, pausing only long enough to stand modestly before a wall glass and say, "You ain't nuttin' but a hound-dog," I packed three bags, which I carried, forever panting, along the corridor and down the stairs to the vestibule. There I momentarily dropped my luggage to recover my wind.

As I stood there, I sensed a footfall in the passage along which I had just come. Looking up the stairs, I saw my mother-in-law approaching, in velvet slippers and with the aid of her stout cane. Slightly indisposed, she had had a tray in her room, the door of which she had left open, as is her wont, so as not to isolate herself entirely from the life of the house. She paused at the head of the stairs and from under her white lace mobcap fixed me with a bright eye.

"I could not help overhearing," she said, "and with all due apologies, I should like to remind you of one person you have overlooked in your list

Glad Money



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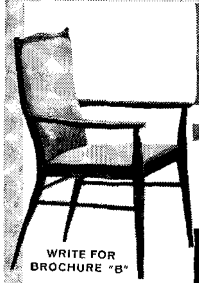

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of creditors, as you put it. Someone to whom you also owe something."

"Who might that be, Mother Bunshaft?" I asked.

"Yourself," she answered, smiling.

"Ah, Mother Bunshaft," I said, "the longer you live with us the more your wisdom—"

"Correction—I think you mean the longer you live with me." The house is in her name for legal reasons (she owns it). "The longer you live with me, the more I find I have to tell you, it seems. Now I suggest you owe it to yourself to pause a moment and count the cost. Of a second establishment, which I assume is in your mind—especially if we increase the cost of this one by starting to ask for rent again. The upkeep of two cars, the many other possessions bought on time. I expect we're quite the ticket out there in the big city"—here she humorously cocked the tip of her stick at me and sighted along its length as along the barrel of a rifle, at the same time making that chucking noise out of the side of her mouth that once was used to make horses giddyap but now conveys the idea of hot stuff—"but it might just pay us to take a good hard look at our bank balance, if any, our arrears with the loan company—Just a minute, I'm not finished," she called as I hurried out the front door without the bags.

Well, that's how the cookie crumbles. It took very little probing to make clear the scale of living the other woman had in mind—a single phone call from a public booth, in fact. Her response to my suggestion that we meet at some convenient Schrafft's or Stouffer's, instead of the Four Seasons, with all that nonsense about flaming skewers and telephones brought to the tables, alone did the trick.

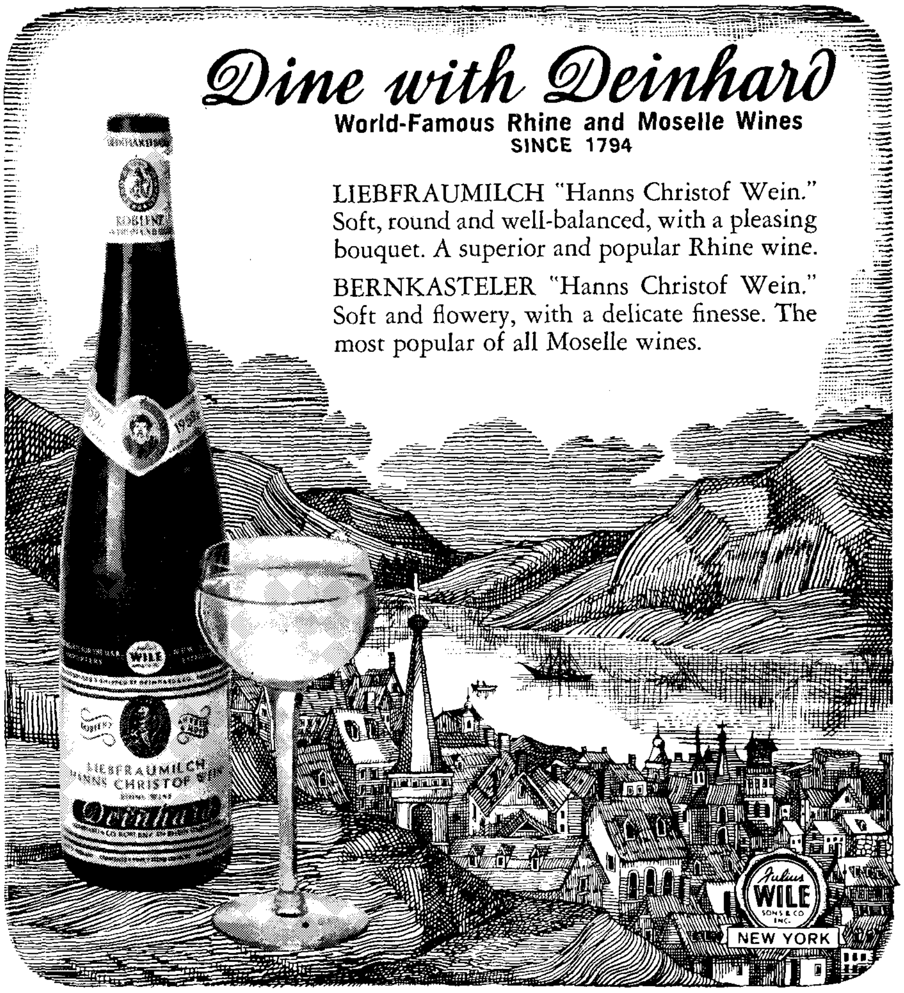
So that seems to be the point of this whole incident in a nutshell, its moral, you might say, which I pass along to any man contemplating the same course of action I was. Before you start declaring moral bankruptcy, make damn sure you're in good shape financially.

—PETER DE VRIES

•

> The Skelton house reminds one of a petite French chateau. Each bathroom has a private patio flower garden.
>
> The Skeltons' lovely 16-year-old daughter Valentina, who is quite a horsewoman, was merged into a state.—*Cobina Wright in the Los Angeles Herald-Examiner.*

She take the horse along?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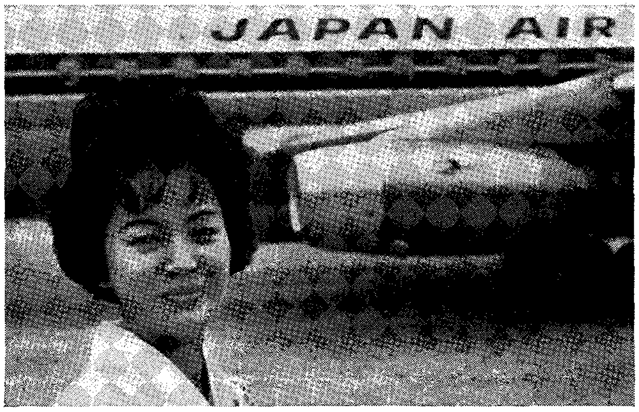

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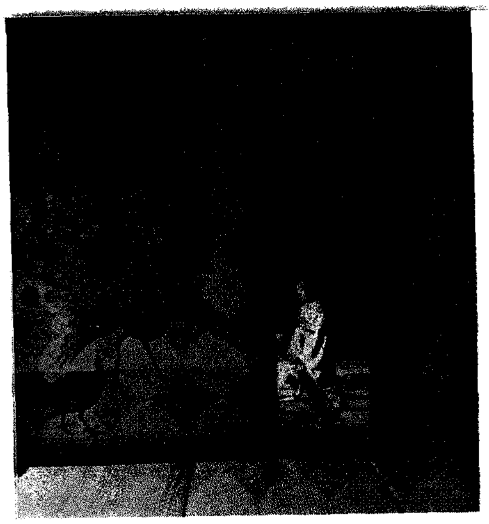

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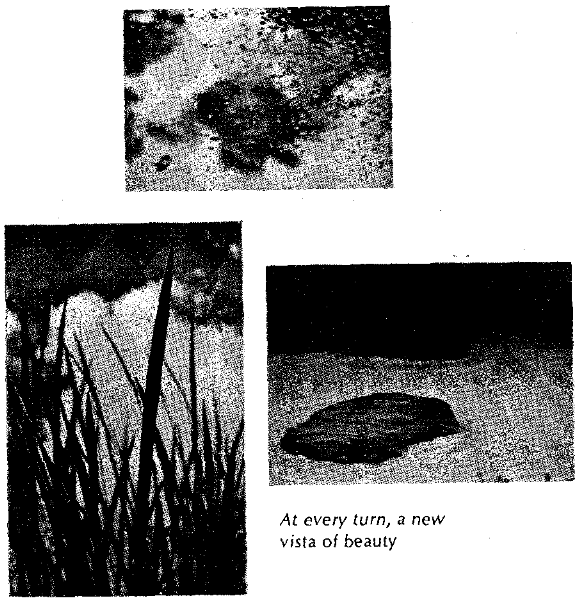

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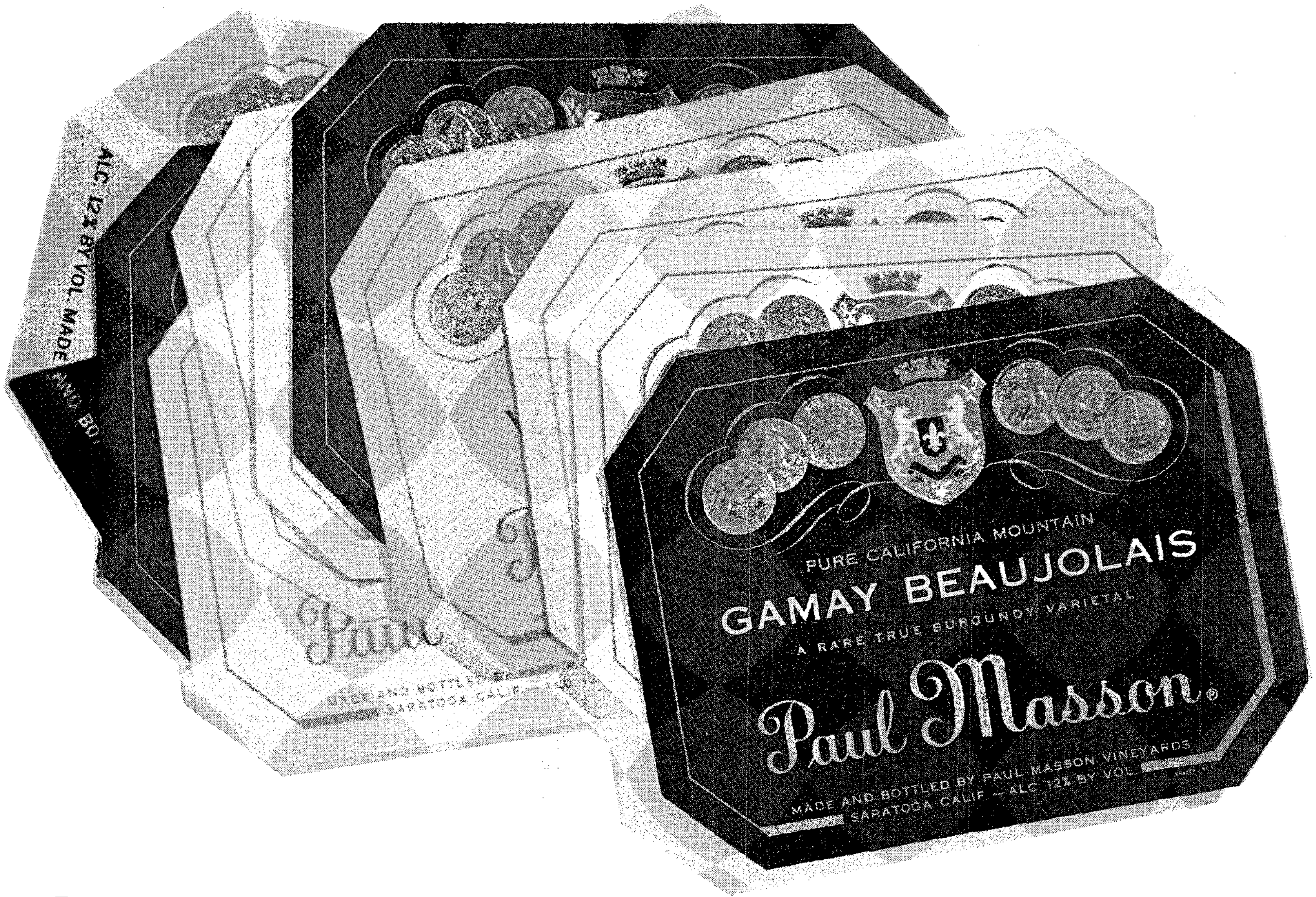
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Most men, therefore, will choose a hobby that is so bulky, messy, noisy, or boring that no one can bear to be near him; a high price to pay for solitude.

The wise man will forsake these self-tortures and take up wine collecting. It works just as well, no one will bother him: A) children do not drink and so are not interested; B) women love to have wine at the table, but they feel, quite rightly, that the collecting of wine is, like hunting, man's work. And so it is.

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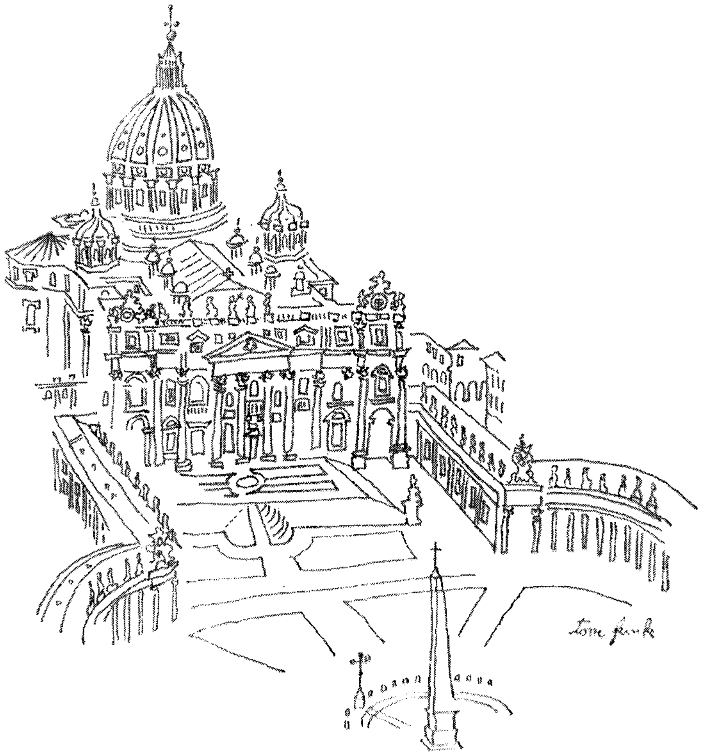
LETTER FROM VATICAN CITY

SEPTEMBER 20

THE second session of Vatican Council II opens here on Sunday, September 29th. This date, as Roman wits point out, is the feast of St. Michael the Archangel, who is frequently implored in a well-known prayer to "defend us in the battle." Pope Paul has already set the closing date for December 4th, causing Cardinal Suenens, of Belgium, and others to predict that a third session will be held in 1964, possibly with additional sessions to follow. Vatican dopesters expect the new Holy Father's address at the opening of the second session to reaffirm and develop the pastoral and ecumenical themes announced in Pope John's memorable talk of last October, and to strike an individual Pauline note as well.



On the morning of Sunday, August 18th, Pope Paul motored from his *villeggiatura* at Castel Gondolfo, in the Alban Hills, to the ancient Greek monastery of St. Nilus, at the foot of Monte Cavo, some five miles distant. There he celebrated Mass for a community of Basilian monks who have revitalized the atmosphere and traditions of the Eastern Church, preserved on that spot for close to a thousand years. The Pope took the occasion to comment on a major theme of the Council—the unity of Christians. "I long to make mine the wish that spontaneously and generously welled up in the hearts of my predecessors, especially John XXIII," he said. "Come, let the barriers that separate us fall! Let us explain the points of doctrine that are not common to us but are still subjects of controversy; let us seek to render our creed a joint one and a solid one. . . . We wish neither to absorb nor to detract from the great flowering of Eastern Churches but wish it to be engrafted on the tree of the unity of Christ." He also said that his respect for the Orthodox Churches was motivated by "the same feeling of brotherhood" that recently authorized a bishop of the Catholic Church to go to Moscow in honor of the fiftieth anniversary of the consecration of Aleksei, the Patriarch of Moscow, as a bishop. He added, "We did this with the intention of paying homage, of showing that there were no motives of rivalry . . . or any desire to perpetuate discords and disagreements that now seem completely anachronistic." Referring to the day's Gospel story of Christ healing the deaf-and-dumb man, Pope Paul said, "We are all a little dumb, we are all a little deaf. May the Lord open our senses to understand the voices of history."

Four days later, the Pope paid a visit to the summer quarters of the English Catholic College at Palazzola, in the same neighborhood, on the slopes of Monte Cavo. He told the rector and students of the ancient college that his visit was informal and unofficial; he had come as a neighbor, he said, who breathed the same fresh Lake Albano air, and he remarked that their view of the lake was better than that from Castel Gondolfo. He spoke appreciatively of England, saying, "How many people there are who have received from England a message of civilized humanity and courtesy!" When the students sang a hymn by the Elizabethan poet Robert Southwell, it so impressed the Pope that he said it ought to be translated into other languages. This visit ended in true English fashion, with the students shouting three cheers for the Pope as he drove off.

At a general audience recently, Pope Paul made particular mention of the numerous non-Catholics in the gathering. In his greeting, he assured them that his intentions were identical with his predecessor's, and said, "Your coming to the house of the Vicar of Christ is evidence not only of our universal fatherhood but also of your membership in the great and mysterious family of Christ."

This statement has been hailed by the newer theologians as another papal confirmation of the view that baptism makes all believers members of Christ's Church—a departure from the juridical definition, formulated by the seventeenth-century Jesuit cardinal St. Robert Bellarmine, which insisted on submission to the Holy See as a final requirement for membership in the Church. During the Council's first session, in the debate on the nature of the Church (the schema entitled "De Ecclesia"), it became clear that the Council Fathers—the bishops, that is, who have the right to vote at the sessions—favored the view that not only are all men called to be members but that vast numbers of people, even if they do not accept the external bonds of Catholic unity, nevertheless belong to the Church as long as they are baptized and act in accord with the dictates of conscience. Though this view is an abomination to fundamentalist Catholic theologians, the *American Ecclesiastical Review*—widely regarded as the mouthpiece of Catholic theological conservatism in the United States—ran an article last spring by the young Dominican Father Colman E. O'Neill, who teaches at Lateran University here, which must have amazed a number of its readers. Father O'Neill said:

> Those who define membership in purely juridical terms are forced to the conclusion that [the baptized non-Catholic] cannot be a member . . . since the matter has been settled by *Mystici corporis* [Pius XII's encyclical] and *Suprema haec sacra* [a Holy Office letter]. St. Thomas Aquinas, on the contrary, without the slightest hesitation, says that such a person is a member; and the Council of Trent says exactly the same thing. . . . Monsignor Fenton [of Catholic University, in Washington] considers that all non-Catholics are positively excluded from any kind of

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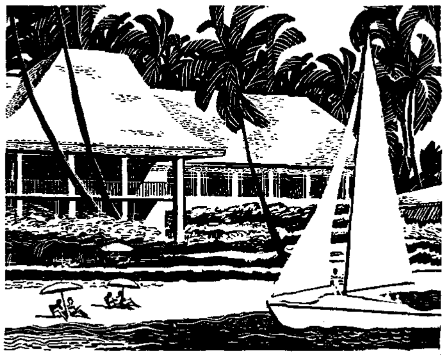
membership. In the case of baptized non-Catholics in good faith, at least, as we have seen, this is not so.

Catholics who have been brought up to believe the false notion that the Church never changes—theologically speaking, it is the Truth that never changes—find this development in Catholic theology unsettling, and there is evidence on the parish level that the Council has stirred up many Catholics, both clerical and lay, as never before. A pathetic letter published in a number of diocesan newspapers by a Midwestern monsignor bewails the increase in telephone calls and visits to the rectory from people who, as he plaintively puts it, "demand that we do things the 'new way.' " On the other hand, American Catholics who are shocked when political-sounding labels like "progressive" and "conservative" are applied to individual Council Fathers have been reassured of the validity of these terms by a Council Father himself—Bishop Ernest J. Primeau, of Manchester, New Hampshire, who writes in the Jesuit weekly *America:*

> I agree with the general use of the words "conservative" and "liberal" to express the extreme positions taken by the Fathers of the Council. There was a real cleavage, not just a question of semantics. And these labels serve to express the difference quite well. As a matter of fact, this difference in opinion, since it was not of faith or morals, should cause no scandal.... Very few men are conservative or liberal on every question.

That final sentence would certainly not apply to the editors of the Italian political weekly *Il Borghese*, who are conservative on all questions, especially those concerning Vatican Council II. They thoroughly disapproved of Pope John's policies and blamed him for the size of the Communist vote in the last election here. At the first session of the Council, according to them, it was "almost as if the Church had been transformed into a degenerate democratic assembly." In their view, the "holy liberty" that Pope John allowed the Council Fathers in the debates was a mistake. It will not be repeated in the second session, *Il Borghese* feels, because the Curia, "with its humane recourse to logic, good sense, and the light of reason," has regained complete control of the Council during the intersession. *Il Borghese* predicts that the Council will quickly conclude its business in the second session "with feet firmly on the ground," acting as the "purely consultative organ of the Supreme Pontiff." By "Supreme Pontiff" the editors mean, of course, not the Pope alone but the Pope as represented by their party in the Curia.



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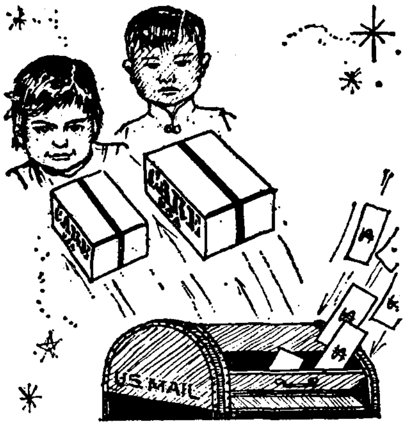

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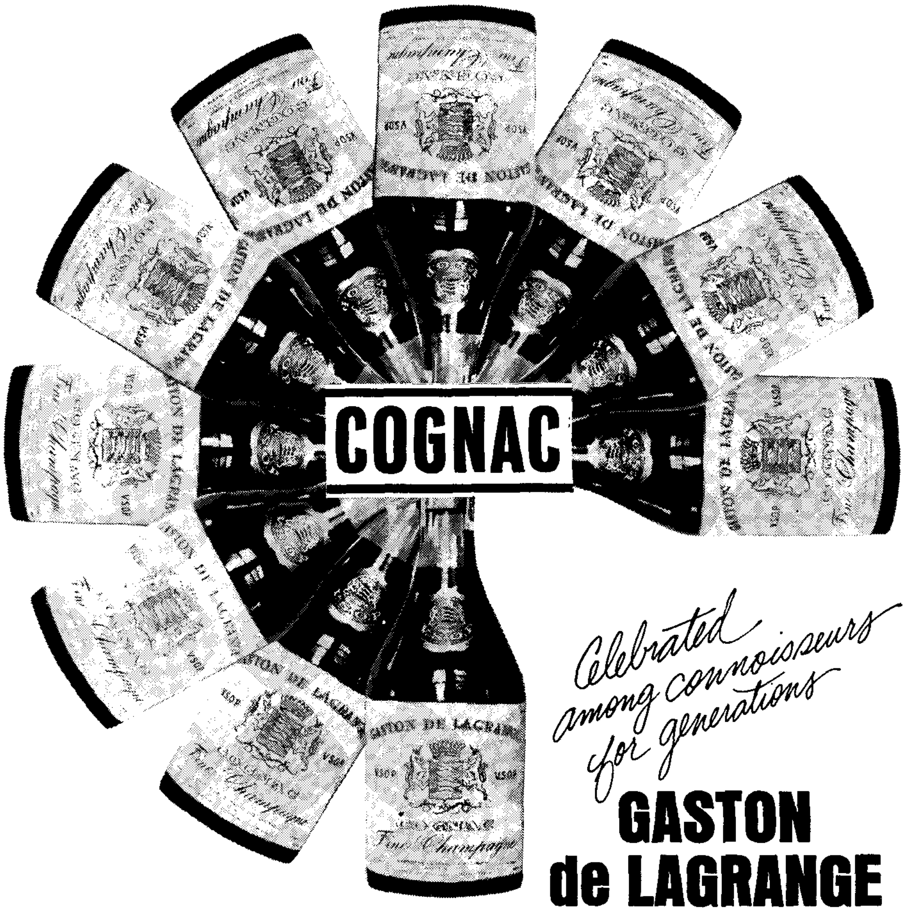
Pope Paul's actions and utterances have already shown such predictions to be nonsense. The content of his speeches since his accession indicates to anyone who has studied them closely that he is in every sense the heir and continuator of Pope John's pastoral policies, with a special character of his own. He is only just beginning to reveal the strong hand he apparently intends to play in guiding the Council's second session. He recently announced the creation of a Steering Commission of four cardinals with an "executive mandate" to direct the work of this session, and three of its members—Cardinals Suenens, Döpfner, and Lercaro—are known to be progressives. Nor can the fourth member, Cardinal Agagianian, a representative of the Curia who bridges the gap between the Church of Rome and the Eastern Church (he was for many years the Armenian Patriarch), be fully classed as a traditionalist. These four cardinals are also members of the important ten-member Coördinating Commission, the body that gets proposals to the floor and coördinates the work of the various commissions responsible for the Council's agenda. Pope Paul's dissatisfaction with the procedural confusions at the first meeting of the Council was made clear even while it was in session. As Archbishop of Milan, he wrote weekly letters to all the faithful of his archdiocese, and they were published in the diocesan paper. In them he revealed a liberal attitude on conciliar secrecy quite unlike the attitude of most Council Fathers—particularly the American ones, who have never used this pastoral means of taking the faithful into their confidence. His final letter, just before the close of the first session, emphasized the primary importance of the "De Ecclesia" schema, which he described as "the foundation of the entire Council."

It is therefore not surprising that the Vatican has announced that the first item on the Council's agenda, after the ceremonial and organizational business of the opening days, is further debate on "De Ecclesia." The original draft, prepared by the Theological Commission (its head is Cardinal Ottaviani, Secretary of the Holy Office), was heatedly argued over by the Council Fathers last December and led to one of the great moments of the first session—a speech by Bishop De Smedt, of Bruges, against it. He called the "clericalism" of the schema offensive, in that it started out with a definition of the Church Militant. The Church, he said, is not a pyramid of people,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priests, and Pope but the People of God. "See to what misconceptions this spirit of legalism can give rise!" he said. "No mother ever spoke thus." This draft was roundly criticized by the majority of the Council Fathers, including Cardinal Montini, and was remanded to committee to be rewritten. The new draft, now to be considered, opens with the Biblical words "*Lumen gentium*" ("Light of the Nations")—a phrase used by Christ to describe the Church He founded. This draft stresses the notion of the Church as a sign, a mystery in which all mankind is to be embraced in union with God. Other subjects covered by the new draft include *membership in the Church*, the relationship between the hierarchy and the laity, the relationship between members and non-Christians, and the nature and authority of the three orders of the hierarchy—the episcopate, the priesthood, and the diaconate.

One of the most interesting and controversial topics in this schema is the relationship of the bishops to the Pope and to each other. The very act of calling the Council has dramatized this subject, because it has made the Fathers more fully aware that they are bishops. There is no higher office, as the Pope's own title, "Bishop of Rome," indicates. The Pope and the bishops of the Church are bound together in collegiality, just as their predecessors, the Apostles, were bound together with Christ. While this fundamental truth has always been formally acknowledged in the Church, it has become obscured in practice. In the last four hundred years, a new entity has intervened between the Pope and the bishops—the Roman Curia. This necessary body, consisting of the various administrative arms with which the Pope governs the Church, became endowed in the course of centuries with super-episcopal powers. As a result of increasing centralization, the Curial officials in Rome claim to "represent" the Pope, but in practice they arrogate to themselves the papal function of policymaking. Many bishops hesitate to do anything important without first "checking with Rome"—that is, with the Curia. By procrastination in administrative matters and by a close surveillance of what is said and written, the Curia over the years has reinforced its undisputed authority in the Church. A hundred years ago, a Father at Vatican Council I—an archbishop—gave utterance to these deeply felt words:

> The experience that I have acquired, during many years, of the *personnel* of the Pontifical Curia has produced in me an

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unconquerable conviction that *never, never*, to the very end of the world, will they consent to renounce Temporal Power. They will utilize every means (at one time public, at another secret; at one time more violent, at another less so) to repossess themselves of that Power. . . .

In our day, the personnel of the Curia would perhaps not deserve such censure, since there are many great churchmen in that body. (Cardinal Bea is an outstanding example.) Rather, it would be the attitude of mind that confuses the Curia with the Church—a *latius hos*, or error of logic, that mistakes the part for the whole. In an article entitled "Pope, Bishops, and Curia," the German theological magazine *Wort und Wahrheit* discusses the problem of the relationship between the two with unusual frankness. It states that the Curia as a whole has certain necessary functions, which ought not to be underestimated or bypassed, but that its role should be strictly executive, confined to carrying out the directives of the Church's leaders—that is, of the Pope *and* the bishops. The relationship, the article points out, would then be Pope–Bishops–Curia, rather than, as at present, Pope–Curia–Bishops. Under the circumstances, it was no small gesture on the part of Pope Paul to announce last week that the Fathers may wear the mozzetta at the Council. This elbow-length cape, an emblem of episcopal jurisdiction, is never worn outside a bishop's own diocese. To allow its use in Rome is a symbolic and highly significant act of the Pope. Similarly, when the Pope himself was photographed wearing the mozzetta, it was as if he were saying to the Fathers of the Council, "I am the Bishop of Rome, just as you are the bishops of your dioceses." Since the Pope alone can initiate a reform of the Curia, these unusual moves are regarded here as signs of impending action on his part.

The general desire to give concrete form to the collegiality of the bishops has culminated in a proposal to revitalize the ancient office of patriarch, as an intermediary stage between the Pope and the rest of the episcopate. The Dutch canonist Piet Fransen, S.J., has proposed the grouping of the whole Church into patriarchates along regional or continental lines. It is known that the colorful and outspoken Melchite patriarch, His Beatitude Maximos IV Saigh, of Antioch, has long nurtured the hope of one day seeing the Eastern patriarchates enjoy their rightful and historical place in the Church, preceding the cardinalate. (The cardinals, historically the successors of the ancient Roman parish clergy and canonically forming part of

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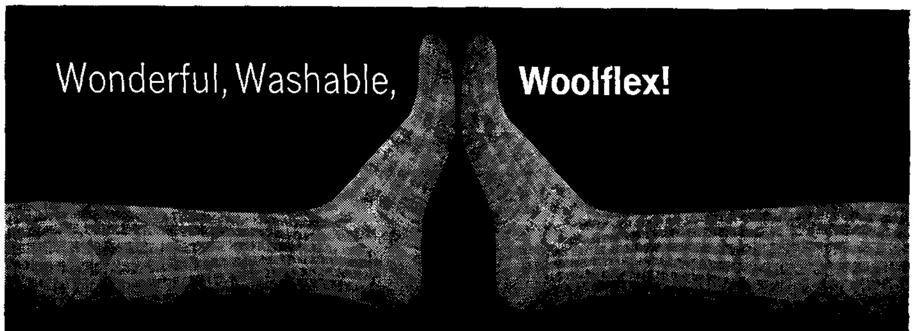

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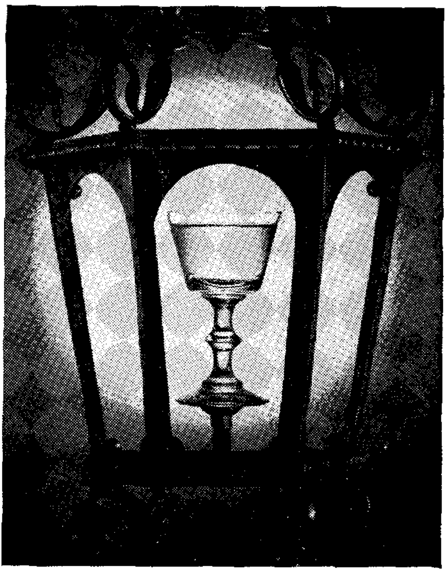
the diocese of Rome, are subject to the Pope in his office as Patriarch of Rome.) For this reason, His Beatitude, following the precedent of the former Melchite patriarchs, has three times refused a cardinal's hat, offered twice by Pius XII and once by John XXIII; however, the patriarchs Tappouni and Agagianian both accepted, thus breaking the solidarity of the movement.

Although it is well known that the Council's first session exceeded the hopes of the progressives by revealing that they had an articulate majority among the bishops, it is less well known that the shortcomings of that session were subjected to a searching examination by those responsible for guiding the Council's work. A highly interesting and authoritative critique—made on the level of the Coördinating Commission, and thus close to the top—pointed out that the chief stumbling block was the rules under which the Council operated. The report said—in tactful terms, of course—that these rules were demonstrably contrived to assure domination of the proceedings at all stages by the Curial party. The critique also said that the rules failed to profit from the experience of other parliaments or international assemblies in expediting the flow of business, and were inadequate for guiding a deliberative assembly of over two thousand bishops. Perhaps the worst defect, the critique said, was the organization and the excessive number of the conciliar commissions. Moreover, the cardinals presiding over them had powers that were too vast and too arbitrary. Not enough use was made, said the critique, of the Council experts, or *periti*—theologians appointed by the Pope to aid the commissions with their knowledge—who not infrequently found themselves virtually excluded from any participation in the work. The critique also found that Cardinal Ottaviani's Theological Commission had assumed an excessive competence, virtually monopolizing the work of the Council in the preparatory phase, during the first session, and afterward, either directly or through various mixed commissions. The grounds for intervention were those usually cited by the Holy Office in looking into the affairs of other organs of the Curia; namely, that everything has some theological angle. Meetings of this commission were conducted in a manner that eliminated the possibility of any influence's being brought to bear by those members and experts who disagreed with the chairman. As



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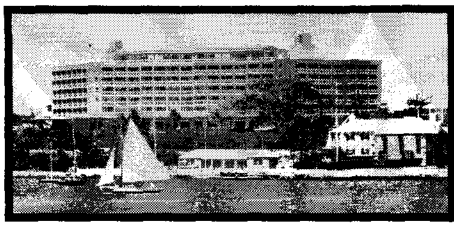
an example of this way of doing things, when the text of the revised schema "De Ecclesia" was worked out by this commission last March, no attention was paid to the numerous suggestions that the bishops of the world had submitted in writing, in accordance with the Pope's instructions of December 6th. These *vota* were simply ignored, and the bishops have had to exert much effort to achieve even the slight improvements in the schema now to be debated. Commenting on the widely circulated story that Cardinal Ottaviani tried to silence Karl Rahner, the celebrated Austrian theologian who served as a Council *peritus* during the first session of the Council, Monsignor James I. Tucek, formerly of the Rome bureau of the American Catholic press service, quotes the Cardinal as saying:

> This is completely false. This whole matter was completely unknown to me until I heard others speak of it. Neither I nor anyone else in the Holy Office, either directly or indirectly, suggested that Father Rahner should leave Rome. Quite the contrary. Twice I invited Father Rahner to address the members of the Preparatory Commission on Theology.

However, Father Rahner, in an interview in the *Catholic Reporter*, of Kansas City, has this to say:

> It is generally known that I had difficulties with the Holy Office, whose chairman is Alfredo Cardinal Ottaviani, in Rome before and at the beginning of the Council. These difficulties were based for the most part on efforts to subject my future published works to a special Roman censorship.

RECENTLY, several South American and French bishops, in pastoral letters, have again stressed the Council theme of ecclesiastical poverty, eloquently proclaimed in the first session by Cardinal Lercaro, of Bologna. Early this year, when he was still Archbishop of Milan, Pope Paul summed up the matter succinctly in his Lenten letter: "We, the clergy, should take to heart in a special way the divine recommendation to be simple and austere in our living, detached from money, superfluous comforts, and every kind of external vanity. We more than others are bound by the strict bonds that unite us to Christ, because of the example that is expected of us, because of the efficacy that the observance of poverty confers on our ministry." This theme has also been aired in several recent books, especially Father Yves Congar's "Pour une Eglise Servante et Pauvre." The Auxiliary Bishop of Rio de Janeiro, Helder Câmara, in a widely circulated memorandum on episcopal pomp, has suggested that bish-



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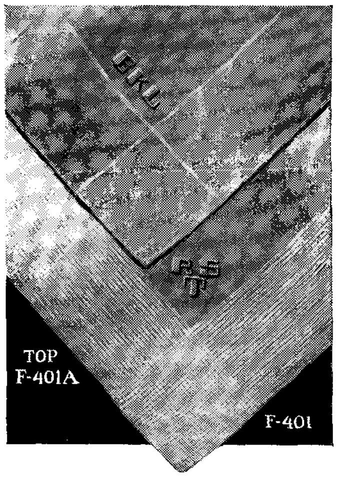

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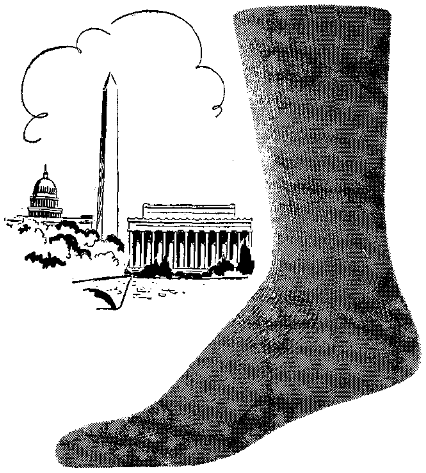

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ops take the initiative by giving up such titles as "Your Eminence," "Your Excellency," and "Your Lordship," and by divesting themselves of other symbols of nobility, such as heraldic devices. He also urges them to simplify their liturgical and ecclesiastical dress. "Our influence should not depend on the type of automobile we happen to own," he writes. "It is proper that a certain amount of splendor be preserved for liturgical functions, but in everyday life we should avoid wearing costly crosses and rings, and shoes with gold buckles, which are ridiculous today. . . . Perhaps this is the way in which we, as bishops of the whole world, should help the Vicar of Christ himself, giving him the courage to realize that the physical splendor of the Vatican in itself can be a great obstacle to true Christian faith. Divine Providence has already rid us of the Papal States. When will the hour strike to lead the Church of Christ to a rendezvous with Lady Poverty?"

As for the Pope himself, he has now settled into a daily routine here that, following a lifetime habit, is long on hours and hard work and short on sleep. Each day, he rises at six o'clock, prays at a *prie-dieu* near his bed, and gets ready for Mass. By seven, he is in his chapel and at the altar. His Mass is attended by his two secretaries, Fathers Pasquale Macchi and Bruno Bossi, and their Masses follow. Then the Pope recites the first hours of the day's breviary with the two priests. Observing Pope John's custom of not eating alone, he breakfasts with the secretaries and looks at the morning newspapers. By nine, he is in his private office and at work. His meetings with officials inside and outside the Church begin at ten, and are usually arranged to end at one, his lunchtime, but this schedule is not inflexible. He lets each audience take as much time as the person and the business require, and for this reason he often delays his lunch until two. He takes his afternoon rest after lunch. At four, when the Vatican City daily, *L'Osservatore Romano*, is off the press, he has coffee with his secretaries and looks through it. Then, after reciting the breviary in his chapel, they usually take a walk in the Vatican gardens. The next period is devoted to reading in the gardens, after which the Pope retires to his study to work until about six-thirty, when he has a light dinner. He watches television only for the evening news, which comes on at this hour, but recently he was persuaded to keep his set on for a rebroadcast of an old Hollywood movie, "Going My Way." (His comment on this pleasant and superficial por-

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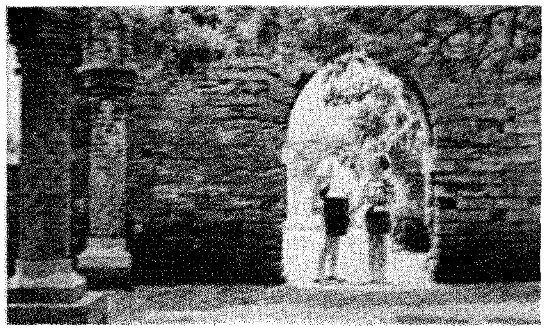

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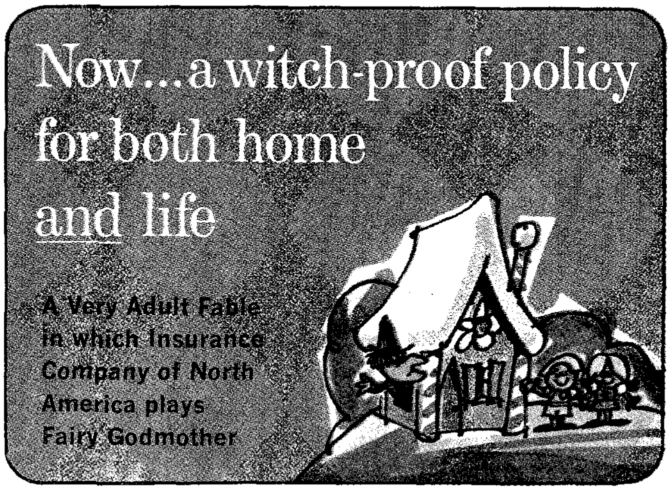
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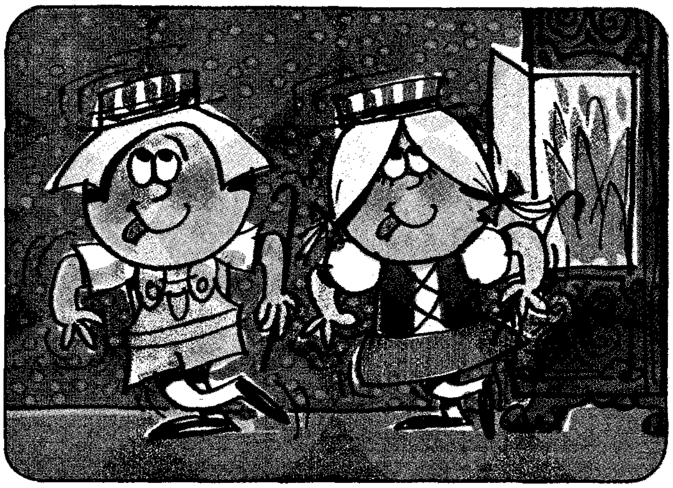
Hansel and Gretel were imprisoned by a witch just because they chewed on her gingerbread house. "Vandalism like that worries me half to death!" she cackled, throwing wide the oven door.



"Obviously, you haven't heard about INA Homeowners-Instant Life protection," chorused the children. "Package Homeowners coverage, plus optional Term Life insurance both at very low cost."

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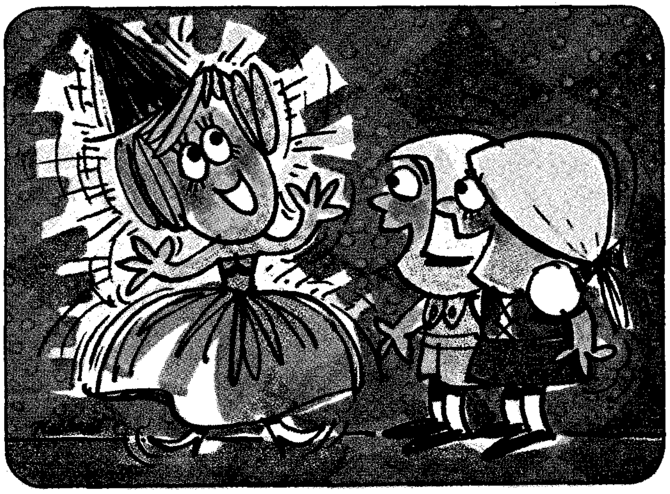
"You mean INA offers Life coverage AND Homeowners protection that insures my house against windstorm, fire, burglary and people chewing on it?" "All that and more!" chorused the kids.



Charmed, the witch turned into a beautiful princess and they all lived happily ever after in the little gingerbread house with a passing INA agent, who was really a prince after all.

INA

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Moral: Be sure, insure with INA. Just ask your INA agent or broker about new INA Homeowners-Instant Life. Then, have him pass the gingerbread and feel free to eat all your heart desires.

trayal of American Catholicism, vintage 1944, marvellously acted by Barry Fitzgerald and Bing Crosby, has not been recorded.) After dinner, the Pope recites the rosary with Fathers Macchi and Bossi and other members of the household. Then back to his study, where, as a hi-fi set plays symphonic music, he works at correspondence and memoranda. At eleven, he and his secretaries go to the chapel to recite compline. He remains behind for private prayer, then returns to his study, where he works until one, and sometimes two, in the morning. No matter at what hour he retires, the alarm is set for six o'clock. In its severity and simplicity, Pope Paul's daily regimen is much like his predecessor's—of whom, incidentally, there was a refreshing backward glimpse the other day. Speaking at Assisi, the late Pope's private secretary, Monsignor Loris Capovilla, revealed new details about the audience that Pope John granted to Khrushchev's son-in-law, Aleksei Adzhubei, and his wife last March. Capovilla first quoted Pope John's entry in his private diary under the date of December 26, 1962: "Last night (Christmas), after having meditated for a long while and read the introduction to a Russian grammar, I consecrated my whole being to the Saviour for the conversion of all Russia to the Catholic Church."

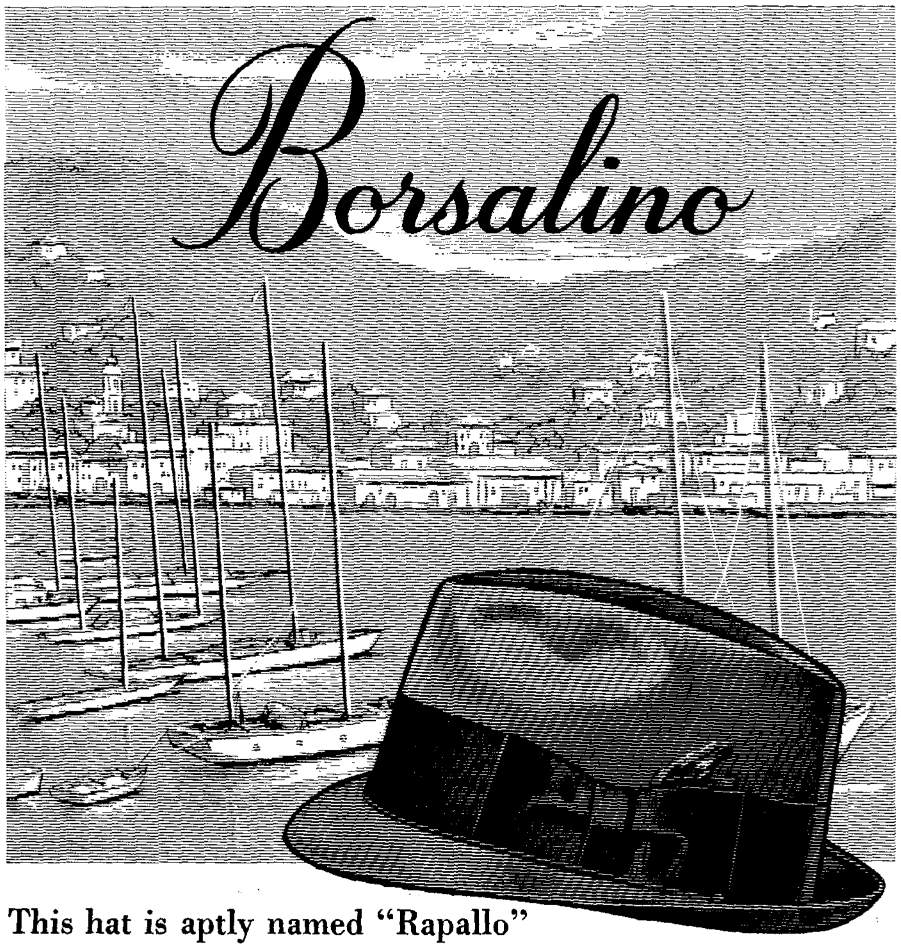
When the Adzhubeis arrived at the Vatican, the Pope indicated that he wished to bless their children, and asked their names. Mrs. Adzhubei replied in a low voice, "Nikita, Aleksei, and Ivan."

"What three beautiful names!" exclaimed the Pope. He remarked that Ivan was his own name, and added, "Give the children a caress for me, particularly Ivan."

When he offered the couple his papal blessing, Adzhubei pointed out that they were not believers. Pope John said, "Surely then you will accept the blessing of an old man?," and when he gave it, Adzhubei is said to have had tears in his eyes.

Capovilla also reported that the Pope gave Mrs. Adzhubei a rosary and spoke to her husband of the verses in Genesis that describe creation. "The first age was that of light. *Fiat lux.* We are at present in that age," the Pope said. "The light of my eyes has met that of yours. May the Lord assist us, if it is His will to do so, on the road to goodness."

The editors of the conservative Italian paper *Il Tempo* greeted Capovilla's talk with the acid comment that it forced them to remind their readers that "this gesture of apostolic charity on the part



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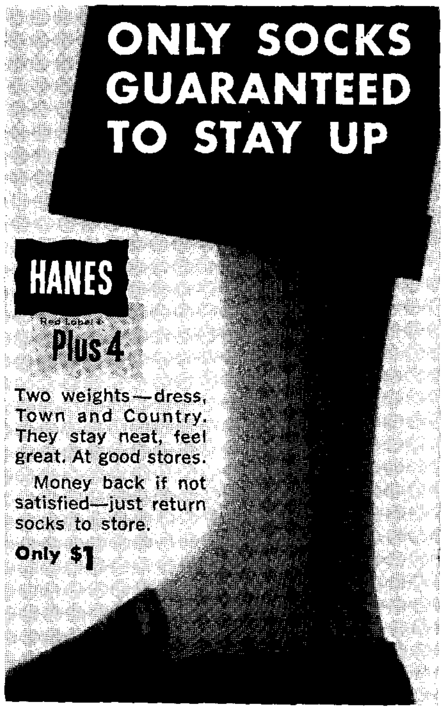

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of Pope John helped create the atmosphere in which the Italian Communists gained a million votes."

THE announcement that the Council is inviting Catholic laymen to take part in its work as observers and *periti* would not have surprised anyone who heard Pope Paul's extraordinary sermon in the Cathedral of Frascati a few weeks ago, at a Mass honoring St. Vincent Pallotti, who was known for his work among the people in the aftermath of the French Revolution. "The motives for the social reform wrought by the French Revolution, though clothed in protest against the Church, were deeply Christian," the Pope said. "The ideals of liberty, equality, and fraternity are altogether Christian, just as today's deep social aspirations for justice and freedom are wholly Christian. All of us are responsible for our times and for our brothers." Then, speaking directly to the laity, he said, "Come, help us now! While in preceding ages the hierarchy arrogated the ministry completely to itself, today it calls on the laity to collaborate by its side. . . . The day is growing late. It is necessary to work today, *immediately, that not an hour* be lost. The needs are immense and urgent. Come, help us to tell the world where truth is and where error is—this world so distracted and almost overcome by centrifugal movements. The layman is one of the major hopes of the Church. Now is the hour of the laity."

Jean Guitton, the French writer, was the only Catholic layman invited to the first session, and his invitation is said to have been almost accidental. At a Vatican audience, John XXIII, a personal friend of his, asked him if he was coming to the Council, and when Guitton replied, "I have not been invited," the Pope said, "Well, now you have been." Pope Paul's invitation to laymen goes much further, in that it allows qualified scholars and experts to take an active part in commission meetings, where their voices will be heard by the Council Fathers. This is indeed something new for the laity, and it points up one of the themes of Daniel Callahan's informative and controversial book "The Mind of the Catholic Layman," to be published soon by Scribners, in which he says, "The present parcelling out of the layman's place as 'the world' and the clergy's as 'the Church' is beset with theoretical and practical weaknesses. The layman has a place within the Church; the priest has a place in the world." It is hard to imagine what Pius IX would have thought of all this.

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One of the prelates at *his* Council, in 1869-70, was Archbishop Passavalli, of the Capuchin Order, who left the Church at that time in protest against, among other things, its attitude toward the laity. If Vatican Council I recognized the existence of the layman at all, his place was definitely at the bottom of the pyramidal structure—Pope, priests, people—so triumphantly projected by that Council.

Pius IX had a joke about the three phases of Vatican Council I: "The first was dominated by the Devil, the second by man, and in the third the Holy Spirit ironed out everything!" When the definitive history of Vatican Council II comes to be written, it is likely that its first phase will be recorded as having been dominated and inspired by the spiritual warmth and genius of John XXIII. By the time the Council is over, the Holy Spirit will again no doubt have ironed out everything. Meanwhile, as the second session convenes so hopefully, Pope Paul tells us that now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of the Council. —XAVIER RYNNE

•

DINNERTIME IN TOPEKA

[*Ada Montgomery in the Topeka Capital-Journal*]

It was at the end of a dinner given by one of the old and substantial women's clubs of Topeka at a Topeka hotel, when one of the members said "I promised my sister I would bring her a chicken leg if they served chicken tonight, so I brought along a little plastic sack to carry it home in." It was a chicken dinner, indeed, with plates heaped high with practically every part of chicken edible, and there wasn't a woman at the dinner, who had been able to eat all that was placed before her. At the mention of "a chicken leg for sister" and the sight of the plastic sack, nearly every dinner guest felt a desire to take the rest of her chicken home with her, too. One of the women remarked as she reached into her purse, "I have a plastic sack of coughdrops in here and I can just empty them out and take home a chicken leg with me." The sack of coughdrops was not there, however, but as she rummaged around in her bag (you know how women do) she came across one of those folded rain hats so popular now. When she brought it out from her purse, it looked disappointingly small but, Viola!, when she unfolded its accordion pleats, there was just the finest and most capacious plastic bag that anyone could desire. A shout of laughter and approval went around the table as she proceeded to fill it with her leftover chicken, and it was only a matter of minutes when most of the other women produced the same kind of little rain-hat from their purses and their chicken went into the bags they formed. It was an entirely new use for rain hats, but it opened up a whole new range of possible uses for that handy little gadget, which has in recent years become a standard accessory in women's purses.

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BOOKS

Beauty and the Beast

THE first reaction one has to "The Collector" (Little, Brown), the bravura first novel of a thirty-seven-year-old Englishman named John Fowles, is laughter. But it is not the kind of laughter that eases the joints and clears the head; it is the congestive, nervous laughter induced by something that takes itself with an almost manic seriousness. Unfortunately for "The Collector" and fortunately for the reader, this reaction soon wears off, leaving one with the safe knowledge that the book, for all its care and skill, for all its marvellous ambition, is no more than a good, updated Oliver Onions horror tale. As a horror story, the book is a remarkable tour de force. To keep the reader's credulity high, the author has to move without a false step, and he almost does. The principal figures are Beauty and the Beast, humanized and desentimentalized. Frederick Clegg, a solemn, humorless, priggish orphan in his late twenties, is a clerk in an English town, where he lives with his widowed aunt and crippled cousin. He is tall and pale and has a mustache. He washes incessantly. He dislikes his aunt, is embarrassed by his cousin, and is at odds with most of his peers and superiors. He is also an amateur entomologist who specializes in raising and collecting butterflies. He has bet in the football pools since he was twenty-one, and at last he wins seventy-three thousand pounds. He quits his job and takes his aunt and cousin to London, where they are ritually snubbed in the hotels and restaurants they visit. His aunt decides to visit her brother in Australia, and Clegg, declining to go along, gives her ten thousand pounds and his blessing. Then he buys a Leica for photographing butterflies and a truck, which he fits out with field equipment. All the while a fantastic idea is slowly taking shape in his mind. Miranda Grey, a beautiful, talented girl from his home town, is studying art on a scholarship in London. Clegg some time before has fallen in love with her at first sight, but he has never even spoken to her. In his daydreams they sit happily side by side, she with her sketch pad and he with his butterflies. Physical love repels him, and he dreams only of her "understanding" him. Clegg happens on a house-for-sale advertisement, and his idea suddenly crystallizes. The house, built in 1621, is in Sussex, an hour from London. It is also two miles from the nearest village and three-quarters of a mile from the nearest house. Clegg buys it, furnishes its ancient cellar, reputed to have been a secret Catholic chapel, as a prison, and on a rainy evening accosts Miranda on the street near her flat, knocks her out with chloroform, puts her in his truck, and takes her to Sussex. The rest of the book (we are now only on page 25) deals with their warder-prisoner relationship, and Fowles does not slip from his tightrope until its very end. What he does here seems at first plausible, then monstrous, and then merely trite. His attempts to avoid melodrama at all costs are in themselves melodramatic.

The book is a dialect novel, told at the beginning in Clegg's words and then in a diary kept by Miranda. Clegg's dialect prose is so good it perversely distracts the reader. That is, one keeps looking for weak spots—overflows into folk poetry, unlikely Latinisms, and precious colloquialisms. Clegg's droning never wavers, but Miranda's diary does. She is an intelligent being caught in an unendurable fix. She keeps telling us this. She writes of the airlessness of her room, of the drag drag drag of time, of the silence, of the repeated feeling that she is going mad. She makes the chalky, obtuse banality of Clegg dumfounding. But the eloquence that such duress should force from a person never comes through. Her cries and weeping and self-pity are rhetoric, and, instead of being an aching record of horror, her diary often reads like the thoughts of a schoolgirl in a domestic jam. We almost hear the machinery of Miranda's being pressed by the situation (and the author) toward maturity, but her growth does not touch us. Perhaps much of the magic of growth is its silence.

Fowles' ambition also leads him into a kind of H. G. Wells social realism and symbolism. The touchstone of

PHOTOS
O'BRIAN

a horror tale is its balance of social disembodiment and the commonplace. But Clegg and Miranda are at once detailed composite portraits of their respective classes—lower-middle and middle—and symbols of the vices and virtues inherent in those classes. Their relationship becomes the class struggle in miniature. Clegg is desperately trying to climb into the class that Miranda has all but climbed out of. Clegg—ignorant, vicious—is a common beast, and Miranda—open-minded, gifted, kind, warm—is a modern, emancipated goddess of light. (She even likes the Modern Jazz Quartet.) The real trouble, though, is that Fowles himself gets involved in this struggle. He has Miranda write, as though she were Labour speaking in the House of Commons, "It makes me sick, the blindness, deadness, out-of-dateness, stodginess and, yes, sheer jealous malice of the great bulk of England." Again and again, he solemnly and furiously lets us know how he hates Clegg and loves Miranda. And that is the only position he takes as the author. But the aims Fowles has set for himself demand that he raise his attitudes to the next power, or beyond. This would mean humor, irony, or the pirouetting super-irony with which Nabokov circumscribes his characters. That way, the reader moves gracefully along with the author as an omniscient fellow-observer instead of, as in "The Collector," being forced down into a sweating, unequal moral struggle over which he horribly has no say. "The Collector" was simply written sixty or seventy years too late.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

A FAVOURITE OF THE GODS, by Sybille Bedford (Simon & Schuster). Not as fine as the author's first novel, "A Legacy," this is a good, in some ways Jamesian story, extremely well told. It concerns the marriage, around the turn of the century, of a New England girl to an Italian prince, and the consequences of that marriage through two generations. Miss Bedford is an excellent stylist and a splendid narrator (one of her special techniques is to understate the drastic and important, and stress the seemingly irrelevant detail), and this is a very clever work.

NOTE: "The Group," by Mary McCarthy, a fictional study of an assortment of Vassar girls who, like the author, were members of the class of '33, has been published by Harcourt,

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Brace & World. A portion of the book first appeared in this magazine.

GENERAL

THE WORLD AND WILLIAM WALKER, by Albert Z. Carr (Harper & Row). William Walker was an American hero (or villain, depending on your point of view) of the eighteen-fifties whose worldwide fame was lost track of because he died shortly before the outbreak of the more famous Civil War. He was an anti-slavery Southerner, a brilliant student of medicine and law, and a still more brilliant journalist, who, seeking a great cause to which he might dedicate himself, found it in fighting for Central American democracy. Sometimes here, sometimes there, he led a volunteer army of his own—a force made up of local and imported idealists, plus a leavening of adventurers. For a spell, he was the legally elected President of Nicaragua, and not a bad one. Central America's aristocrats, who opposed Walker and his democratic program, were covertly supported by the British, who wanted to keep Americans of any sort from settling near possible sites of an Atlantic-Pacific canal, lest the United States rule the Western waves. Walker also fell foul of some Americans—Cornelius Vanderbilt and his rivals—who were interested in controlling the most lucrative route to California. Walker's staunchest supporters in the United States were the supporters of slavery, who wanted to annex Caribbean lands in order to bring more slave states into the Union. This was unfortunate; their good will lost him that of everybody else, and by the time he was shot in Honduras, people had got the impression that he was fighting for slavery. Carr finds, though, that Central American historians who are neither pro-slavery nor pro-United States give Walker credit for offering their countries, during his brief heyday, a taste of law and order. Walker's military feats were (and deserve to be) legendary, but Mr. Carr has not written just a collection of true-adventure tales. As a biographer, he is interested in understanding this Puritan Byron, a product of the nineteenth-century American South. As a historian, he considers the possibilities of a course—large-scale "Americanization"—that the United States might have taken in dealing with Latin America. He does a bang-

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THE PEOPLE OF THE FOREST, by Hans Lidman, translated from the Swedish (Macmillan). A picture-and-text depiction of wildlife in the still primeval woods of northern Sweden. The text is anecdotal and descriptive, and if the author is at times a bit sententious ("Nature is never without purpose, and if one creature is constantly killing other creatures, that is simply because this is necessary in order to survive"), his knowledge of the world he describes is absolute. The pictures—well over a hundred black-and-white photographs—are in every respect superb. Mr. Lidman is an excellent technician, and he has a fine sense of form, but what really distinguishes his pictures is their extraordinary range of subject—an otter loping through the snow, two capercailzie cocks strutting their mating dance, a snail half emerged from its shell, a day-old goldeneye flinging itself from its treetop nest, the metamorphosis of a dragonfly, a wooded island veiled in early-morning fog, a tiny wren attempting to feed a monstrous cuckoo chick, a bat snapping up an insect.

THE PSEUDO-ETHIC, by Margaret Halsey (Simon & Schuster). Miss Halsey argues, with her usual vigor, that we are suffering from a "mongrelization" of ethics in the United States, and she believes that the most influential examples of this affliction have been set in public life, citing Whittaker Chambers' testimony, Richard Nixon's "Checkers" speech, and the career of Sherman Adams. Miss Halsey proposes a return to traditional inelastic Judaeo-Christian ethics, but she has no concrete suggestions as to how this is to be managed.

FROM EVERY ZENITH, by John Collier (Alan Swallow). At seventy-nine, Mr. Collier looks back over his long life, most of it spent battling on behalf of the American Indian—a fitting recompense by the grandson of a soldier who helped to move the Cherokees off their land. The author does not simply believe in the rights of Indians as an oppressed minority, he believes in the superiority of Indian life over ours. His once revolutionary idea that tribal integrity could be combined with economic progress has prevailed and has proved its validity. Few men have lived to see their own revolutions so successfully accomplished, and Mr. Collier is entitled

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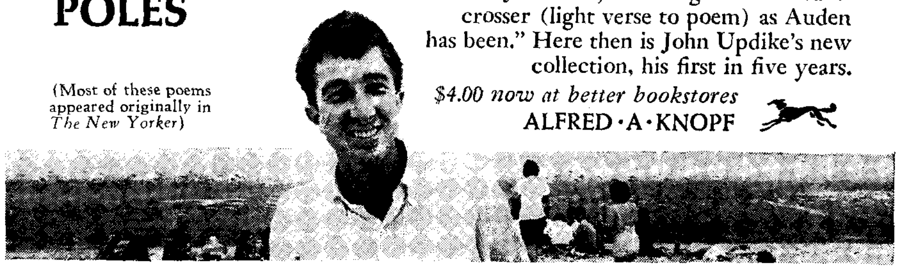

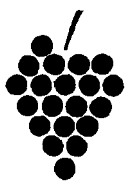

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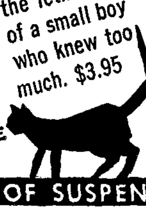

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The true principle in this instance is certainly more complex than the false notion. The stock market, far from being a place to get rich quick, is a place to put your surplus funds to work to earn a return over the years. And two things an investor should never do are to listen to so-called hot tips and to use funds that should go for daily living expenses and other obligations to buy stocks.

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to the high spirits with which he writes. Photographs.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE VENETIAN AFFAIR, by Helen MacInnes (Harcourt, Brace & World). The game of crime, revenge, and justice as played in Paris and Venice by American, French, and Italian good men, and by Communists of various nationalities and varying degrees of badness. Miss MacInnes has an engaging way of introducing a moment of true gaiety into an atmosphere that is ready to explode with tension, and her characters—even the villains—are credible and interesting. The story begins when Bill Fenner, a New York drama critic flying to Paris for a holiday, switches raincoats by mistake with a Communist agent who is on the same plane in pursuit of a very secret and ferociously important mission that is explained in a message in a concealed pocket in the raincoat. The chase, with spies of all countries pursuing spies of all countries, takes us in and out of a good many attractive cafés and bars and apartments in Paris, and into imposing palaces and mysterious places in Venice. There is a luxurious but fearsome train journey from Paris to Venice, and there are no end of public murders and private executions. This is a wonderfully readable book.

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[*From the Iowa State University News*]

A new and unusual scholarship has been established at Iowa State this fall with the announcement of the Leonard W. Olson Scholarship in the amount of $1,500 to be available to a talented baton twirler to perpetuate the excellence of performance established by Joyce Rice, Iowa State's national champion twirler. The scholarship was created by Mrs. Emogene Criss of Ames and Mrs. Elsie H. Olson of Boone in memory of L. W. Olson, husband and father. Mr. Olson, a resident of Boone, was a long-time supporter of Cyclone athletics. Selection of a qualified recipient will be made at a later date.

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